Dixie and Bing: Their Tragic Love

modern screen

OCT 20 1952

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With Camay, your skin comes "out of the shadows"

AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!



The recently wed MRS. HERBERT HENDLER, a lovely Camay bride, reveals: "Camay freed my skin of shadows! A change to regular care and Camay brought me a clearer, brighter complexion so quickly!"

Take this Camay bride's beauty tip—and you'll have a clearer, fresher skin with your First Cake of Camay!

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It's a shame to let your beauty be lost in shadows! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and a fresher, clearer complexion will be your reward—with your very *first cake* of Camay!

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay! Camay—so gentle and mild! Camay—so free with its rich, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

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The daily Camay Beauty Bath takes all of your skin "out of the shadows!" It brings your arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Buy the big, Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more economy, too!





Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women

B 380682

OCT -7 1952

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Special offer to introduce this completely new tooth paste!

You get all the ingredients needed for *effective mouth hygiene* — in the wonderful new Ipana.

Its two scientific purifying agents clean better than any single tooth paste ingredient known. Tests *prove* brushing with new Ipana gets teeth *cleaner, brighter.*

It not only stops mouth odor *instantly,* but stops it longer—for *hours* in most cases. And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Take care of your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana actually helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

You'll be *delighted* with Ipana's new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming...delighted at how the youngsters *love* it. New Ipana was voted *far pleasanter* to use by hundreds of men, women and children.

So take advantage of new Ipana's Special Introductory Offer! You'll discover a grand new tooth paste . . . and you'll get 25¢ in cash in the bargain.

ACT NOW! HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

1. Buy a large (47¢) or economy-size (63¢) tube of new Ipana at any drug counter. **2.** Mail the empty carton with your name and address to:

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New York 46, N. Y.

Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1952. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. *(Offer good in continental limits of U.S.A. only.)*

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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

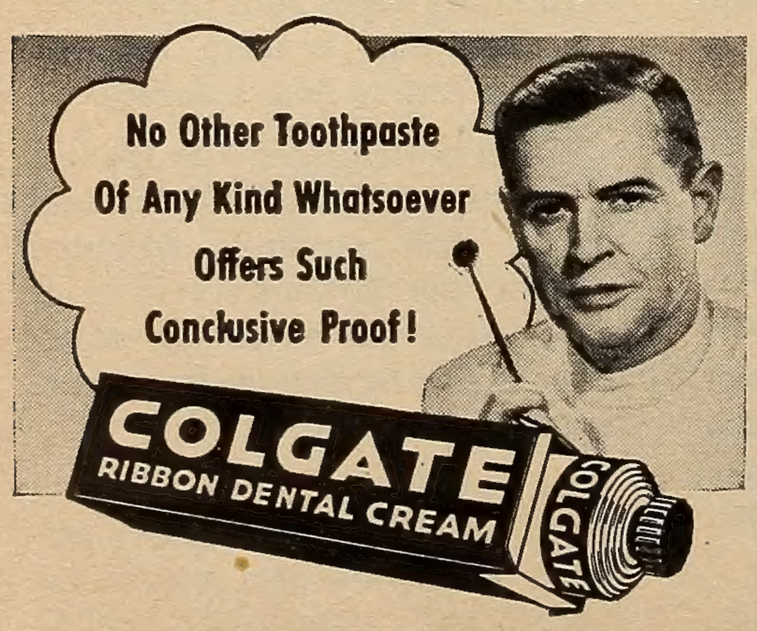
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



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NOVEMBER 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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The audacious adventurer who impersonates a king!

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The lovely lady of royalty romanced by the impostor!

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The beautiful conspirator who lures men to doom!

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Directed by **RICHARD THORPE**
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New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

• **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!

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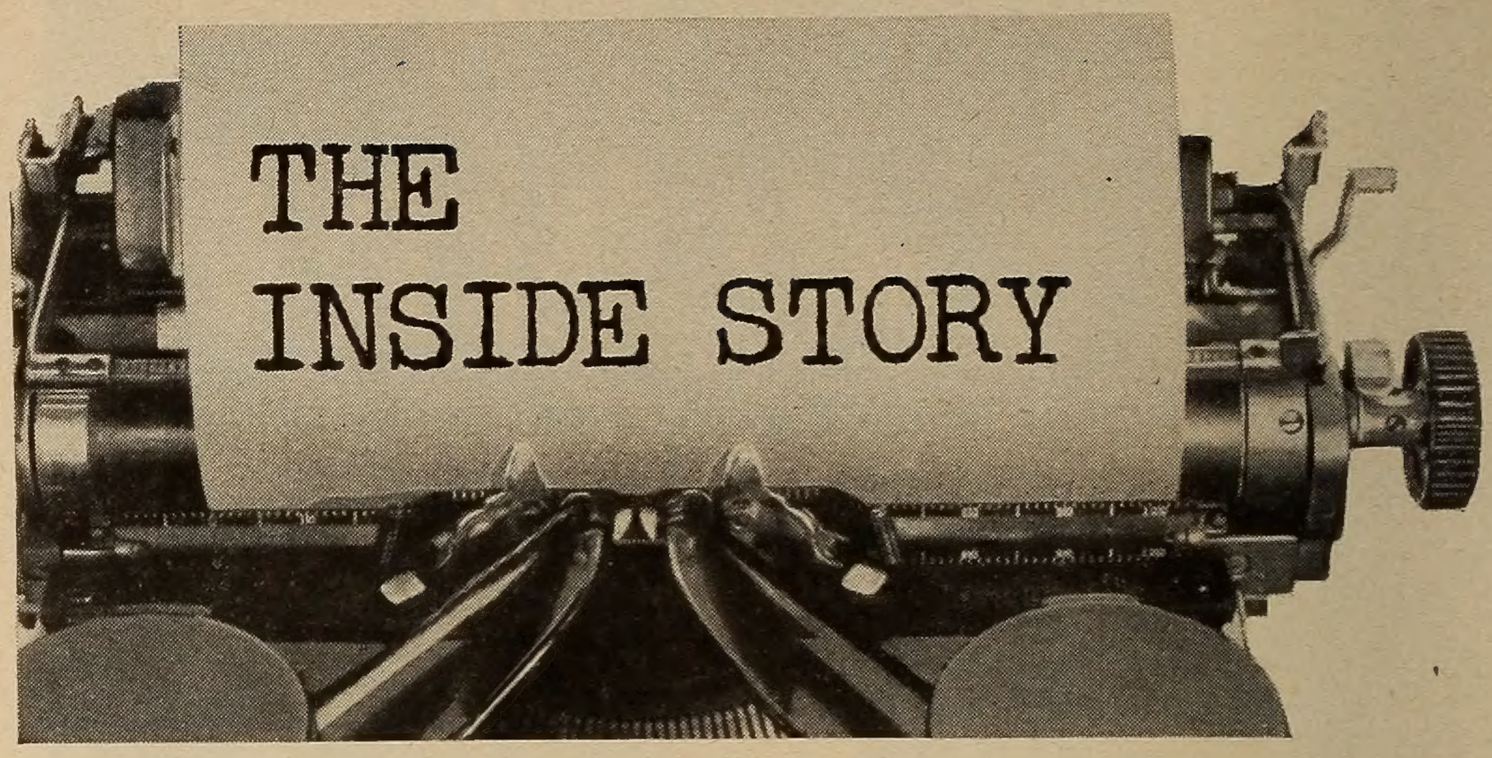
• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**®

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. What are the true ages of Bob Hope and Joan Crawford?
V. U., Cody, Wyo.

A. *Hope is 50, Crawford 44.*

Q. Which Hollywood stars earn the most money? —R. E., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *The comedians Martin & Lewis, Hope & Crosby.*

Q. Is it true that Loretta Young was once very much in love with Spencer Tracy? How many times has Loretta been married and how many children does she have?
—B. N., New York, N. Y.

A. *Loretta was once very fond of Tracy. She has been married twice, once to Grant Withers, at present to Tom Lewis; has three children.*

Q. What's the real reason Betty Hutton left Paramount after twelve years?
—H. Y., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Wants to choose her own stories, make them independently with her husband.*

Q. What are the salaries of Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis?—I. F., Chicago, Ill.

A. *$1,000 per week each.*

Q. I've been told that Lana Turner's father was a bootlegger who was murdered in San Francisco. Has his murder ever been solved?—T. R., Fresno, Cal.

A. *It is still recorded as unsolved.*

Q. Can you name at least three successful Hollywood marriages?
—R. S., Holyoke, Mass.

A. *Alan Ladd's, Ricardo Montalban's, Bill Holden's.*

Q. Did Fernando Lamas separate from his wife because of Lana Turner?
—Y. T., Denver, Col.

A. *Fernando and Lydia Lamas were already separated when Fernando met Lana.*

Q. Can you tell me who Janet Leigh's first two husbands were?
—G. R., Merced, Calif.

A. *Kenneth Carlyle, Stanley Reames, both non-professionals.*

Q. Is Jeff Chandler sour and surly off screen? I understand he is. Am I right or wrong? —C. H., Lansing, Mich.

A. *Wrong.*

Q. Is Barbara Stanwyck in love with Jean Pierre Aumont, or is that a publicity romance? —D. E., Miami, Fla.

A. *They say they are just friends.*

Q. Is Kathryn Grayson leaving MGM because of her feud with Mario Lanza?
—B. U., Boston, Mass.

A. *No feud between these two; Miss Grayson's contract expires in January, but MGM agreed to let her leave immediately.*

Q. Isn't Gary Cooper's wife going to give him a divorce so that he can marry Dusty Miller?
—T. R., Rochester, N. Y.

A. *Not if Gary can help it.*

Q. Hasn't Mario Lanza had a sensational fight with the man who discovered and sponsored him?
—T. R., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Why doesn't Liz Taylor's husband, Michael Wilding, and all the rest of those British actors become American citizens? —B. U., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Some like Charles Laughton and James Mason already have; others plan to.*

Q. Since his success, hasn't Kirk Douglas developed a swelled head?
—A. Y., Amsterdam, N. Y.

A. *He is not as popular with reporters and photographers as he once was.*

Q. How long has it been since Stewart Granger has seen the children he left behind in England to marry Jean Simmons? —E. R., London, Eng.

A. *Two years.*

(*Continued on page 18*)

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX presents

GREGORY PECK · SUSAN HAYWARD · AVA GARDNER

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

Once he loved . . . in the bitter-sweet of Parisian nights. And now he searched for his lost soul . . . through a war in Spain . . . and the hippopotami-teeming waters of throbbing Africa. And here at the foot of the great mountain of Kilimanjaro, at the edge of "Ngaje Ngai," House of God, he stood . . . and he dared not enter — for his life as his loves had been a sin!

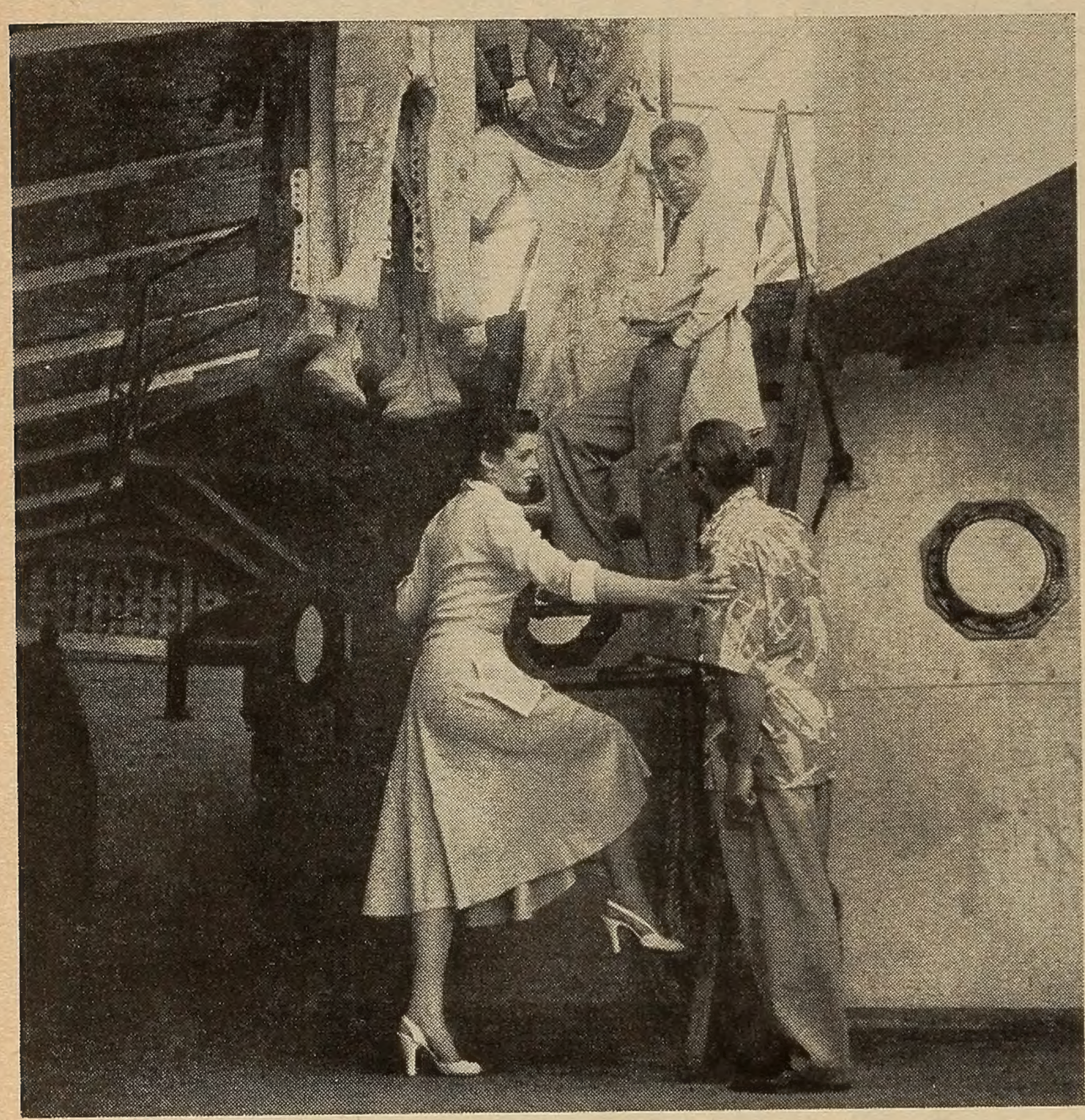
Color by TECHNICOLOR

with HILDEGARDE NEFF and LEO G. CARROLL • TORIN THATCHER • AVA NORRING • HELENE STANLEY

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck Directed by Henry King Screen Play by Casey Robinson

SUZAN BALL POSES FOR MOST UNUSUAL PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH

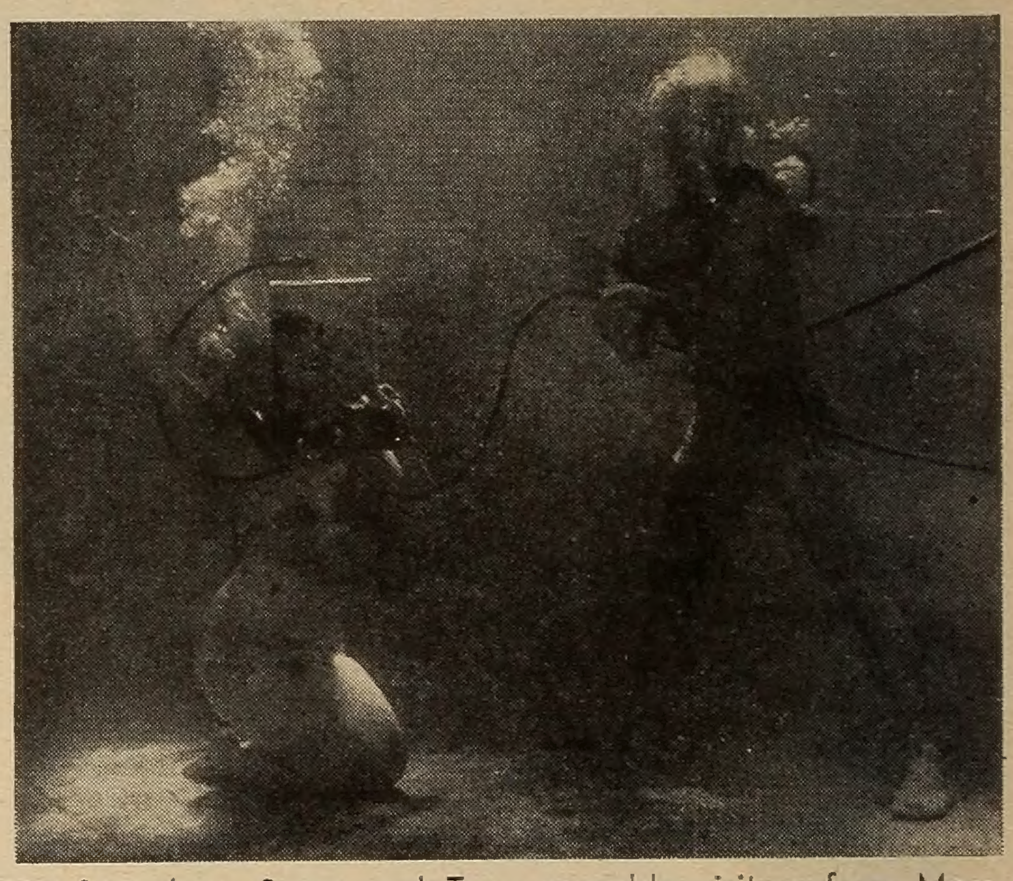
A most important part of preparations for roles in Universal-International's *City Beneath The Sea* was rigorous training at the Cross Deep Sea Divers School at Wilmington, Calif. These pictures show Suzan Ball and Tony Quinn in the school tank, being photographed under water. A MODERN SCREEN Golden Key girl, Suzan is one of only four or five women who were able to qualify for the difficult course, which requires a stiff physical examination, nerves of steel, and no claustrophobia.



At start of training, Suzan was hesitant, asked Tony to take the first plunge.



Once in the water, Suzan acts like old-timer, adjusts goggles.



200 feet down Suzan and Tony resemble visitors from Mars.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

I'VE been resting. But Hollywood *hasn't!*

Literally, the very earth has been rocking (earthquake) while I lay amidst my flowers in a hospital room and watched the wall split! And that isn't all. There has been:

The seven-day wonder of Aly Khan's flying trip to Hollywood to see Rita Hayworth and Princess Yasmin—and the still unsolved status of their marriage.

There's been the opening volley in the battle between the John Waynes—with Chata returning unexpectedly from Mexico and barricading the Wayne home against the tenants who had rented it, in good faith, from John.

And, Shelley Winters is *enceinte* (fancy French for expecting a baby). Oh, no, I can't bear it when they start saying Shelley is sending out in the middle of the night for pickles and ice cream!

Joan Evans married Kirby Weatherly at midnight at the home of Joan Crawford. A misty-eyed occasion to all but Miss Evans' modern parents Katherine and Dale Eunson, unagreeably surprised.

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter, expecting a second baby, was sadly stricken with polio.

Brush fires in the hills burned the garage of Alice Faye and Phil Harris' valley home and threatened to destroy the summer estate of Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount production boss.

Maureen O'Hara weepingly divorced Will Price after ten years of marriage.

Judy Garland startled the natives with her wardrobe of maternity slacks—for every social occasion.

One of the swank parties of the year was held in a deserted mansion with "corpses" floating in bathtubs and "hands" protruding from empty drawers.

Dixie Crosby is suddenly, seriously ill—saddening the town.

Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Wilding and Jane Powell and Geary Steffen leave as a foursome to visit—of all places—Las Vegas as they await their respective and expected parenthood.

Yes, Hollywood had its moments—as I rested.

The story goes that 39-year-old Michael Wilding, centered in a gay crowd of Liz Taylor's pals, took a look around at the Marsh Thompsons, Janie Powell, Jean Simmons et al and hissed in his bride's ear:

"If your little guests aren't *nice*, I'll send



NEWS

BOB WAGNER GIVES DEBBIE A RING—RIGHT FINGER, *WRONG* HAND! . . . WEDDING BELLS FOR PIPER LAURIE? . . . SHELLEY'S BEEN SENDING VITTORIO OUT FOR PICKLES AT MIDNIGHT. GUESS WHAT THAT MEANS! . . . MARIO LANZA'S FINANCIAL SITUATION IS SERIOUS. . . . NEXT BIG STAR: DEWEY MARTIN.

them all home without their *ice cream!*"

WHEN my assistant, D. Manners, called Shelley Winters to verify the story that Shelley was going to have a baby, the conversation went something like this:

D.M.: "You going to have a baby, Shelley?"

Shell: "Gee, I hope so. I think so. I got good reason to think so. But, gee, it's awful soon." . . .

D.M.: "What does your doctor say?"

Shell: "He thinks so. One was negative and one was positive, but the positive was more positive than the negative was negative."

D.M.: "All right. Why can't we say you're expecting a baby?"

Shell: "Oh, gee. Maybe I caught a cold or something. If you say for *sure* I'm going to have a baby—and then it isn't true . . ."

D.M.: "Shall we just say you *hope* it's true?"

Shell: "With all my heart—with all *both* our hearts—Vittorio and I hope it's true."

JUDY GARLAND wore maternity slacks to the Jack Benny party and told everyone she had "lots of 'em" for all different social occasions.

But at her own party—the very first big one Judy has ever given in Hollywood by the way—she wore a dress to match the *décor* of the home she and Sid have rented from the Joe Fields.

Receiving her guests in a deep lavender bouffant chiffon trimmed in violets, Judy said:

"I can't go outside for the dancing and fun. Tonight, I'm designed to match the living room!"

But she did go outside, and she had fun. She admitted the duties of a hostess made her nervous, however. "I think I've got all the divorced people sitting at tables with their ex-mates," she giggled.

Rita Hayworth (pre-Aly's visit) looked a bit weary and tired and she didn't stay late.

June Allyson bubbled—as "norm" with her —in soft white chiffon.

Gossips took particular note that Evie and Van Johnson danced often, were lovey-dovey.

The happiest face was Jimmy Stewart's, because his lovely Gloria was well enough to be up and around again.

Judy went to bed at three. But expectant father, Sid Luft, managed to stay up with the hardier souls until breakfast.

MY staff had a wonderful time when Tony Curtis showed up at our Wednesday luncheon and gave a demonstration of magic tricks and sleight-of-hand bamboozling he's learned in order to play the great Houdini.

(*Continued on next page*)

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap, not an oily cream—Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather—needs no special rinse!

Wonderfully mild and gentle—does not dry or irritate!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Leaves hair soft, manageable—shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Tired, camera-shy Tina Cassini holds close to mother, Gene Tierney, on their arrival in England where Gene just made *Never Let Me Go.*

Tony dashed in wearing gray sweater and slacks, quickly ordered ground steak, scrambled eggs and tomatoes and began the usual chant, "Now watch this . . ."

My gang reports he is really remarkable. He has gone so completely nuts on the subject he "works" a deck of cards in one hand while he is brushing his teeth or reading a book with the other.

But the staff was just as intrigued with Tony's eating habits as they were with his magic.

When he got his order, he asked for a bottle of ketchup. It was practically full.

He put ketchup on the meat. Ketchup on the eggs. Ketchup on the toast. None on the tomatoes. But, even so, the bottle was practically empty!

MARIO LANZA wasn't being temperamental when he failed to report for the start of *The Student Prince.* He is worried sick about finances.

What?—you say. This man who has made a fortune from his recordings, concerts and films? How can this be.

The truth is, Mario has made bad investments—or listened to some bad advice. He sank a small fortune in Texas oil lands, a mine in Arizona and other properties he believed to be gilt-edge securities.

Or, perhaps it is that most singers or artists, unlike Bing Crosby, do not have the Midas touch in a business sense.

The sad story goes that Mario is very close to being wiped out of the savings from his brilliant career.

He has a wife and children he adores. His parents are dependent on him. Many relatives in his native Italy depend on that check from Mario.

Of course, he has many great years ahead, years in which he will earn even more money. But this experience has been shockingly brutal to the popular star.

TO LOOK at Dewey Martin I would not pick him for the coming big screen star. But the first time I saw Alan Ladd I wouldn't have picked him, either. Nor Tony Curtis.

Dewey dropped in at my office one day soon after he had been given his big chance

From THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

If you saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" you're probably still palpitating, as I am, to that great big beautiful hunk of male, Charlton Heston, who played the "boss man" of the circus. Well, let me tell you—Chuck (that's what his friends call him, so I'll call him that, too!) made such a hit in that swell picture that he was immediately slated for other big things, including "The Savage," which theatres will be showing in November.

* * *

Chuck plays a white man who, when he was a little boy, was rescued from sure death at the hands of the Crow Indians by their hated rivals, the Sioux. He grows up learning to love his adopted people. When the whites and the Sioux threaten to start a war, he is caught between loyalty to his own race and to the Sioux, who have been so good to him.

* * *

The white girl who makes him realize that his true happiness lies with her in his own world is played by Susan Morrow, a 19-year-old beauty you're going to hear about. She and lovely brunette Joan Taylor as the Indian girl, also in love with Chuck, are both young stars with great promise you'll enjoy watching. Handsome Peter Hanson, cast as Susan's brother, completes a foursome of Paramount's most interesting and exciting new personalities. You will really get a charge out of Chuck as the virile, hot-blooded hero of "The Savage" and you'll chalk up another hit for this bright and attractive new star.

* * *

If you'd like a drooley photo of Chuck for your dressing table mirror, I'll be happy to send you one. Just make sure you write me for it before November 15, 1952 or I won't be able to send it to you. Address me care of Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

* * *

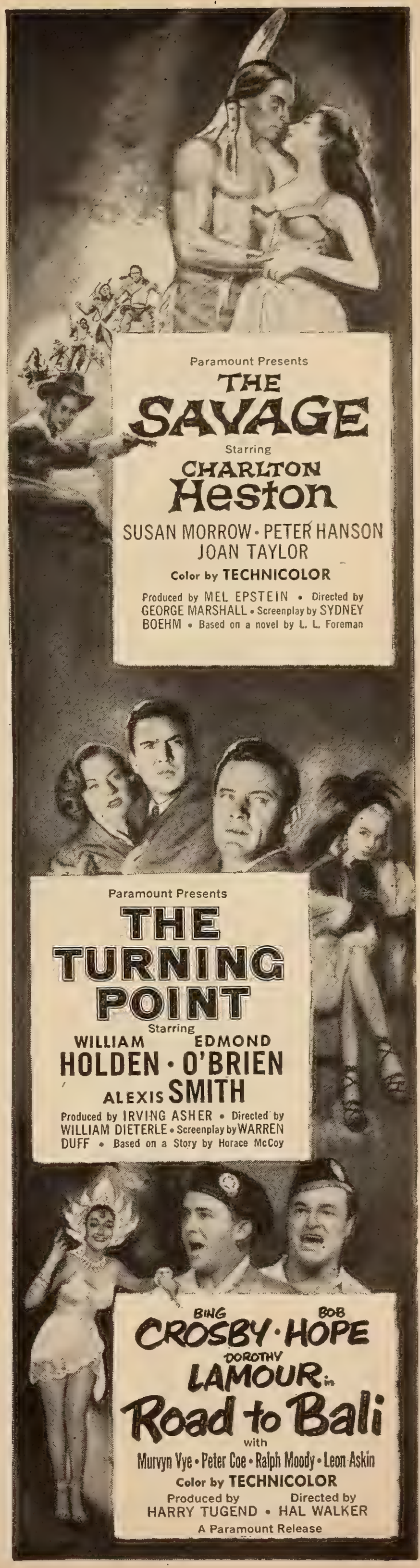
Another film I want to recommend to you is "The Turning Point," a thriller I am sure you'll enjoy as much as I did when I was privileged to attend a preview of it. William Holden, Edmond O'Brien and lovely Alexis Smith really do a solid job of entertaining in this modern story of the smashing of a big city crime syndicate.

* * *

I don't know whether you heard this yet, but Bill Holden was recently voted "Mr. Dreamboat" in a poll conducted by the bobbysoxers of America, and he sure lives up to his name in his big love scenes with glamour girl Alexis. The part Edmond O'Brien plays is a big change from his recent boots-and-saddle roles. He's the fighting lawyer whose dangerous job it is to turn the tide against crime in a city riddled with it. Believe me, this one will have your pulses hammering with excitement, it's that suspenseful and gripping.

* * *

P.S. Next month I'll have news for you about "Road to Bali," the travel-laugh film co-starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, that everyone is waiting for.





Are you in the know?

For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages—

☐ *Play post-office* ☐ *Plan a wrapping bee*

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on-a your house, toting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jobs." Gift-wrapping a la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time—if you're *comfortable* with Kotex. This napkin's made to *stay* soft while you wear it; gives you softness that *holds its shape!*



Know the jinx in this jalopy?

☐ *Four's a crowd*

☐ *Casanova* ☐ *Tootin' twosome*

Happy New Year? Huh-uh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add *more* distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Also, why risk *problem day* "accidents"— when Kotex gives *extra* protection with a special safety center? Try all 3 absorbencies.



What togs to pack for a house party?

☐ *Strictly sports* ☐ *Date duds only*

You cram your suitcase with glamour stuff; only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what's planned, then pack accordingly. At certain times, *however* you're togged, you'll be confident—for the *flat pressed ends* of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra *comfort*, too. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S. **Have you tried *new* Delsey* toilet tissue**—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex* tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Diana Lynn and Scott Brady step out after appearing in *The Moon Is Blue* at La Jolla Playhouse, Pasadena. Diana got rave notices.

in *The Big Sky*. He was nicely mannered, obviously a little "scairt" of me, nice looking but not devastating, not particularly outstanding.

Then, weeks later, I saw the finished *Big Sky* in my home projection room. I could hardly believe my eyes.

This boy has *everything*. He comes alive before the cameras in the most fascinating way and it is hard to believe that in his first important screen assignment he gave such a fine performance.

I sometimes wonder if Dewey and his pretty wife don't wonder what has happened to him also.

From a salary of just a few dollars a week he has jumped, in one performance, to where his discoverer Howard Hawks is asking $100,000 for Dewey on loanouts.

I hope he keeps his head. I think he will.

WHO'S WOOIN': Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner had a spat and after they made up he gave her a ring. Deb's wearing it on the right finger, *wrong* hand . . .

Barbara Stanwyck may be pining for Jean Pierre Aumont, but it doesn't show when she's driving, top down, in the moonlight, with Ralph Meeker.

Marilyn Monroe's another gal with a new ring—gift of the smitten Joe DiMaggio. But don't hang until they get married. As Marilyn's very best pal said "She's smarter than you think. She knows she's the hottest thing in pictures today. She also knows she's more valuable *unmarried* than sitting home being anyone's exclusive little woman."

Joan Fontaine is so long coming home from Europe, Collier Young went to Europe to see her and to find out if she still has that same old feeling.

I predict wedding bells for Piper Laurie and Leonard Goldstein, the young producer credited with zooming Piper's career. Even though he has left her home studio, methinks Leonard will be guiding Piper privately as well as professionally from here on in.

Cy Howard is awful blue because Gloria Grahame is going to Europe for a picture. He's got it bad. . .

ONLY the marrying Judge routed out of bed at 11:30 p.m., Hymie Fink, the well-known candid cameraman, Joan Craw-

Everyone seems to love you more when your hair shines

like silk, shimmers and gleams like silk, feels soft as silk.

And this is what happens every time you shampoo with today's gentle Drene.

(Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)





Drene Shampoo

silkens your hair . . . as it cleanses!

Quick—
get Drene today!



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important *difference:* when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.



DIAL
DAVE GARROWAY
—NBC, Weekdays

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Popular Jane Wyman surprised friends by appearing with old flame Greg Bautzer at the Mocambo party given by Marie McDonald.

ford, and two of Joan's servants were present for the midnight marriage of Joan Evans and Kirby Weatherly.

Joan E. had waited just five days after she was legally of age (18) before she took Kirby by the hand—and out to dinner at the home of Joan C.—for whom she is named.

Joan wanted to marry Kirby more than anything in the world. But her parents didn't quite approve.

They talked until so late that it was time to go home before Joan C.—a lady of action if ever there was one—went into action—and *how!*

An hour later, Joan Evans was Mrs. Weatherly. Joan Crawford was weeping sentimental tears and giving her "something old" (earrings), "something new" (gold bracelet), "something borrowed" (a lipstick to repair her makeup), "something blue" (a chiffon handkerchief).

The Judge looked slightly dazed. So did the bridegroom. Only Hymie retained his professional aplomb, happily snapping wedding pictures and getting his "exclusives."

The next morning, all was forgiven by Katherine and Dale except, perhaps, still smoldering embers against Joan C., without whom Joan Evans might still be Joan Evans.

DIXIE CROSBY underwent a very serious operation necessitating a long period of recuperation, and Bing and the boys came flying down from their Lake Hayden vacation to be with her.

By the time you read this, everybody hopes Dixie will be well on the road to recovery. But, if she isn't, you can bet Bing won't take off for Europe to make *Little Boy Lost.*

He has been the soul of devotion to Dixie, making her very happy. Little boy, found?

Jane Wyman's boyfriends have the doggondest names. Like her new one, Jim Fishgrund.

Before Jim, Bill Cabanne.

Before Bill, Travis Kleefeld.

Wonder if she ever met a man named just Joe Smith?

After Anne Baxter got good and sexy publicity-wise with her "olive green eyes matching her Martini blond hair," she gets slapped back in a weepy, dramatic role with Monty Clift in *I Confess.* That's the way it goes in Hollywood. (*Continued on next page*)

ALL THAT A WONDERFUL MOTION PICTURE CAN BE



...AND SOMETHING MORE!

One young girl's unusual story that touched the hearts of untold millions! To share her longings, her dreams, her inspiring hopes, is to feel, yourself, the power and wonder of it all!

WARNER BROS.

PRESENT

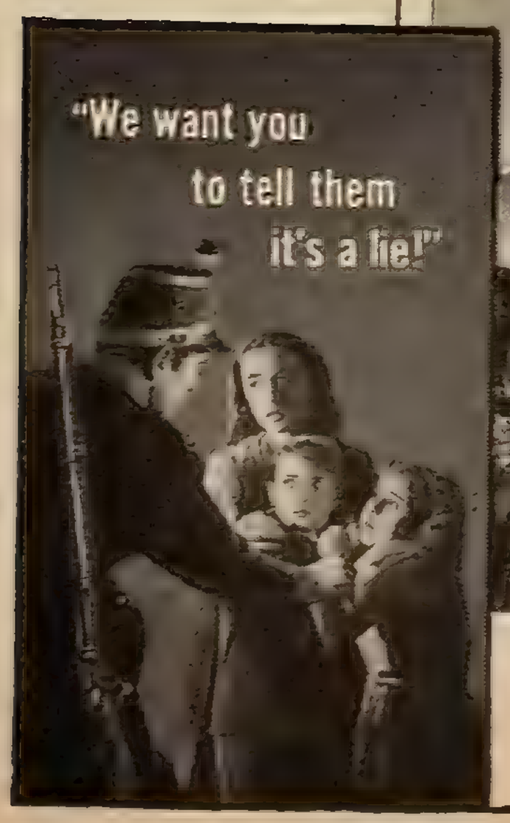
ONE OF THE GREAT TRUE STORIES OF OUR TIME

THE Miracle OF OUR LADY OF Fatima

All its Spectacle and Magnificence in color by

WARNERCOLOR





WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY CRANE WILBUR AND JAMES O'HANLON

DIRECTED BY JOHN BRAHM · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY

I dreamed I was given the key to the city in my maidenform® bra

All eyes are on me!
A celebrity . . . and the key to my fame
is my Maidenform Etude*!
Etude's new tic-tac-toe stitching
molds me so surely, holds me so securely!

Illustrated, Etude in white boadcloth
or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small
bosomed figure, Etude Minor**, the same
dream styling with built-in padding.
White broadcloth or nylon taffeta, from 3.00

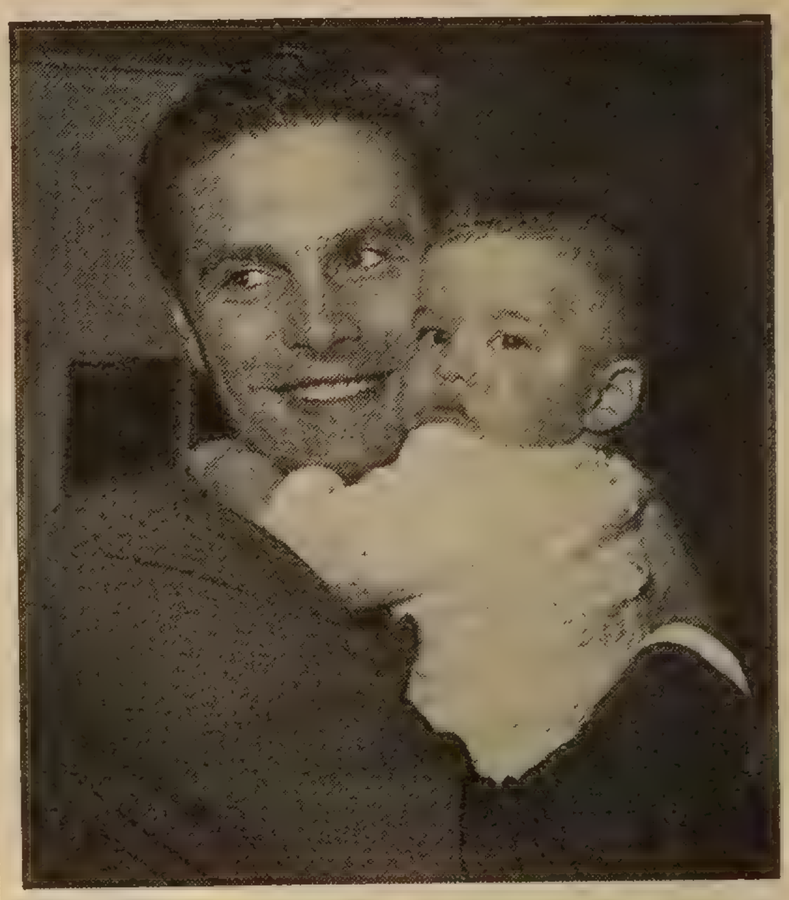
There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.
Send for free style booklet. Maiden Form, N. Y. 16

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HAT BY MR. JOHN, COSTUME BY MIGUEL FERRARAS



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Looking a far cry from the rakish uncle he portrays in *The Happy Time*, proud father Louis Jourdan hugs one-year-old Louis Jourdan, Jr.

BETTY HUTTON has been undergoing another seige of resting her voice. During these spells she says absolutely nothing, doctor's orders. Instead, she writes on a blackboard.

This is hard on a gal who likes to sing and zing it up. It's also hard on a housewife who has definite likes and dislikes about television programs.

The other night, Charlie O'Curran was in her bedroom dialing away at his favorite sports programs. His back was turned to Betty so he didn't notice her gestures of displeasure.

Finally, she dashed out of bed across the room, grabbed the chalk and wrote on her blackboard:

"If you don't get something else but wrestlers—*we're going to have the damnedest fight of our lives—right on this blackboard!*"

Ava Gardner has to do a lot of gun shooting in her movie with Robert Taylor, and an expert at MGM asked her if she knew how to handle a gun.

"Sure," said Mrs. Frank Sinatra, "grab it by the barrel and hit somebody over the head with it. All women know that."

THE LETTER BOX: Kay Brown of Salem, Oregon, urges: "The reissue of *Gone With The Wind* every two or three years, please. The kids of my age are still hearing about this greatest of great pictures from older sisters and brothers or our parents and we would like very much to see it." I don't blame you, Kay. Ask your nearest movie house exhibitor about the possibilities.

"C.N.N.," Boston, says, "I'm one of the ones who wish Marilyn Monroe had never had to pose for that calendar. But I like her just the same and wish her well." Those are fair and just remarks, C.N.N.

About those letters to soldiers in Korea—I'm going to turn the tables this month. All you boys who have been writing me complaining that stars do not answer your letters and that you would like to correspond with some of the fans, send me your military addresses. I shall print every one I receive in this column, so stars and fans can know where to reach you.

That's all this month. See you next month.

"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.



"My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!



"The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.



"Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.



Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep *your* skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chap — costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

NOW...

SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR

4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

Have you noticed lately that your face seems extra oily . . . shiny?

Are pore openings becoming larger . . . blackheads beginning to appear?

This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets *sluggish*—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today—Pond's recommends a *greaseless* treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's easy, quick . . . and it *works*.

1-Minute Mask clears off... "tones"... brightens young skin



Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens* dead skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how *fresh* your skin feels! How much softer and *clearer* it looks!

FOR THE SKIN THAT REBELS *against a heavy make-up:* Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Her friends are all for a reconciliation for Maureen O'Hara and Will Price. They insist she filed for divorce merely to throw a scare into him . . . Rita Hayworth's Columbia bosses hope the press will continue to call her Princess Rita. It's good for business. But they are not at all in favor of their prize package resuming her marital status with Aly Khan. And they're sorry they didn't put *Affair In Trinidad* on the shelf until the public got a chance to see Rita in *Salome, Dance Of The Seven Veils.* Let's face it: *Trinidad* was *not* another *Gilda!* . . . Clark Gable speaking: "I would marry again if I knew the right girl and she would say yes."



O'Hara

I had lunch with Alan Ladd in his dressing room at U-I just before he took off to Europe to make his first independent production, *Red Beret.* He's supposed to be gone 18 months but I don't think Alan will stay away that long. "My roots are here," he told me. "This country has been good to me" . . . New friendship: Betty Grable and Bette Davis. They met while Betty was making a picture at 20th and Bette visited her ever-lovin' Gary Merrill at the studio. Betty was working on the banks of a huge tank that was made up to represent the Erie Canal. And Bette insisted that Gary row her across the briny to meet Betty! . . . I never realized how serious the Coleen Gray-John Payne romance was until I went swimming with them at Malibu and Coleen craned her neck looking up at her hunk-a-man and sighed, "And to think I *hated* him and his pouty lips when I first met him on a radio show we did together!"



Payne

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Marilyn Monroe is a thorn in the side to both Dick Widmark and Anne Baxter. Marilyn and Dick were supposed to be the co-stars of *Don't Bother To Knock* but Marilyn got all the publicity. And Anne lost the starring role in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* on which all her hopes were pinned, to Marilyn . . . Shelley Winters cooked an Italian dinner for her Vittorio one night before reporting at the Circle Theatre to do the Vivien Leigh role in *Streetcar Named Desire.* Next evening her leading man got even with her, just before curtain time, by chewing a clove of garlic! . . . Incidentally, the more English Vittorio learns, the less Shell has to say . . . Joan Evans' parents, Katherine and Dale Eunson, were invited but didn't attend her wedding to Kirby Weatherly at Joan Crawford's home.



Winters

When I leaned over a booth at the Brown Derby to ask Arlene Dahl how she's getting along with Lex Barker she crossed her fingers . . . Chata Wayne slipped quietly into town from Mexico and phoned her lawyer to start divorce proceedings against John . . . Their pals were wondering, when the divorce rumors started flying, if Glen Ford still uses that inter-communication system in his den to summon Eleanor Powell to his presence . . . Corinne Calvet told me: "I think it was very considerate of me to wait until Zsa Zsa Gabor finished making *Moulin Rouge* in Paris before I filed that $1,000,000 slander suit against her. I could have filed it beforehand, you know, and kept her in this country!" Zsa Zsa, you'll remember, claimed that Corinne wasn't French at all but Cockney.



Calvet & Bromfield

QUICK QUOTES:

Jean Peters: "I may get married one of these days but not now. I'm working too hard, and I can only do one thing well at a time." (*Continued on page 21*)

Sir Christopher

sterling in the mood of grandeur

Sir Christopher, created by famed designer William S. Warren, has all the sweep and splendor of its inspiration—the work of the renowned architect Sir Christopher Wren, one of whose masterpieces is St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This pattern displays grandeur in sterling, exemplifies variety in design . . . for some pieces are decorated with carved blossoms, others with graceful clusters of fruit, still others with a combination of both. Sir Christopher is truly magnificent sterling, for it is given the ultimate in silvercrafting—Wallace's full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty". . . beauty in front, in profile, in back . . . sterling perfection from every possible view.

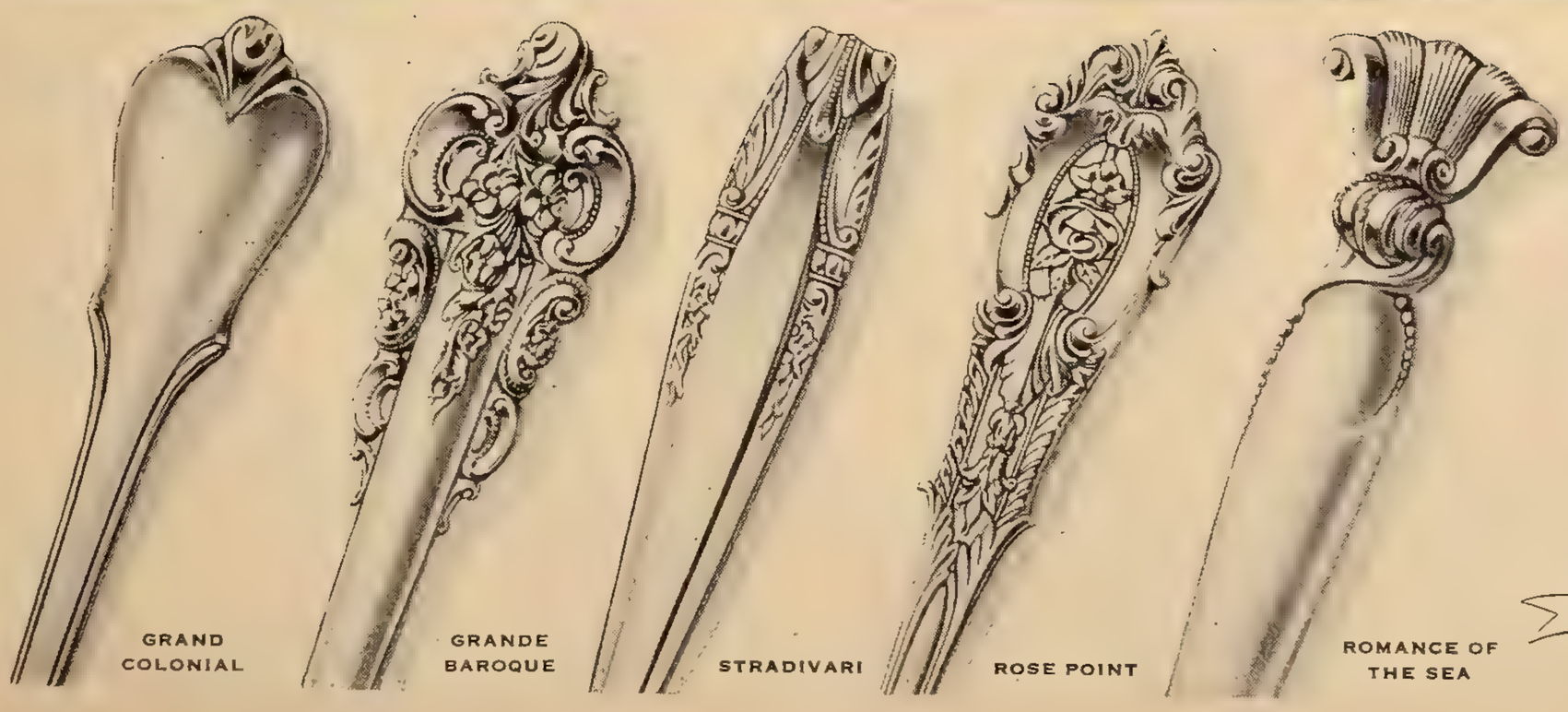
Six piece place setting, Sir Christopher, $39.50. Settings for other patterns from $32.50 to $43.50 —all prices include Federal Tax.

Send for and read the many helpful table-setting ideas in the 32-page book "Treasures in Sterling". It also contains the exciting and romantic design stories of each Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 98, Wallingford, Connecticut.





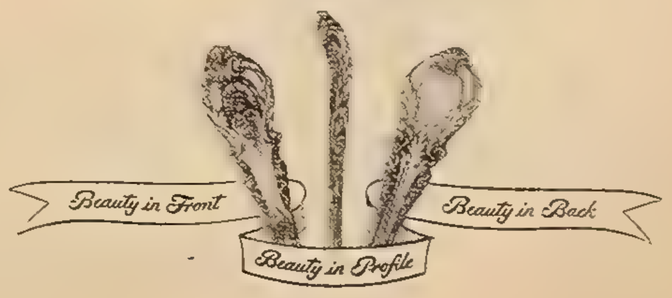




WALLACE

Third Dimension Beauty

STERLING



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BEAUTY
is my business

says glamorous cover girl

JUNE CROSS



and
SWEETHEART
is my Beauty Soap

June says: *"Posing as a model, I must have a perfect complexion. That's why I always use gentle SweetHeart, for SweetHeart Care leaves my skin soft, smooth, young-looking."*

9 out of 10 Leading Cover Girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try it! See—one week after you change to thorough care—with pure, mild SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother!

Try the SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial!

June Cross shows you how!

1 Every night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.

2 Use an upward and outward motion, with special attention to skin around the nose and under the lips.

3 Rinse with warm, then with cool water. In just 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



continued from page 4

Q. Isn't Robert Taylor still in love with Barbara Stanwyck? Isn't a reconciliation still possible?
—T. E., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Possible but not very probable. Taylor is playing the field.*

Q. I read that Liz Taylor suffers from heart trouble very badly, has only a few years to live. Is this true?
—B. B., MONKS CORNERS, S. C.

A. *No.*

Q. Is there anything serious between Clark Gable and Gene Tierney? Why are they mentioned together so much?
—A. K., PENNS GROVE, N. J.

A. *They co-starred together in a picture in London.*

Q. Does Marilyn Monroe live with her mother or is she still hiding her somewhere? —C. F., FRESNO, CAL.

A. *Marilyn lives in a hotel; her mother lives in an apartment.*

Q. How much money does Dale Robertson earn? Is he independently wealthy? —G. H., TULSA, OKLA.

A. *$750 a week; is not independently wealthy.*

Q. Is it true that Mario Lanza and Howard Keel are the two most temperamental stars on the MGM lot?
—S. L., DURANGO, COL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I understand that no motion picture studio will hire Frank Sinatra. If this is true, why is it?
—F. H., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. *Insufficient audience response.*

Q. Does Van Johnson have a new contract? Does he get more than the $5,000 a week he got on his old one?
—B. I., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. *Johnson's new contract calls for less.*

Q. Is Rita Hayworth considered a very talented actress in Hollywood or is she used because of her sex appeal?
—T. R., HONOLULU

A. *As an actress, sexy Miss Hayworth is considered adequate.*

Q. Is Joan Crawford really petrified in front of a live audience and won't make personal appearances for that reason?
—T. P., COLUMBUS, GA.

A. *Miss Crawford recently appeared on stage before a capacity crowd in New York's Loew's State Theater, plans to do a play next year.*

Autumn brings new beauty, new excitement

. . . let it bring
a new and lovelier you

says

WOOLWORTH'S

Susan Smart

Autumn can be the most romantic time of the year . . . so you'll want to be sure you're looking your loveliest. Begin your Winter beauty care, too, with a visit to Woolworth's. You'll find counter after counter brimming with your favorite nationally advertised cosmetics and toiletries. Choose them *now,* at handy Woolworth's . . . and learn the new excitement this season can bring.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO

** plus tax*



EXQUISITE! GAY! EXCITING! And now it can be *yours* . . . the misty fragrance of PARK & TILFORD Perfume #3. A delightful "dress up" scent both precious and lasting. Brilliantly boxed in a sparkling plastic jewel case. Only 49c*



FOR BEAUTY MEN ADMIRE and women envy, try HAZEL BISHOP Complexion Glow. This luxurious liquid-creme rouge blends with your natural skin tone. Choose from 3 flattering shades: Pink, Coral or Rose. Just $1*



HOLI-DATING? Here's news . . . DURA-GLOSS *Perfumed* Nail Lacquer puts the "extra" in special occasions. Imparts subtle fragrance to your twinkling fingertips. Quick-drying, chip-free. 10 salon shades, in a plumed bottle. 25c*



BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THAT CHAP! When Winter weather leaves hands rough and red, let PACQUINS Hand Cream help to make them soft and smooth again. Two kinds —for normal or extra-dry skin. 25c, 49c, 98c*



SNOW WHITE AND SPARKLING, that's your smile with PEPSODENT. Pepsodent's patented oral detergent cleans, brightens, fights decay, works where brush can't reach . . . insures a lasting clean mouth taste, as well. 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c



HELP YOURSELF to a peaches-and-cream complexion, with LADY ESTHER'S Complete Creme Make-Up. It hides those tiny blemishes and lines . . . keeps your skin looking petal soft all day long! 5 flattering shades. Just 49c*



REFER A LOTION? You'll prefer HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its rich emollients work wonders on rough, dry skin . . . keep hands softer, lovelier, smoother. 3 handy sizes: for purse, home or office. 10c, 25c, 49c*



SEE YOUR COMPLEXION BLOOM with new beauty . . . this Winter, give it the *extra* protection it needs with LADY ESTHER'S 4-Purpose Face Cream. Lady Esther cleanses, softens, smooths. A fine powder base, too. 29c, 55c, 83c*



PERMANENT HAIR BEAUTY! Treat yourself to a TONI Home Permanent. *New* Toni Trio lets you choose the permanent just right for you. *Regular* for normal, *Super* for hard-to-wave and *Very Gentle* for easy-to-wave hair. $1.50*



FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. Not a creme or soap, it's a *new kind* of shampoo. Like washing with softest rain water! It leaves hair lustrous, cloud-soft . . . so easy to comb and set. 30c, 60c, $1



WHY KISS AND TELL? Try HAZEL BISHOP, the amazing no-smear lipstick that leaves no tell-tale traces! Won't eat off . . . smudge off . . . kiss off! All day long your lips stay fresh and colorful as the moment you first apply it. $1.10*



STAY LOVELY TO LOVE whatever you do . . . skiing, skating, dancing, with FRESH Cream Deodorant. Fresh checks perspiration. Its amazing ingredients become reactivated to assure continuous protection. It's safe yet gentle. 25c, 39c*

it's fresh! it's fabulous! it's for YOU ★★★

"Red Hot 'n Blue"

by CUTEX

For that Beautiful American Look



. . . Cutex creates "Red Hot 'n Blue" . . . a sizzling new red—mellowed with a sweet touch of blue! Light your lips and fingertips tonight with this new color magic that starts hearts beating . . . phones ringing . . . things humming beautifully for you!

New! A Miracle Indelible . . . Stay Fast! *Creamiest, smoothest* lipstick ever created—because it's so rich in creamy-soft lanolin. Never smears—never leaves a kissprint! Lips stay thrillingly soft. 59¢ *plus tax.*

America's Longest-Wearing Polish . . . Spillpruf Cutex! Made with Enamelon, beautiful Cutex "sets" hard as a jewel! Gives lasting non-chip wear! Another Cutex first . . . miraculous Spillpruf bottle protects clothes, rugs, furniture! 15¢ *plus tax.*

Evening Separates
by Nelly de Grab

★★★ "that beautiful American Look"!

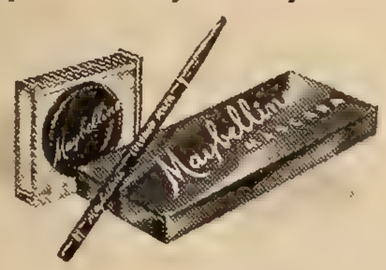
AT PRICES THAT FIT YOUR POCKETBOOK!

Glorified by RED HOT 'n BLUE..."that beautiful American look"... the fresh, vibrant, lovely look that invites compliments, inspires romance . . . can be yours with these exciting products.

Begin with a quick home facial...



Softly accent your eyes...



Add a sparkling, beautiful smile...



Highlight with "radiantly alive" hair...



That looks so naturally curly...



For head-to-toe smoothness...



Now for the finished touch... breathtaking color!



hollywood report continued

. . . Keefe Brasselle: "Speak well of your enemies. Remember you made them!" . . . My neighbor at a dinner party punctuated a heated argument about a new star like this: "It's very simple, really. She posed in the nude because she *likes* to pose in the nude!" Description of an actor: "He's very well adjusted, in a maladjusted sort of a way" . . . A tablemate at Romanoff's: "Did you notice that Olivia De Havilland got her divorce the day before Independence Day?" . . . Letter from a reader of this column: "Why do famous couples work so hard to stifle rift rumors? Why not just ignore them, stay together and have the last laugh at their Golden Wedding?"

TIME TABLES:

June Allyson, who knows about those things, held Humphrey Bogart's hand consolingly on the *Battle Circus* set while he chewed his nails waiting for his Lauren to have their second child . . . By the way, you can credit MGM prexy Nick Schenck with persuading June to table her retirement plans . . . The Wendell Coreys went through a list of Republican and Democratic candidates trying to find a name for *their* new baby . . . Rock Hudson told me he's going to stuff himself with food when he finishes making *Toilers Of The Sea* with Yvonne de Carlo in Europe. That way, he'll get fat and U-I won't be able to assign him to another picture for at least a month after he returns. Rock has made seven pictures in the past year and wants a vacation.



Hudson

His chums, noticing Van Johnson's moodiness of late, looked into the reasons and were told it's the result of that motorbike accident he suffered about ten years ago. And every year, on the anniversary of the accident, Van sends a bouquet to Dr. Bill Branch, who saved his life . . . Darryl Zanuck tells me he has discovered a child star who will be as famous as Shirley Temple, another Zanuck discovery. This one's a boy, however. He's Georgie Winslow, the child star of *Top Man,* and his nickname is Foghorn because he sounds like one . . . Shirley, it should be noted, has been warned by her medicos to wait a few years before she has another baby . . . Everyone who loves Bing and Dixie Crosby, and everybody does, was worried about Dixie's health as we went to press. It's a liver ailment. Bing took his sons to Nevada, at her insistence, when it began to look like she'd be able to leave St. John's Hospital soon.

SEX APPEAL:

At her birthday party, Barbara Stanwyck was told by Richard Greene she looks five years younger than she did five years ago, which is my idea of the nicest compliment a gallant gent can pay a lovely lady . . . If Debra Paget wears the same shorts in *Stars And Stripes Forever* that she rehearses her dances in, you'll never notice the star, Clifton Webb! . . . Marlon Brando, who's making *Julius Caesar* for MGM, has been doing the gay spots in a dual role. From the neck up, with vandyke and mustache, he's one of the noblest Romans of them all. But from shoulder to shoes he's a Schwab's drugstore cowboy in open shirts and levis.



Paget

The people who make maps of the movie stars' homes for the tourists have added a new attraction to their booklets. It's Linda Christian's nude statue in Ty Power's garden . . . "Dirtiest" love scene on record: Jennifer Jones and Charlton Heston kissing each other in the muck and slime of a *Ruby Gentry* swamp set . . . What would a "Sex Appeal" section in this department be without Marilyn Monroe? I'm told by reporters who were there that the Falls played second fiddle to a person for the first time in history when Marilyn made *Niagara* at Niagara Falls. All the tourists wanted to see Marilyn first!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Judy Garland has paid off $100,000 in tax assessments and other bills during the past year. She made most of it during her long personal appearance at the Palace in New York. And now she's planning on making a musical version of Janet Gaynor's old hit, *A Star Is Born,* after her baby is born . . . RKO renewed Ursula Thiess' contract for another year, at $400 a week. Ursula sends half of it to her mother and two children in Germany and spends as much of the other half as she can making herself pretty for Bob Taylor . . . Randy Scott lost $250,000 drilling for what turned out to be a dry oil well in Oklahoma . . . Dana and Mary Andrews banked $40,000 for their first five weeks of touring with *The Glass Menagerie,* Dana in the Kirk Douglas role and Mary in Jane Wyman's.



Thiess

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Seen at the Nob Nob: Vera-Ellen sitting alone . . . Any time Alan Ladd wants a partnership in the hamburger stand he used to own in North Hollywood he can get it free from the new owner, just for allowing his name on the window . . . When Dan Dailey finished *Taxi* he discovered he had lost his Girl Friday, Judy Powell, to a realtor from Texas, and that they were interested in *much* more than real estate in their long drives between Del Mar and Palm Springs! . . . Tony Curtis begged Paramount to let his kid brother, Bobby Schwartz, play Tony as a child in *Houdini,* and darned if the studio didn't okay it! . . . Hard-hearted Hollywood never changes. Tony and Janet, looking for a larger apartment, no sooner found one than the landlord, learning they were movie stars, jumped the rent.

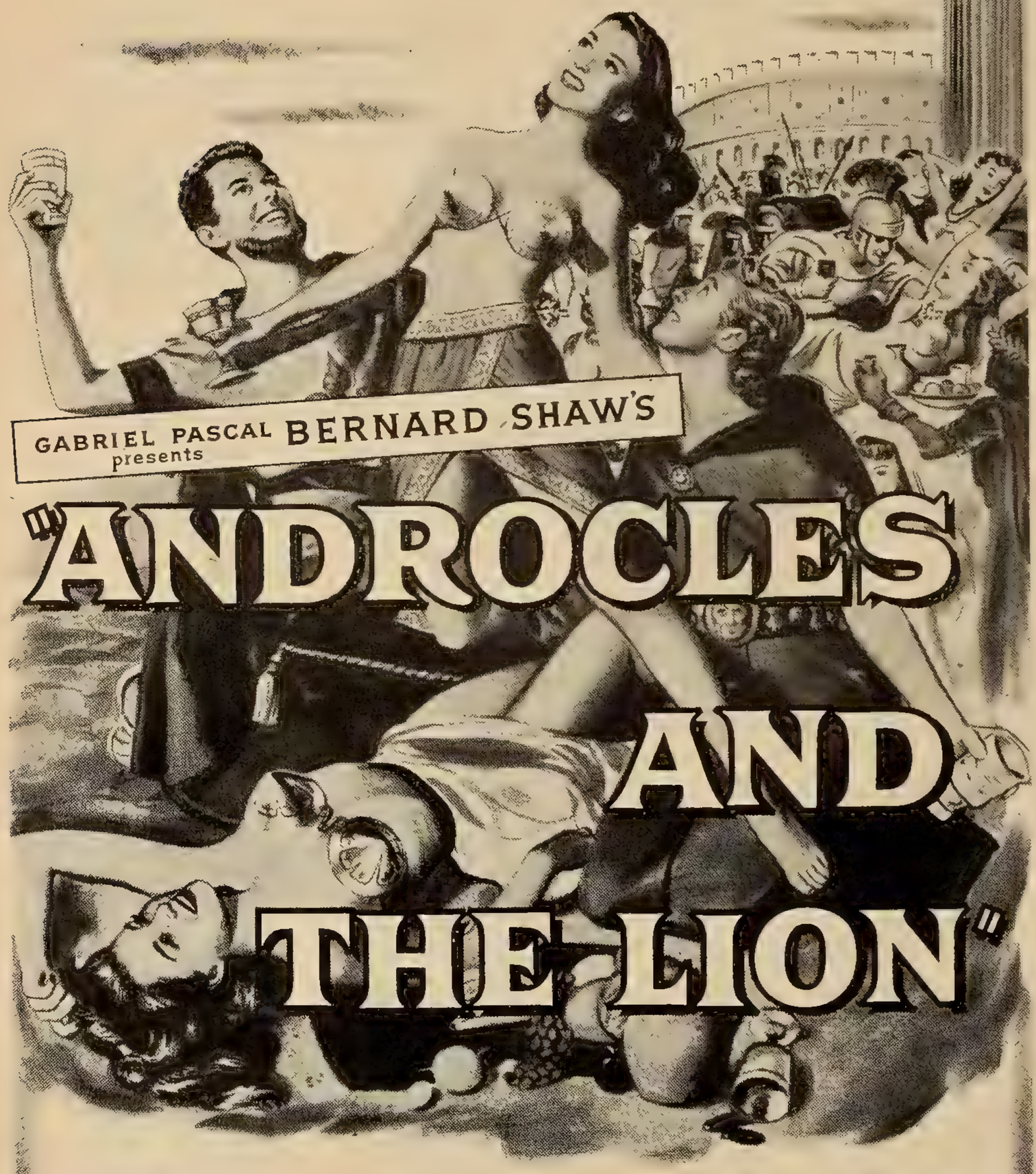


Dailey

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger put their home up for sale for $375,000 but their intimates claim they'll reconcile . . . Jean Simmons broke down and cried on the last day of shooting on *The Murder* at RKO, the studio she sued to let her out of her contract. She told the crew she hated to leave because she has never been treated so wonderfully in her life! . . . Frankie Filan was a Pulitzer Prize winner and one of the most famous photographers in Hollywood. When he died,

Barbaric Revelry

to fire the senses of the world... in the story of history's most sin-swept era!



starring

JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE

ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS

and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles

Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL · Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE

Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE

hollywood report continued

Vic Mature was the only star of the hundreds with whom Frankie worked who showed up at the funeral . . . Red Skelton begged MGM to let Frank Borzage direct him in *The Clown.* Frank was once married to Edna Skelton, and Red is another of her ex's, of course. But Robert Z. Leonard got the job . . . Marcia Mae Jones, former child star and Greg Bautzer's switchboard girl for the past three years, quit her job and is trying for an acting comeback.

FUNNIES:

Marie Wilson wrote a magazine article about how to be a perfect hostess. She started it out with: "Your party will be dull if you forget to invite the guests" . . . One child star asked another: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That was no lady," replied the other moppet. "That was a truant officer" . . . A Western star couldn't remember his lines. He studied and studied and finally got it, after 12 attempts. Then he rode off with the wrong hoss! . . . There are lots of "shaggy dog" stories. Here's a "shaggy people" story: Bob Hope says he wants to open a concession in Griffith Park Zoo to sell our four-footed friends Peopleburgers . . . Excerpt from a letter that a star never finished reading: "I've been a fan of yours 20 years and you never change. You *always* look old" . . . A femme star confided this bit of info to her best friend about another star: "There are two things I can't *stand* about that woman—her face!"



Hope

ODDS BODKINS:

Bob Wagner has been writing his own checks since he was 13—and he earned the dough himself . . . Hardly anybody recognizes Hedy Lamarr when she sits poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel wearing sunglasses . . . Left over from the earthquake: Fernando Lamas, who sleeps in the raw, jumped from his bed at the first quake, threw something over himself and ran out into the street. Safely outside, he discovered he was wearing a transparent raincoat! . . . Frankie Darro, who used to be a big star and can now be seen in his old movies on TV, is currently tending bar at the Try Later saloon on Santa Monica Boulevard . . . My personal nomination for the wildest driver in Hollywood: Jane Russell. Anybody who rides when Jane drives should have his life insured!



Lamarr

Marlene Dietrich is kicking herself for turning down *Dream Boat,* a dream boat of a picture for Ginger Rogers . . . And, right here, I'd like to thank 20th for the nice plug they gave Yours Truly in this fine hunk of celluloid . . . Joan Crawford's next picture may be *Two Sisters,* in which one sister burns the other to death with kerosene and a blow torch . . . Ida Lupino was in tears on the set of *The Difference,* which she was directing, apparently because she and Frank Lovejoy were having differences over a scene.

DANDRUFF? UNMANAGEABLE HAIR? FRIZZY PERMANENT?

CREAM-TONE YOUR HAIR

to radiant loveliness . . . at home tonight . . . with

NEW Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

NOW'S the time to do something about distressing dandruff . . . hard to manage hair . . . a stiff, brittle permanent! Now's the time to give your hair CREAM-TONE care with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! It's the new amazing way to soften, soothe and beautify hair and make it extra manageable as well.

And here's news! You *can* CREAM-TONE your hair to radiant loveliness right at home! You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils. No fussing with wet towels. CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple and it works wonders with scalp and hair.

You'll love Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing, the exciting new product that makes CREAM-TONING possible. It's so smooth, so creamy, so flower-fragrant, flower-pink! It's a blend of soothing lanolin, costly cholesterol and other precious ingredients that do so much for hair and scalp!

CREAM-TONING is GUARANTEED . . . *or Double Your Money Back!* That's right! Unless you agree that CREAM-TONING gives you a cleaner scalp, more radiant hair, return empty bottle and get *double your money back.* Get Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing today.

Cream-Toning is easy . . . follow these simple steps!



1 Brush hair vigorously. Part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing thoroughly along each part. Let the lanolated oils soothe, caress your scalp.



2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. The rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their way to the very ends of hair.



3 Leave this creamy lotion in the hair for a few minutes, a half-hour or all night. Then shampoo with Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff.



4 Now look at the results! Note how pink and clean the scalp is . . . how soft and pliable every strand of hair. Waves are now easy to set . . . need very little coaxing.



5 Whatever the problem...dandruff...stiff, dry hair...frizzy permanent...let CREAM-TONING solve it...give you lovelier, more manageable, more glamorous hair.



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Every day, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temple. Then brush vigorously...and see how easily your hair stays in place!

Between Cream-Toning . . . use Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.

When shampooing . . . if you lack time for CREAM-TONING, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away snarls and tangles.

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. . . stop at your favorite store and get a bottle of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing and a bottle of Lady Wildroot Shampoo and start CREAM-TONING loveliness into your hair.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing . . . 50¢ and $1 sizes

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the bra with ooh! la! la!



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2 Unconditionally guaranteed for an entire year's wear!

In your favorite fabrics . . . A, B & C Cups

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Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Ask for Stardust Slips in nylon tricot, multi-crepe or cotton!

STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



This is the story of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, their marriage and fabulous careers. Blossom (Betty Hutton) got her start in a honky tonk, soon became a star.



Looking for a new act, Blossom meets Benny (Ralph Meeker). For her, it's love at first sight.



But they have to wait for happiness until Benny becomes a star.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME

■ The best thing about Paramount's *Somebody Loves Me* is a pretty good thing indeed. Here is Betty Hutton at her absolute top, singing with a new—and considerably subdued—authority and exhibiting an altogether unexpected charm. The story, suggested by the careers of oldtime singers Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, is serviceable as a gadget on which to hang a good many wonderful melodies that were popular in Blossom's and Benny's bigtime. And Miss Hutton's success in the role of Blossom suggests that she herself may have taken a hint from the opening scenes of the script. They tell how Blossom, a shoutin' singer in the first decade of the century, makes the grade as a West Coast entertainer by following the advice of pioneer showman D. J. Grauman: "If you want to go over big—sing soft!" Success comes rapidly, and when Blossom meets jazz pianist Fields (effectively played by Ralph Meeker) she wants him to share the spotlight with her. He accepts her challenge, takes the job she offers him and then just as deliberately marries her. It is only later, when he finds that he really loves her, that Benny decides he must leave her so that he can build his success alone. This pseudo-biographical tale is not always a tribute to the intelligence of the principals, but its bittersweet base provides a perfect background for tunes like the title song, and producers George Seaton and William Perlberg, ably abetted by director-writer Irving Brecher, have used it for just that. Approximately half of the film is allotted to song and dance routines. In between times there is a perfect bit by Billie Bird a mistress of the tart retort. But she can't steal the show. That's done, for a change, by the star.

THE DEVIL MAKES THREE

The devil of the title is the still burning fire of fascism, personified in this film about postwar Munich by an aging cafe entertainer (Claus Clausen) who sees himself as Hitler reborn. For most of the footage, however, this fascinating character is a shadowy figure in the background while the cameras focus on the less interesting—though engagingly told—love story of Gene Kelly and Pier Angeli. Kelly, as an Air Force captain, returns to Germany on a Christmas leave to thank an anti-Nazi family for helping him escape when he was a prisoner of war. He finds the father and mother dead and their young daughter Willie (Pier Angeli) somewhat sullen and somehow changed; and he also finds that American intelligence officers are interested in his interest in her and want him to continue exhibiting it. Willie works in a cafe now, moving from customer to customer for a cut of what she can persuade them to buy. Seemingly against her will, she allows him to persuade her to be driven across to Austria for Christmas. He cannot understand her attitude, alternately truculent and loving; nor will he believe at first that she is using him to help smuggle material across the border, as his fellow officers suggest. In a smashing denoument, brilliantly directed by Andrew Marton and replete with a Hitchcock chase and one of the most frightening murder plans ever imagined, the devil reveals himself.

Cast: Gene Kelly, Pier Angeli, Claus Clausen. —MGM.

MY MAN AND I

For the first couple of reels it looks as if this little film might make the grade as a "sleeper"—one of those pictures, usually produced on a low budget, that slip into town without the usual publicity and make an unexpectedly big splash. But then the scriptwriters let the fine cast and director, not to mention the public, down with a sudden plop. For what starts off as an original, offbeat screenplay ends up as just so much oversimplified, even silly, melodrama. From the beginning it's apparent what the writers had in mind as a theme: to show how a naturalized citizen of good will can be a far better American than older stock who abuse their citizens' rights. Chu Chu Ramirez (played with sensitivity and charm by Ricardo Montalban), a young man from Mexico, sets out to work hard to prove himself worthy of his newfound status. He gets a job running a bulldozer for a hard-bitten couple named Ames (Wendell Corey and Claire Trevor) who own a marginal ranch. Mr. A. spends much of his time with an eye out for little unpleasant tricks to play on Mrs. A.; she has a permanently roving eye, and it lights on Chu Chu. But Chu Chu, unfortunately for his future, is not to be had. He befriends, falls for and tries to reform a truculent blonde with a tendency to dipsomania (Shelley Winters). How Chu Chu solves his difficulties is a tribute to the writers' ingenuity if not to the American judicial system. But it is a bigger tribute to William Wellman's direction and to fine performances by most of the cast that *My Man and I* seldom seems as ridiculous on the screen as it does shortly thereafter.

Cast: Ricardo Montalban, Shelley Winters, Wendell Corey, Claire Trevor.—MGM.

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DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

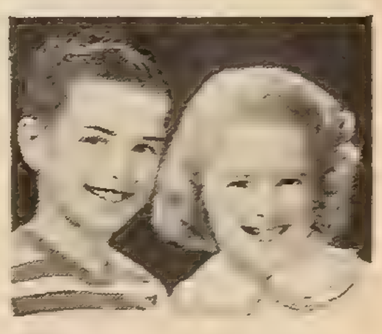
That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Fights Tooth Decay!

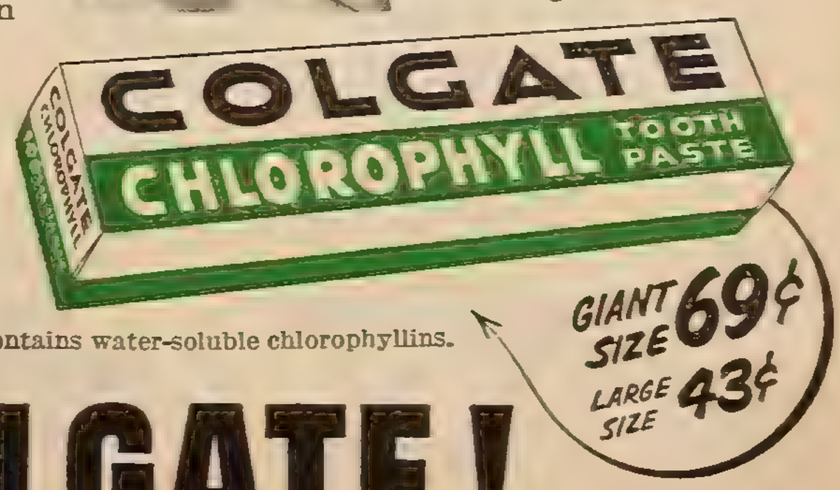


Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!



Now!

Lose Weight Without Dieting!



● Paulette Goddard is enthusiastic about golf. Says Paulette about Ayds: "Every day more and more women are finding the Ayds Way really works! It's such an easy way to reduce."



● Who knows what Paulette writes in her diary? But about Ayds she writes: "When you take Ayds you reduce the way Nature intended you to. I recommend it to all my friends."

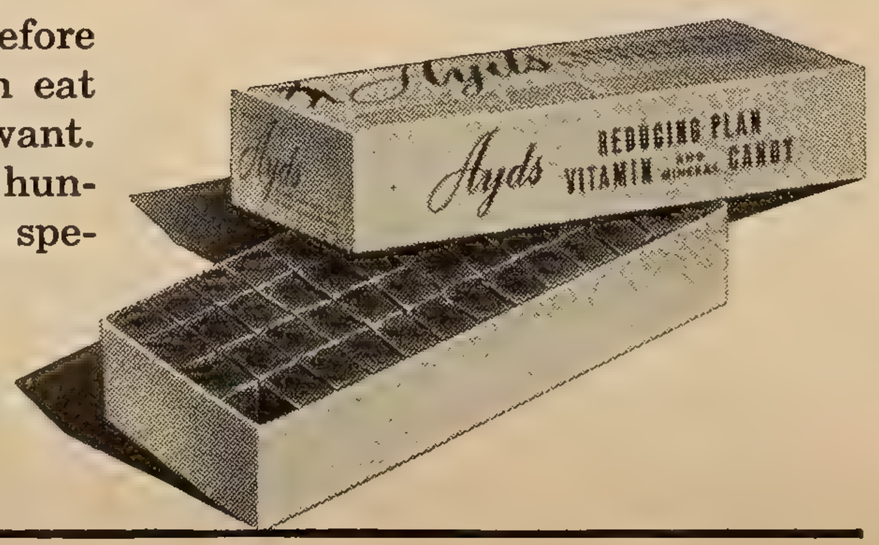
"AYDS is Such an Easy, Pleasant Way to Reduce," says Paulette Goddard

For a lovely figure like Paulette Goddard's, lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

With Ayds you lose weight the way nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box ($2.98) or money back.



Slim the Way the Stars Slim

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND

Amusing movies about marriage are so few and far between that it is probably better to welcome *My Wife's Best Friend* first, then quibble about its shortcomings. Like some of the better British comedies of recent date, it starts off with a first-rate farcical premise: The Masons (Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey), setting off on an airborne vacation to Hawaii to celebrate their eighth anniversary, see one of their plane's engines catch fire. A fatal crash appears imminent. They vow eternal love. Then Mrs. Mason, always one (according to the part she plays) to overdo an act, asks forgiveness for any little nagging or mistreatment she may have been guilty of. In an unguarded final moment her husband, in turn, admits a slight transgression. He was almost unfaithful with her best friend one night a few years ago when she took a long shopping trip to New York. But the plane doesn't crash. The goings-on thereafter, for some time anyway, are hilarious.

Cast: Anne Baxter, Macdonald Carey, Catherine McLeod, Cecil Kellaway.—20th Century-Fox.

BIG JIM McLAIN

Told in simple narrative style, with John Wayne's voice to bridge the gaps from episode to episode, *Big Jim McLain* describes the work of a couple of Committee investigators for the House Committee on Un-American Activities in identifying Communist leaders in Hawaii and helping to quell an incipient Red threat there. With the aid of Naval Intelligence and the Honolulu police department (the F.B.I. is inexplicably absent), Big Jim (Wayne) and his even bigger partner Mal (James Arness) find that the Reds have covered their tracks quite cleverly. But not quite completely. A nurse (Nancy Olson) gives them their first important clue: an address of a man apparently high among the party's controlling clique. The scenarists never find it necessary to give the nurse any further relation to the real story line, but Big Jim likes her and soon they get themselves engaged. Their romance runs like a misplaced thread through the whole fabric of the film, while Big Jim and Mal keep following up lead after lead. Eventually one of these pays off in a big way. An elderly, retired union man puts his finger on his own son as one of the party's higher-ups. Soon, with the help of hidden microphones, the Red hierarchy is trapped in its lair. Clumsily written and ineptly put together, the movie overstates its case for the Committee and bungles the job of telling an important story.

Cast: John Wayne, Nancy Olson, James Arness.—Warners.

SON OF ALI BABA

This heady concoction is half old-fashioned burlesque, half college carnival, sound-stage style, but the end result is so completely homogenized that it must be called unique if nothing else. Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are the hero and heroine, and nobody could act more surprised. It seems that Tony, as Kashma Baba, first-born of that older and far better-known Baba, is most likely to succeed with the babes at the Persian Military Academy, West Point of its very early day. This annoys the Caliph of Bagdad's oldest

son, a fellow cadet, who enthusiastically joins his father in a plot to kill Kashma and his father, make it appear that they have been plotting against the mighty Shah and take over title to the Babas' vast wealth. However, they reckon without spirited Piper, the pretty fly in the perfumed ointment of their plan. Daughter of the Princess of Fez (though, not unnaturally in this tale, posing as an escaped slave), she helps turn the tables on the evil Caliph and his henchmen. Nobody in the cast takes these goings-on too seriously, and Curtis-Laurie fans may find it all fun.

Cast: Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie.—Universal.

TOP SECRET

Employing the tried and true technique of trial-by-flashback, *Top Secret* tells a tale of espionage behind the Nazi lines during the war. The question before the French secret-police court, sitting in the present day, is: who murdered a certain French underground fighter during the war's waning months? Among the witnesses are Phyllis Thaxter, Karl Malden and Steve Cochran, one time comrades of the Frenchman in a unit of the Maquis. As each tells his story, the scene shifts back; gradually the jigsaw tale takes shape, each Maquis member filling in what he saw himself. It is soon clear that one person keeps reappearing in all the various versions: a missing American Marine, Cornel Wilde. And a fabulous career he seems to have had when the statements are pieced together. Cut down as it is into individual sequences, with the camera making repeated returns to the courtroom, the story is always credible. And that's something, considering some of the casting. Miss Thaxter and Malden, for example, competent players as they are, are just about as French as apple pie.

Cast: Cornel Wilde, Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter, Karl Malden.—Warners.

ASSIGNMENT—PARIS

Up-to-the-minute in their choice of a plot, the makers of *Assignment—Paris* never get down to the point of taking it very seriously, so that what might have been a thrilling documentary remains just another thriller. This one is about a newspaperman detained behind the Iron Curtain and his employer's frantic efforts to get him back (the U. S. Government, it appears, was just sitting on the sidelines). After vying with George Sanders, editor of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune's* Paris edition, for beautiful co-worker Marta Toren, just back from Budapest, hot-headed reporter Dana Andrews is sent to the Hungarian capital to replace the ailing bureau chief. It's a hot spot and a hot story for an American correspondent, because a U. S. businessman there has just confessed being a spy. Andrews goes about his business of getting something on the Hungarian premier, a Russian puppet, like a tomcat with a tin can tied to his tail and finds himself in prison for his pains. In the script's most effective scenes, the Hungarians fake a confession, cutting and rearranging a tape-recorded prison talk and putting the whole "interview" on the air. But back in Paris, Miss Toren and Sanders have an ace up their collective sleeve—a trick that works and frees Andrews.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Marta Toren, George Sanders, Audrey Totter.—Columbia.

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Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!





BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

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New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

It had to happen



Though their friends believe that Duke and Chata are still very much in love, few who know the couple hold any hope that they will reconcile.

He can't live with her or without her, but after six years of being on a marital merry-go-round with the fiery, unpredictable Chata, John Wayne has decided he's had enough.

BY RICHARD DEXTER

■ If you have money, and let's face it, John Wayne does, there are only three places for you to stay in Lima, Peru.

One is the Hotel Crillon. Another is the Hotel Bolivar, and the third is the Country Club of Lima.

As anyone who knows Duke Wayne will testify, he is not the country club type, so a few weeks ago, while traveling through South America, he very quietly, very unobtrusively checked into the Crillon—no fuss, no publicity, no fanfare.

Now the Limeños, residents of Lima, are avid movie-goers—in fact there are more motion picture theatres per capita in Lima than in any other South American city. But the Limeños did not spot Duke right away.

It was a nine-year-old boy from Rochester, N. Y., who pulled the trick. He saw Duke ambling through the lobby and ran to his mother. "Look, mama," he shouted, excitedly pointing to the actor, "There's John Wayne!"

"Seymour," said the mother. "That can't be John Wayne. He's in California, in Hollywood."

Seymour insisted. "I saw him on television before we left home. I know he's John Wayne. Just look at his nose."

The lady rose, but Duke hurried through the lobby, walked (*Continued on page 68*)

Stays Bright! Stays Moist! Stays On!



New! Cashmere Bouquet

French Type

NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK

Now your lips can be more exciting, more inviting than ever . . . and *stay* that way all day long! Just smooth on the new Cashmere Bouquet French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick and see how the color flows on your lips so easily, so evenly, so luscious-bright! And here's the beauty-miracle: it won't smear, it won't dry, and it *won't come off!*

New Cashmere Bouquet is the French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick you can use with *confidence* . . . for lips that call for kisses . . . for lips that stay soft and creamy-smooth . . . for lips that *won't tell secrets!*

Contains "Lip-caressing" Lanolin!

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Just 39¢

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Use Cashmere Bouquet
HAND LOTION



Absorbs like a lotion—
Softens like a cream,
Makes even
"Sandpaper Hands"
Feel Caressable
in 10 Seconds!

Enjoy Perfume~
this New Way





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LIQUID PETALS

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So pretty and so *long-lasting* . . . it's the most delightful, most modern way to use perfume! Liquid Petals is an exquisite new cream perfume with the romantic fragrance of Friendship's Garden. It lingers for *hours* . . . keeps you flower-fresh *all day long.*

Also in gift sets: with Stick Cologne 2.25, with Stick Cologne and Toilet Water 3.50.

SHULTON
New York Toronto

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—title song by Mario Lanza* (Victor); Nat Cole** (Capitol); Billy Eckstine* (MGM); Bobby Wayne (Mercury); John Raitt (Decca). *The Song Angels Sing* by Mario Lanza* (Victor); John Raitt (Decca).

Mario's new MGM film will make his own versions of these two songs the best-sellers. We think he's made better records, though, and you may agree that Nat's version of the title tune gets a more fitting mood.

THE MERRY WIDOW—Selections by Fernando Lamas* (MGM).

The trend toward making movie musicals out of musical comedy classics reaches a new peak with the Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas version of *The Merry Widow.* The real star of the picture, of course, is Franz Lehar, aided considerably by a gentleman who never met Lehar but who collaborated neatly by setting new lyrics to some of these famous melodies. The album, recorded directly from the sound-track, includes the *Merry Widow Waltz; Girls, Girls, Girls; Maxim's; Night; Vilia; Gypsy Music* and *Can Can.* The MGM Studio orchestra and chorus under Jack Blackton give Lamas sterling assistance.

THE QUIET MAN—Selections by Merv Griffin* (Victor).

The picture was shot on location in Ireland and the background music was very authentic. Merv brings the right sentimental atmosphere to his interpretations of *Isle of Innisfree, The Young May Moon, The Humor Is On Me Now, Mush-Mush-Mush-Tural-I-Addy, Galway Bay, The Kerry Dance, The Wild Colonial Boy* and *I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen.*

POPULAR

TAKES TWO TO TANGO—Pearl Bailey** (Coral).

This delightfully humorous number looks like becoming Pearl's biggest record hit since *Tired.*

MY LOVE AND DEVOTION—Perry Como** (Victor).

A fine new ballad by Perry, coupled with a lively, pleasant item entitled *Sweethearts' Holiday.*

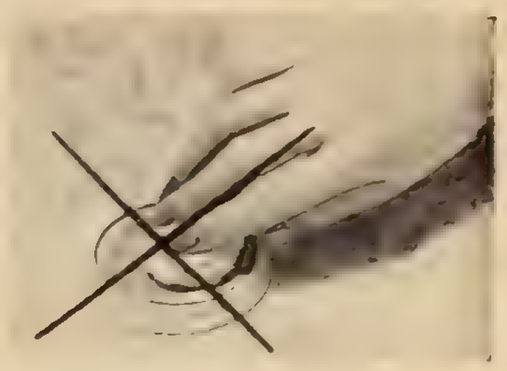
ELLA FITZGERALD—*Trying** (Decca).

PATTI PAGE—*I Went To Your Wedding** (Mercury).

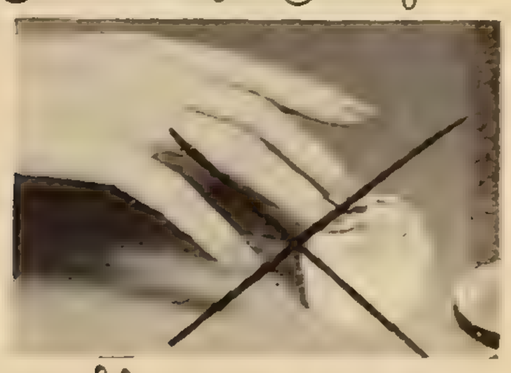
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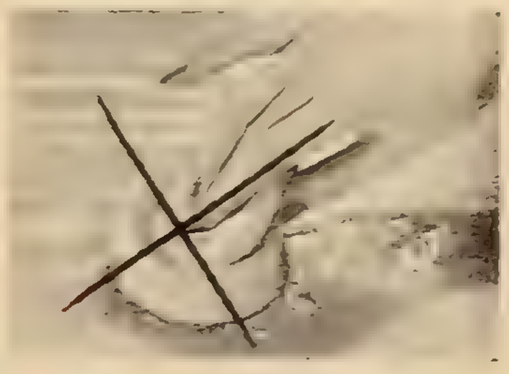
no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



no spilly powder

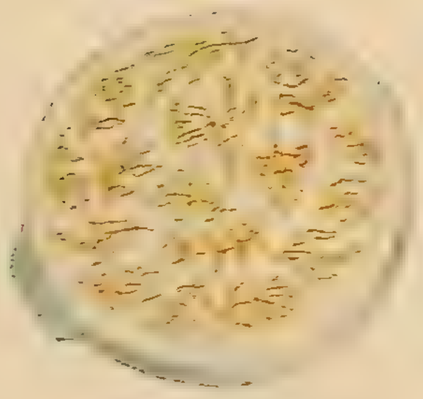


Angel Face

by POND'S

smooths on with a puff —and stays!

In this adorable Mirror Case your powder and foundation in-one!





Also in this sweet blue-and-gold box, at 59¢, 89¢*

An angelic complexion—in 5 seconds! A touch of the puff smooths you, "de-shines" you, gives a heavenly, soft finish that *clings*—much longer than plain powder! Because Angel Face is powder *and* foundation in *one!* The Duchess de Richelieu says, *"Angel Face is the cleverest make-up, so flattering!"*

Tuck it in your handbag! In the new Mirror Case with puff, mirror and Angel Face, you carry a *complete,* velvety complexion! Can't spill! *"Angel Face is the most important bit of flattery in my handbag,"* Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr. says. In six sweet skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, $1*

*plus tax



Cover Girl beauties have it... so can you!

"Every girl should know," says lovely model Ann Moore, "how *easy* it is to make her skin look its prettiest! A change to Ivory and regular care is all that's needed. Truly, it works wonders!" Why not let Ivory begin its beauty-work on *your* complexion?

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!



Nursery beauties have it... so can you!

Why be jealous of the radiance of Baby Justine's skin after her daily Ivory bath? What pure, mild Ivory does for her skin, it can do for yours! Remember, more doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours —than all other brands of soap put together!



You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!

Something new and wonderful can happen to your complexion—in 7 short days! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Your complexion will be smoother, softer, younger-looking. You'll have *That Ivory Look*—a week from this very day!

99 44/100% pure



...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

HAS MARIO SET HOLLYWOOD ON ITS EAR ONCE TOO OFTEN? HERE'S THE STORY OF THE LATEST HASSLE.

LANZA FIGHTS AGAIN

by Caroline Brooks



■ Ever since MGM signed him to a contract, Mario Lanza had proven himself a thorn in the corporate flesh of Loew's, Inc., a hundred million dollar holding company which owns and operates the studio.

According to executives, Mario has fought with directors, writers, producers, makeup men, musicians—practically every department on the lot.

He has argued with Dore Schary who runs the studio, tussled verbally with little Joe Pasternak, his producer, complained vociferously about the choice of musical conductors, commented acidly on the studio's insistence that he cut down on his weight.

In short, Mario in the past three years has earned the reputation, either justified or not—it all depends on whose side you're sitting—of being MGM's bad boy. He is at this writing the *enfant terrible* of Hollywood, the tantrummental star whose moods and outbursts have brought down upon his head the same type of censure that a few short years ago was meted out to another unstable star, Judy Garland.

The long-simmering feud between Mario and MGM reached the boiling point in August of this year when the studio decided that it had taken all of Lanza's shenanigans (*Continued on page 103*)

Aly chased his princess half-way around the world, to meet her behind closed doors in Hollywood. Here an outstanding reporter reveals the strange facts behind the headlines.

■ A woman meets a man who's gay, dashing, flirtatious, restless, unpredictable, selfish, and utterly fascinating. She marries him. And immediately tries to make him over into the age-old popular mold of a mate who is solid, stay-at-home and completely stable. Rita Hayworth was no exception. She did everything in and out of the book to force her prince charming to fit the pattern prescribed by American wives for American husbands. And it looked like she had finally succeeded when, in August, Prince Aly Khan flew to Hollywood and without waiting to change his clothes, dashed to Rita's rented house in Beverly Hills for a six hour huddle that lasted till nearly three in the morning.

But the victory was abortive and pyrrhic. It was Rita who had to change. Aly wouldn't and couldn't. And contrary to report, it was Rita who wanted the reconciliation, Rita who wept and

ALY ARRIVED IN HOLLYWOOD



Aly's host, Vidor, welcomes him.

sheilah graham tells

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED BETWEEN RITA AND ALY

begged for forgiveness, who said she had made a mistake in running away from her Prince and who promised to do everything and anything if he would forget, forgive and take her back.

"I realize now I was wrong to leave you," Rita told Aly in the first rush of remorse. The Prince, gallant in the hour of delayed victory, soothed Rita, and like a father talking to a no longer rebellious child, replied that it wasn't a question of who was right or who was wrong. The problem was, could she accept him as the man she married, a Prince with a thousand years of Ismalite tradition, who belonged in part to his religious followers, a smooth sophisticate who could never conform to the humdrum limits outlined by the retiring Rita, terrified-of-people, tongue-tied in company, who would rather wear jeans than jewels.

Rita said she would. But let's face it. While she had enough sex appeal to catch him, is Rita clever enough to hold him? And if, when you read this, the reconciliation has gone kaput, it will only be because in the final analysis, Rita cannot quite cope with Aly's way of life, which he will never change for Rita or any other woman. In fact, even when Rita assured Aly she was ready to live with him as his wife, he begged her to consider long and very seriously before joining him in Europe. Because he isn't sure it can work. Neither am I.

The big trouble is that, while Aly has never wanted a divorce, he has always wanted freedom—four freedoms. in fact—to do as he pleases, to see whom he pleases, to travel when he wants to, and to gamble for high stakes when he's in the mood. And the ideal life, from his point of view, would be if Rita and little Yasmin and Rebecca lived with him from April until November. Then he would go off on his travels, as he will this year to India and South America, with Rita returning to Hollywood for six months to continue her career in movies.

And there's the rub. Rita is an all or nothing girl. She always wants to give up everything for the man she loves, and she expects the same consideration from the man. And this worries Aly. He knows that even though she promised "I will do everything your way," that when the rosy glow of renewed domesticity wears off and he packs up to go on his travels, her American upbringing, which has a few traditions of its own, might send her fleeing back again to the land of the hot dog and the way of life she knows and understands.

Very few people know why Rita left Aly in the first place. The parting is usually ascribed to Aly's dalliance with dames, especially Katharine Dunham. Aly's attentions to the dancer didn't improve the situation, naturally, but Rita took fright, then flight, when Aly displayed his serious side with his Moslem followers in Africa. She couldn't (*Continued on page 70*).

HOPING FOR A RECONCILIATION. BUT, ALTHOUGH RITA WAS "VERY HAPPY" TO SEE HIM, IT WAS NO GO.



Newsmen flock to Rita's house . . .



to interview Aly and Rita (back to camera) . . .



but Aly leaves alone. All for nothing?



the GOLD DUST TWINS

The words "movie star" used to mean fabulous ways of life, leopard-lined Rolls Royces and capital-G Glamor—but Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift have reduced the term to torn T-shirts and old tennis shoes. Are these two deglamorizing the film capital? Have they neglected their obligations to the fans who put them in the chips? Is their contempt for Hollywood fair, considering that Hollywood feeds them? Here is an unusually frank commentary written by a top reporter and presented just as we received it.

The Editors

■ Nicholas Schenck, the mogul behind the scenes at MGM, recently made one of his infrequent trips to Hollywood to see what was happening at his giant glamor factory, the studio. On the surface things appeared to be in order. The cameras were turning, the directors directing, the actors acting, the commissary was open and selling chicken soup. Dore Schary was in his office plotting new and better movies, and his underlings were still driving to work in Cadillacs every morning. But something was wrong, and Schenck was worried.

Nicholas Schenck's first concern is revenue. He is the man who is directly responsible to the stockholders and he knew, on this trip, that a good many things had to be done to stimulate the nation's interest in movies.

"We're losing our touch," Schenck is reported to have said at a closed meeting of top brass. "The whole world used to be interested in everything that went on here. We were the most glamorous city in the modern world. The name 'Movie Star' was a label that meant a fascinating, exciting man or woman, and it brought people into our theatres in packs, just to get a glimpse of the great stars in good pictures or bad. What has happened to that?"

Nicholas Schenck was speaking of the days when movie stars drove leopard skin-lined Rolls Royces and appeared in public swimming in rare furs or, in the case of the men, wearing capes and followed by a retinue of flunkeys. And while he was trying to make his point, one of the current stars, assigned to make a movie at his studio, was just reporting for work.

Well, to say the least, it wasn't like it used to be. The man stepped through the front door of the studio wearing a pair of blue jeans and somebody else's shirt rolled up at the sleeves and not entirely buttoned in front. His hair hadn't been combed, at least not that day, and there was a stubble of beard on his chin. His shoes were unshined, and his manner was that of a laborer asking at the back gate for a day's work. He was, however, greeted excitedly and ushered quickly into the swank office of the producer who was to make his film. His name was Marlon Brando.

On the other side of town, at Warner Brothers, a tired publicity man was sitting at his desk holding his head in his hands. He was assigned to publicize an Alfred Hitchcock movie, *I Confess*, and he was looking into as bleak a future as a man in his position could imagine. On his desk was a list of phone calls from reporters and magazine writers who wanted to help him. All he had to do was produce the star of the picture. But the press agent couldn't deliver, for his star, at that moment, was where he had been ever since he got into town. Dressed in old flannels and looking every inch like a mechanic off duty, he was sprawled out on a bed in a third rate apartment house, dozing. His name was Montgomery Clift.

Eccentricities of all sorts amuse most people, but the eccentricities of Marlon Brando (*Continued on page 92*)





A word of warning to Van Johnson from an old friend

State of the Union

Dear Van:

■ It's been several days since we talked, and as I've got to make a report to the editors of MODERN SCREEN on our discussion, I thought I'd better re-check some of the things we spoke of with you and tell you just exactly how I feel about them.

It's a little embarrassing, Van, to have to sit down with a fellow—particularly a friend—and ask him about his marital life. But I did it and I'm glad. And your understanding that this is all just part of being a star in Hollywood, with your life an open book, made it a lot easier for me.

First, Van, it must be faced that for the past couple of months stories have been appearing in the papers intimating that things between you and Evie are not entirely harmonious. Not entirely the way they should be.

Now even though you and Evie and most of your intimate friends knew this to be nonsense, it began to hurt. Once an intimation of anything of this sort appears in print, an actor and his wife have to begin walking on eggs, because if they show anything but extreme passion for one another in public, the tongues begin wagging harder and louder than ever. For instance, if you neglect to help Evie on with a wrap when leaving a night club some night, you might conceivably read in the papers the next morning that you had knocked her to the ground. Sadly enough, many people would believe it, for this is a city and an era of exaggeration.

It just seems as though a man in your position can't cry NO loud enough to make people believe you. A good example of this took place a few years ago. Two columnists (*Continued on page 98*)



It's hard to tell who's having more fun playing soldiers, seven-year-old Tracy, or Van. Tracy and his brother, Ned, 11, are Evie's sons by Keenan Wynn. Their mother has custody of them.



Van and Evie's Schuyler is talented for a four-year-old, plays piano already. Van wants the kids to grow up in the North, where they can see the seasons change, as he did when he was a boy.

You're On, Kids!



At the peak of her career Betty Hutton has walked out! But it's the beginning of a new life and career with Charles O'Curran . . . strictly on their own.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Betty and Charlie got away from it all when they took a two-week vacation at Lake Tahoe. Afterwards, they went to London to do their own show at the Palladium.



The O'Currans took a small mountain cabin and Betty did her own cooking and cleaning. They were alone, except for a brief, hectic visit from Lindsay and Candy.



Charlie pointed out the breathtaking scenery to an enchanted Betty. She was really ready for a vacation after her strenuous USO trek to Korea and her highly successful vaudeville debut at New York's Palace Theatre last spring.



Betty's card-playing left lots to be desired. One night at Cal-Neva lodge, the house let Betty deal at blackjack and, oddly, not a customer lost.

■ One rainy afternoon last May, while sitting in her dressing room at the Palace Theatre in New York where she was appearing in her own stage show, Betty Hutton suddenly rebelled at the course of her career. She was at the top of her professional life, having earned almost two million dollars before she was 31, but she had come to the shocking realization that all her fame failed to add one whit to her security and that of her husband and children. She had kept thinking it was crazy, a tricky, economic slip-up that would be straightened out. But it wasn't being straightened out, and she couldn't wait any longer.

Only a few weeks before this, right after her marriage to Charles O'Curran, this depressing truth had been made clear to her again. Like a new bride will, she had been musing contentedly on their future together. "Just think," she speculated once, "if I wanted to—which I don't!—I could give up the screen and stage and just be a wife. After all, you have a good job. We could get along."

"We could not only get along," Charlie assured her, "but we would have just about as much left, after taxes, as if you were working."

Since Betty was then getting $5,000 a week (and had been for seven years), she patted his head consolingly and said she was sure he would feel better in the morning. "It must be something you married that's disagreeing with you," she told him. But Charlie found a pencil and proceeded to prove his point. Even though, as a dance director, he made only a fifth as much as Betty, their combined income put them into such a high tax bracket that they would have practically as much for themselves just living on his salary.

Betty was hypnotized by his figures. "What's it all about then?" she asked. "I've worked ever since I was a kid. All those years fighting to get somewhere and . . . and it's just glory? If I keep on like this, I won't have an extra cent to chip in for us or to use to safeguard my children? Nothing but a big whoop-de-do I couldn't (*Continued on next page*)



When they found themselves worrying about the future, Betty and Charlie made a pact not to think about it, to relax and have fun. They soon got to know their neighbors and learned to water-ski, got quite proficient at it, in fact.





Before long it was hard for them to remember there was such a thing as work, or that it was anything more than an occasional trip to the local grocery store to lay in supplies. For two such busy people, that was something.

exchange for a loaf of bread?"

"Nothing," Charlie had answered. "So just be a wife and let the old man bring in the money."

"But . . . but I can't!" she had exclaimed. "You know I love to work. I've got to work. It's in me and has to come out. Yet it should mean something to us. It ought not to come to nothing."

Betty kept dwelling on this talk. Then she got the idea of Charlie producing a stage show around her to be booked at the Palace. "Don't!" everyone warned her. "You can't follow Judy Garland." But as if she were bound to test herself (and she was), Betty went ahead. Waiting for the opening in May was like holding her breath. Then . . . a smash success. Yet, even this didn't change the basic situation and now, on this afternoon backstage between shows, Betty could not contain herself any longer.

She phoned her agent, Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris office, and, dressed in an old pair of slacks, went out to meet him in a small delicatessen store near the stage entrance. When he got there, she was at a table staring moodily at a 40 cent sandwich she had ordered but apparently couldn't eat. She tried to control herself as she talked, but the tears came before two words were out. She announced broken-heartedly that she could no longer go on in Hollywood as a studio star. She must strike out for herself.

They talked for an hour. "All I own to my name today," she told him, "is the house we live in. After all my years of struggling! . . . and I would have lost that if my show at the Palace had flopped.

He knew what she meant. Despite her high earnings, Betty had not had enough clear money of her own to organize the stage company and had to pledge all she owned to swing the financing. But he also knew that Betty had always been a victim of the performer's inborn fear of being "at liberty" i.e., unsigned and without a steady income. She had had her days with "short meals," her weeks of pinching nickels, sometimes borrowed nickels. He reminded her of it.

"If you want to be independent and go into business for yourself, that's fine," he said. "For taking the financial risks involved you are permitted to profit more. That's business. But these are touchy times. If you win . . . great. But if you (*Continued on page 66*)

QUIZ KID

Ten years ago he caddied for Crosby, Gable and Astaire . . . and they laughed when he said he'd grow up to be in pictures. But they remember Bob Wagner now.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ "Say!" hailed the tall, grinning kid, strolling in from the fairway's edge and up to the Bel-Air foursome. "Want to buy a ball?"

One of the golfers extended his hand. "Let's see it, R. J.," he said, and inspected the proffered pill, which was hardly a prize in any self respecting linksman's book. The paint was cracked and on the cover, where a vicious iron had topped it, there was a smile almost as big as the one on the face of the tow-headed scavenger.

Randy Scott, who was the golfer accosted that day, started to shake his head but he knew he didn't have a chance.

"Let you have it for a real bargain," pressed the determined young salesman. "Two bits. I need the dough. Got a date. Thanks!" He caught the spinning coin and hustled off toward the thirteenth green, ducking through the hedge and across the street. That's where Robert John Wagner, Junior, lived. In a sec he had swung aboard his bike and was pedalling down the hill to pick up a cutie whom he had promised a double-jumbo malt at Tom Crumplar's in Westwood Village.

A scene like that was pretty common around the Bel-Air Country Club about ten years ago, when Bob Wagner was twelve years old and by summer profession a caddy. To tell the truth, he wasn't too hot a caddy for a couple of reasons: one was that packing bags and spotting balls for such movie star members as Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Randy Scott, Fred Astaire and others, Bob was inclined to rivet eyes on his employers in a worshipful manner instead of on the balls they smacked, so usually the balls got lost. And then, just as a player started a backswing designed to wham out a 300-yard drive, "R.J.," as they all know him, was prone to paralyze the project by inquiring, "Say, Mister Gable, about that scene where you socked the guy and drove off with the girl: How could you shift gears with your hand around her waist?"

"The Quiz Kid" they (*Continued on page 73*)




"I want
to be
loved"

This one's too cagy to get married, say the Hollywood sages. But Marilyn says: "You can't kiss a career good-night." The answer might be just a guy named Joe.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ One afternoon about eight months ago a friend of Marilyn Monroe decided to play Cupid and called her on the phone.

"You're always saying," he began, "how tough it is to meet nice eligible young men in Hollywood."

"That's true," Marilyn said.

"Well, I've got a great guy for you to meet tonight," the friend continued. "I'm sure you'll like him."

Her curiosity piqued, Marilyn insisted upon knowing something about her blind date. "Is he in show business?" she asked.

"He's not in show business," the friend said, "but he's the sweetest man right now this side of the Mississippi. Honest! I'll pick you up at eight. We're dining at the Villanova."

The Villanova is one of those warm, intimate, Italian restaurants with soft lights, candles on the table, bottles of Chianti, platters of antipasto, and huge casseroles crammed with spaghetti and meat balls.

Joe DiMaggio, one of the greatest baseball players in the history of the game, was sitting in a booth waiting. As Marilyn and her friend approached, the tall, dark, (*Continued on page 101*)



Marilyn appears at most Hollywood parties alone, leaves alone. But that's when Joe DiMaggio's in New York. The consistent "Gee, we're just friends" answer Marilyn and Joe give can't be depended on, intimates say.

My meal ticket is

a big, brawny hunk of man

named Jeff Chandler . . .

and with his looks

and my brains we'll both

be eating well for

a long time to come!



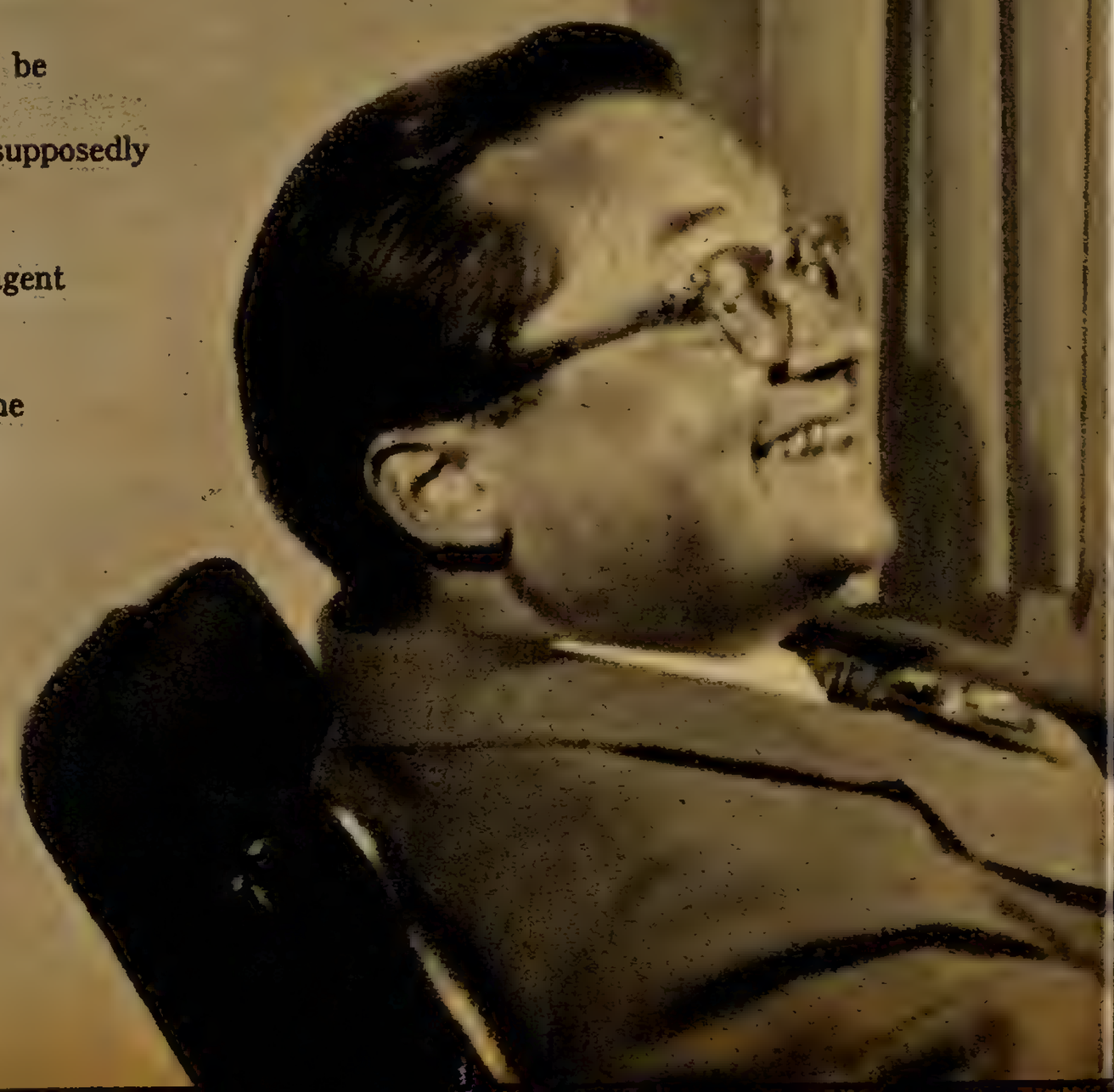
Jeff's one of the few stars who answers all fan mail personally. He dictates to blonde secretary Arleen Franz every day.

CONFESSIONS OF A TEN-

■ Each week Jeff Chandler, a wavy-haired, mammoth-shouldered giant who weighs 214 lbs. with a towel around his midriff, and stands six feet four in his size 12 shoes, pays me ten percent of his considerable salary. Like clockwork.

I am Jeff's talent representative, or if you want to be down to earth, I'm his agent. Lots of people don't like to use the word "agent" in polite society because supposedly it conjures up images of blood-suckers, leeches, Draculas and other such parasites. But let's face it. In Hollywood the actor or actress without an agent doesn't eat regularly.

When Jeff isn't working, which, knock on wood, is never, I find him employment. When he is working, which is *always*, I go over his contract with a microscope. I get it renewed when it expires—at more money if possible. In his case it was possible. I pick up his check at the studio every Friday. Never miss a single week. I read his scripts and try to see that he stars only in top-grade films which can further his career. I handle all the requests for benefit appearances. And I go around Hollywood insisting that Jeff Chandler (*Continued on page 89*)



PERCENTER

by Meyer Mishkin

House in the Clouds

■ Bob Mitchum's wife, Dorothy, was riding along Ventura Boulevard in Los Angeles a few weeks ago when a truck suddenly pulled out of a side street. Dorothy swung her car around, narrowly avoiding a crackup.

Muttering some pithy words which best expressed her outraged feelings, Dorothy caught up with the truck at the next stop light. She rolled down the window, prepared to give the driver a salty piece of self-rehearsed dialogue. She took one look, however, and her car motor abruptly stalled.

The truck driver was Jane Russell!

At dinner that night Dorothy turned to Bob and said, "Can you give me one reason why Jane Russell should be driving a truck along Ventura Boulevard?"

Mitchum thought for a moment. "Maybe she was delivering her own groceries."

"No kidding," Dorothy insisted. "She almost crashed into me this afternoon."

Mitch shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know? Why don't you call her up and tell her you're going to have her license revoked?"

The idea of calling Jane appealed to Dorothy. The girls had a short conversation. Only thirty-five minutes long.



Chinese antiques and contemporary architecture mix gracefully in the dining area of the living room. The simple Chinese table is impressive in front of the glass-wall.



The Waterfields spend their leisure hours beside the irregularly-shaped pool. There's a spectacular view of the San Fernando Valley, where they grew up together.

Jane wanted her home to combine the stone and



"Tell me," Dorothy began good-naturedly, "was that you driving a truck this afternoon?"

Jane giggled. "Did you see me? Wasn't it a riot? It wasn't my truck, you know. I just borrowed it from the filling station. How come? Well, you know the headboard of our double bed? And the two bedside tables? I wanted them covered with silver leaf. (*Continued on next page*)



The entrance hall is a wooden-banistered stairwell that curves gracefully through the house.

The ideal site was hard to find, but now the Waterfields live on top of the world, a near vertical climb up from the San Fernando Valley

BY MARVA PETERSON

wood solidarity of a 17th Century manor house with the beauty of contemporary colors and fabrics. The living room shows how well she succeeded.

Jane relaxes beside the pool with pet dogs Blitz and Katrinka. She likes the feeling she gets there of being on the rim of the world.



When Jane started talking about building a house, Bob agreed she could do whatever she wanted, as long as he had a den to call his own. Jane made sure he got his den, a wonderful place full of his guns, trophies and sports memorabilia.





Jane's decorating ideas are sometimes unusual, always effective. *Top:* her jewelry-bedecked tree; *bottom:* the stone Buddha.



Pantry, kitchen and hobby-room make this three-part unit, all covered with a stylized Chinese wallpaper. The Waterfields often eat breakfast and lunch here.

The prices they asked me were preposterous. Honest! I finally decided to silver the raw wood myself."

Jane then proceeded to explain that she did the job in a friend's studio and, when it was finished, needed a truck to cart the furniture back to her hilltop home. She asked the boys at the corner filling station if she could borrow their pickup truck for an hour. "They told me I didn't have a card from the Teamsters' Union and that I was a threat to the highway system of America," Jane continued, "but in the end they let me have it."

Jane piled in with Tony, her gardener, and that night, when her husband Bob Waterfield arrived home for dinner, RKO's number one glamor girl had all the furniture in place.

To people who know Jane Russell well, this story is typical of the girl. Once she gets a bee in her bonnet, no matter how dreamy, no matter how violent the objections of experts, she insists upon carrying it through.

According to her All-American quarterback of a husband, their entire home was built on this Russell principle.

"Jane wanted a house in the clouds," Bob says. "On the level. I don't know how she did it, but that's the kind of house we live in. And it's darn well constructed, too." (*Continued on page 77*)

A decorator with bright ideas, Jane knows just what she wants, and she'll even drive a truck to get it!



The wood-paneled den was designed as a small work room and not a second living room. It's also a secluded spot where Jane can read scripts and watch TV, and Bob can work undisturbed at his desk.



The one touch of elegance in her simply decorated bedroom is this Chinese screen Jane dreamed of owning, and later found by accident in a decorator's shop. Their bed is same one Bob had as a boy.

special to modern screen



"How we made it all in one piece is a wonder," says Sue Ladd. And, as she reclines in a deck chair in mid-ocean, she expects to be told any minute that one of the kids was left home in the rush.

We're Off!

BY SUE CAROL LADD

■ I am sitting here on the Ile de France, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in a deck chair that feels like Cleopatra's most cushioned couch. To me, anything would feel comfortable at this point—anything that was horizontal and softer than granite. It's the first time in three months that either Alan or I have been able to sit down without lists of details to be hashed over with each other. It's also the first time I've had a chance to write MODERN SCREEN about our trip. They asked me, weeks ago, to give them a blow by blow account of our evacuation to Europe, but the blows came so fast and furiously that there hasn't been time until this moment.

Frankly, I never thought we'd all board this ship in one piece. I remember one night when Alan came home from working in *Desert Legion* at Universal-International, and found the usual pandemonium that had been ruling the house for weeks. Some strangers were being shown through the house, people who were considering renting it during our absence. I was on the telephone, talking to someone about sending our car over to England, and David was standing patiently by (*Continued on page 105*)

JUST BEFORE THEY LEFT, ALAN COMPLETED THIS DREAM PLAYHOUSE FOR THE KIDS



The kids take possession of "The Castle Princess," a model home-ette Alan had built for them. It's all their own—grown ups allowed, but by invitation only!



Five-year-old David dons "formal attire" after spending weeks in overalls as the official foreman for the house. Nine-year-old Alana provided inspiration, Dad, money.



The whole playhouse is scaled to the children's size. Windows are on eye-level, chairs fit them perfectly, the piano is a miniature one. Their mother did the decorating.



Alana's first tea party was a social success. Her guest of honor: Alan, of course. She served him with her own tiny tea set. Draperies were designed by Sue Carol.



Even the telephone is scaled to Alana's and David's size. It connects with the main building, and comes in pretty handy when Alana bakes a cake and runs out of sugar.



But no sooner had the house been completed than it had to be locked up tight. They're abroad now, but looking forward to happy hours in their own playhouse soon.

by Jim Burton

Once in love with Janie...

■ This is a kind of anniversary in a way. A kind of double anniversary for Jane Powell. Just about the time you will be reading this article, Jane and her husband, Geary Steffan, will be celebrating their third wedding anniversary. And Jane will be celebrating her tenth year in Hollywood. It seems proper, then, to take a look back, as sentimental people do, and once again savor the high spots and laugh at the low. And, best of all, look closely at the present.

Well, the present, for Jane and Geary Steffan, is pretty ordinary, if you call things going according to plan ordinary. No great comedy or tragedy is current in their lives. But, as they took stock of things the other day, Jane and Geary sat and smiled like a couple of kids who were close to the last payment on the car or had just finished finally, after several seasons, getting rid of the snails in the lawn. They weren't smug, because anything can happen. But they were, never-the-less, serene in the knowledge that they had accomplished most of what they had promised themselves five years (*Continued on page 94*)



WHEN JANE'S NOT MAKING MOVIES, SHE'S OFF ON A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY... POSING FOR HER HUSBAND'S CANDID CAMERA. HERE ARE GEARY'S FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS OF MRS. STEFFAN TAKEN FROM HIS OWN ALBUM...



I CATCH JANIE CAT-NAPPING



LONG LAZY DAY AT THE LAKE



WHO SAYS MY WIFE CAN'T SKI!



JANIE AND GEARY III MY FAVORITE PEOPLE



MY GAL EVEN POSES BETWEEN COURSES



SHE'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE

EVERY GIRL NEEDS SEX APPEAL

Once there was a girl
who liked to spend
a quiet evening at home
with a good book.
That was the old
Annie Baxter, who doesn't
live here any more.

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

■ Just before she took off for Quebec where she is currently co-starring with Montgomery Clift in *I Confess,* Anne Baxter was sitting in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox, munching a ham and swiss on toast.

A director who's put Anne through the paces in four films, happened to walk into the eatery with Marilyn Monroe.

"Who's that platinum blonde with the poodle cut?" he asked, nodding at Anne.

"Are you kidding?" Marilyn asked.

"No," said the director. "Who is she? Her face teases my memory."

"It should," Marilyn said. "That's Anne Baxter."

The director did a double take. "Anne Baxter?" He walked over to the table and sat down. "Holy catfish!" he exploded. "It really is you, Anne, isn't it?"

Anne Baxter, one of Hollywood's finest dramatic actresses, the brainy, demure, talented brunette who won an Oscar for her marvelous portrayal of a lost woman in *Razor's Edge* and an Academy Award nomination for her outstanding work in *All About Eve* has gone on a sex appeal kick.

She has cut her hair short.

She has had it dyed blonde.

She has reduced her weight to 107 lbs.

She has reduced the necklines on her dresses to new and daring lows.

She has posed for cheesecake pictures in bathing suits that leave precious little to the imagination.

She has experimented with wearing artificial beauty marks and eyelashes.

In short, Anne is fed up with the way she's been presented to the public and is determined to become more sexy, more stimulating, more exciting—three adjectives, she feels, every girl should have.

(Continued on page 84)



The world thought it knew a lot about Bing Crosby—but here is a new portrait of its idol: a shaken man, deep in sorrow and wishing that the last 20 years had been different.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

dixie and bing: THEIR TRAGIC LOVE



This was Dixie Lee in 1930.

IT WAS A STORYBOOK MARRIAGE OF AN



Bing was a hard-drinking, fast-living party boy when he first met Dixie; she was the exact opposite. But they were attracted to each other from the start.



Dixie left the movies when she had the twins, Philip and Dennis, in order to devote her time to her children, and other stars quickly took her place.

■ One day a few weeks ago a man walked down an upstairs corridor of St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California. He had walked it before and knew it well. It was sterile and shiny and very modern. The walls and the floor curved into each other gently so that there'd be no place for dust to collect and the linoleum the man walked on was hard and shiny and made resounding noises as his feet paced his progress. Wide brown doors opened on either side of the hall and they seemed endless. Nurses and nuns passed briskly and nodded politely and some of them smiled.

This man walking down this corridor was probably the most famous man in the world today; better known than kings and better loved than statesmen and great benefactors. And his troubles, if he could have shared them that day, would have gladly been accepted by millions of people who had grown to know him and love him as Bing Crosby, a crooner, a singer of ballads, a flip man with a joke and a handy man with a golf club. Beyond these things he had never been very accomplished, but he had somehow achieved the position of a revered human. Maybe it was because of his family life.

When he reached the rear of the hall, Bing Crosby pushed open one of the brown doors and entered a corner room. A woman lay in the bed, quietly resting in the filtered light from drawn venetian blinds. There were a lot of flowers in the room but little else. Bing walked to the bed and stood looking down at her for a moment, then he touched her hand and they smiled. The woman was pale and thin. She (*Continued on page 60*)

UNKNOWN CROONER AND A FAMOUS STAR. BUT AS BING ROSE TO FAME, DIXIE RETIRED INTO THE BACKGROUND



They married in 1930, and their first separation came only a year later. Friends blamed it on Bing's adolescent attitude toward responsibility.



When Dixie threatened to divorce him, Bing came to his senses and pleaded with her to remain with him. Their first baby, Gary Evan, came along soon after.



Family life came first, from then on. Bing bought a big home in Rancho Santa Fe, complete with tennis court and pool.



Lindsay completed the Crosby "full house" in 1940. Several years later, Dixie was chosen filmdom's ideal mother. These were happy years.



Trouble started again after all the boys had been born. But, even though they were unhappy, Dixie and Bing stayed together for the children's sake.



Dixie met Bing with a kiss on his return from South America in 1941. Usually shy in public, this was a rare picture.

MORE →



As early as 1941, newsmen rarely found the whole Crosby family together; Dixie's public appearances were becoming infrequent. Here, her "five boys" welcome her home after a trip.



Bing stayed away from home more and more as his fame increased. When the children were young, Dixie always had plenty to do, taking care of them, but when they went to military school, she was left alone.



As teen-agers, the boys worked each summer on the Crosby ranch at Elko, Nevada. But Dixie preferred remaining alone in the Holmby Hills mansion to roughing it at the ranch.



The most recent time Dixie posed for candids was during an interview with Hedda Hopper in 1948. Since then, she's avoided newsmen, although she made headlines when Bing went to Europe in 1950 without her.

dixie and bing: continued

was Dixie Crosby, Bing's wife. She'd been ill a long time.

Although the world thought it knew a lot about Bing and Dixie Crosby, it really didn't. For instance, right at that moment it didn't know that Dixie Crosby was terribly ill, and that this day was, in a sense, a day of atonement, a day of remorse, a time of accounting. It didn't know that here, in this hospital room, its idol was a shaken man, deep in sorrow and pitiful in the wish that his last twenty years had been different.

They stood alone in the regret they shared and they asked no sympathy, for they both knew that this might be the end of their time together. Life never goes on forever, and a grave illness makes people think that way.

Twenty years ago Bing was an unknown troubador and Dixie a rising young movie star. He was penniless and underpaid, and she was making a lot of money and seemed headed for the heights in motion pictures. Bing Crosby, if you knew him in those days, was pretty much a character. Each night he reported for work at the Cocoanut Grove, a night club in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles and, as part of a trio known as the rhythm boys, banged through a dozen or so songs very much in the manner of a group of male Andrews Sisters. And at the end of each show, Bing, a gregarious lad, sauntered from the stage and sat at the tables with the customers and laughed and chatted and (*Continued on next page*)



The four Crosby boys are so closely identified with Bing, many people forget it was Dixie who brought them up, and molded them into the well adjusted young men they are today.



This is the Holmby Hills home in which Dixie shut herself away from the world most of the time. Never an avid hostess, not many had seen her home until MODERN SCREEN did a story on it 2 years ago.

Dixie made one of her rare night club appearances, partly to counteract unpleasant gossip, when Bing returned from Europe.



sipped until it was time to go home.

Although he wasn't ever a handsome fellow, Bing was always likeable. And when it was time for him to sing his solo numbers, he leaned back on the piano and closed his eyes and, with all the casual abandon of a kid humming himself to sleep, proceeded to awaken an urge to possess him in all the women in the room. When a local radio station began carrying the program, it soon became evident that better than half the radio sets in Los Angeles were tuned to the station listening to Bing sing. He was the number one romantic rave of the town.

The first meeting between Bing and Dixie took place at a party held after the Cocoanut Grove closed. She was across the room talking to a group of friends and Bing couldn't take his eyes from her. She was a lovely thing, bright as a new dime and filled with a gay humor that made her universally liked. Bing waited for Dixie to come over, as most women did in those days. But she didn't. She ignored him —although later events proved she was just as fascinated as the rest of the women —and pretended to be vitally interested in her own friends. After a while Bing walked over toward her and waited politely until someone introduced them.

Now, despite Bing Crosby's obvious ability to handle all situations, he is by nature a very shy man. And, like most shy men in public life, he has a tendency to be brash when he is most embarrassed. It was that way when he first met Dixie. Casually, he shook hands and made a simple remark or two about how much he enjoyed her work. Dixie accepted the compliments, coolly. And in a few minutes Bing found it necessary to leave her, so he slipped closer and whispered confidentially in her ear.

"Look," he said, "you seem like a very nice girl. Let's get together sometime. Call me, huh?"

Dixie froze him with a glance. "As long as I live," she said, "I'll *never* call you." And she walked away.

The Crosbys have been married more than twenty years now and to this day Dixie has never called Bing for any reason. It is part of the agreement she made with herself that night.

The courtship of Bing and Dixie Crosby was a rather erratic one. Bing was a young hellion at the time and generous to himself with illicit gin. He was a powerful man, able to tear a phone book in two with his hands and capable of staying on his feet around the clock, and of still doing his show, anytime a party seemed to warrant it. Dixie, on the other hand, was gentle, careful of her career and health and just about as far from being a party girl as you can get. What attracted them to each other is as hard to say as it is with most people. But Bing, from the first meeting, was fascinated and unable to hide it or fight it.

As they grew to like being together more, Dixie changed her entire attitude and started a one-woman campaign to straighten the young singer out. She'd break his gin bottles and cart him off to a Turkish bath every time she thought it wise. She laid down pretty strict rules of deportment, and was a stern disciplinarian whenever Bing broke them. And when they were married, she accepted the responsibilities of being Bing's wife completely. She suffered the disappointments he did and tried to make him like his life better than he had as a single man. She held back nothing of herself to make Bing the husband that she had always wanted to meet and marry.

The first separation came possibly a year after they were married. It was due, their friends say, to Bing's adolescent attitude toward *his* responsibilities. Bing seemed to want to go on with his partying and playing, considering his contribution to life to be his nightly appearance at the Cocoanut Grove. The papers were pretty aware of Bing in those days, even though he was not at all famous nationally. And they were *very* aware of Dixie. She was riding on the wave of the new sound that had come to the movies, and was considered the biggest song and dance actress of the day. So, when it was suddenly announced she had gone to Ensenada, Mexico, possibly to get a divorce, the news made the front pages.

Something snapped in Bing Crosby when he read those headlines. He has never admitted his true feelings at that time to anyone, but his actions verify the fact that he was hard hit. He went to Mexico to plead with Dixie to return to him, and he must have done some pretty fancy promising and confessing to himself, for he came back a happy and a changed man. He quit partying, started to take an interest in his career, and started the family that now numbers Dixie and his four sons.

Dixie Crosby has always been Bing's four-leaf clover. If she hadn't come into his life, he might have lived it as a baritone in a trio, or, like the other boys in the group, in some other line of work. With ambition itching him, he quit the Grove and his partners and, with his brother, Everett, went to New York to try to get himself set in the radio business. And in a surprisingly short time, sponsored by the Cremo cigar manufacturers, he was the rave of the nation as the first and best of the crooners.

What has happened to Bing Crosby professionally since that time has been told again and again, but for some odd reason his private life became a great secret. Dixie Crosby quit the movies to start her family and, with a couple of minor exceptions for fun, has never worked since. The gay, exciting young girl crept behind the wall that Bing built for her and seldom came out. The boys were born, one by one, and even then Dixie stayed where she belonged—in the background of Bing Crosby's glory.

It must have been ten years before a serious difference plagued the Crosbys again. All of the boys had been born and were being carefully groomed for manhood. Both Dixie and Bing made each phase of their young lives important. Education, spiritual conditions and an acceptance of responsibilities were the things they concentrated on most, and the world agrees that no sons have been better or more lovingly prepared to face adulthood. But while this was taking place, something was happening to Bing and Dixie Crosby.

Bob Crosby, Bing's brother, once might have hit it on the head. It was at the time, in 1950, when Bing went to Europe alone and the gossip columnists were hinting darkly that Dixie was furious and would do something about it. "Bing," Bob said, "has made Dixie a golf widow. When he isn't working, he's off somewhere playing golf and she has to be alone." Bob backed this statement up with another that he, himself, was going to give up the game because he didn't want the same thing to happen to his family.

Others close to Bing and Dixie had other reasons. One close friend said—and it could have been true—that in all the years they had been married Bing had never given his wife a present. Oh, as he had grown richer with the years she could buy just about anything she wanted, but they say Bing never brought her anything and gave it to her as a token of his love and appreciation. There were those who said that Dixie, alone most of the time and with many idle hours on her hands, had taken to drinking too heavily, and that Bing resented it so much he didn't want to go home. This is pretty difficult to believe, because Dixie has had almost a full time job looking after her boys, and a careful look at them will deny any intimation that they were neglected in the slightest.

However, there was trouble in the Crosby family. While the papers were cagily looking for proof, never being sure they would dare print if they did find it, several bits of information became available to substantiate the report of a rift.

Larry Crosby, the member of the family charged with the public relations, told the press that a property settlement had been reached, but that he was not sure if a divorce or legal separation would result. And someone from the office of John O'Melveny, Bing's lawyer, also admitted that all details except as to method of annulment had been taken care of and that Dixie was in Nevada, with access to a court that could make the legal action a fact in a few minutes. The press was on edge because Bing and Dixie own a large ranch in Nevada, which makes them citizens of that state, and she could have secured a divorce in a few minutes any day she decided to walk into a court.

It must be said to the credit of both Bing and Dixie that neither of them spoke a word publicly about their personal problems, although there must have been anger between them at the time.

Like the cause of the alienation, the cause of the reconciliation, too, was never made public. But it is known that for several years the Crosby home was a home in name only. Even so, the relationship between the parents and their sons never changed.

But that brings us back to today. When a legal separation was decided against, Bing and Dixie picked up their lives together where they had left off, and even though it is said it was never as idyllic as it had been, they tried hard to make things right. They are both devout and sincere Catholics and marriage is a sacrament to them, not just a convenience.

Late 1951 and 1952 were trying years for the Crosbys. Bing was ill and required hospitalization and surgery. Dixie, too, fell ill and had to be in the hospital quite a bit of the time. As their trials increased, though, it seemed their love grew, and during most of 1952 their friends seemed terribly glad that they had had troubles, because they were reuniting the young lovers of twenty years ago. And then came Dixie's latest illness.

Nobody on the inside will, of course, tell just what the nature of the illness was or how serious. But from bits of gossip here and there, stories have been pieced together. Some of them true, no doubt, and some of them fantasy. The most discussed story is that Dixie's doctors decided she needed an operation to make her well. Surgery was performed and afterwards the doctors said that it hadn't been successful, and that Dixie would have to rely on God and nature to heal her. That may be right and it may not, but it is the most believed account.

At any rate, at the time of the operation, Bing Crosby went through the second transformation of his life. Although he was busy with his work, he abandoned it and took a room at the hospital where he could be near Dixie all of the time. For long hours while (*Continued on page 97*)

No. **16** *in a series:*

HOW THE STARS FOUND FAITH

I discovered the power of prayer that day I heard the 23rd Psalm above the whine of German bullets . . . and the voice was my own.

WHY I PRAY

by Dale Robertson

■ My mother had fixed me a bed on the porch swing this hot Oklahoma night and then led me out to it. She helped me in and tried talking me into believing that it was nice and cool out there—as mothers will. As if I cared. I didn't care and I didn't answer because I was a ten-year-old boy panicked into dumb suffering. I knew my silence frightened her, made her feel helpless, and I knew it frightened my two older brothers, Roxy and Chet. Their awe and their dread came through in the way they tip-toed around and hushed their voices. But I couldn't help it. That afternoon, my whole happy, carefree world . . . the bright sun, my mother's face, had turned a dirty, puffy grey. I was blind.

The old swing creaked as it always did. The crickets chirped. The street buzzed, (*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from preceding page*) and the film thickened steadily. I knew I was becoming isolated from those around me. I was only ten but I was growing older fast, old enough to know that there could be no help from those who were trying to help me, old enough to lie out on the porch, feeling my mother's troubled touch and trying to keep from crying. That would have been childish, and there was no use being a child any longer.

Then I heard someone coming up our wooden porch-steps and a man's voice asked, "Where is he?" I recognized him as the pastor of the Christian Missionary Alliance Church which we attended sometimes. I heard him walk up to me and then address me quietly.

"Dale, you know me, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Dale, do you believe in God?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you think God can make you see, Dale?" he went on.

"Yes," I told him.

"THEN I'll pray," he said. "And I won't quit until you can see . . ."

Whenever anyone asks me if I believe, or for that matter whenever an evening out here in Hollywood fails to cool off and is a little humid like the summer nights we have out in Oklahoma, my mind goes back to that scene. I remember his praying words, and then how a patch of the grey darkened after awhile and became the silhouette of his head against the lighted living room window . . . and I knew my ordeal was over and I knew I was not going to be cut off from the glory and the color of the outer world. Yes, I believe. Even as that night I knew I was going to see again, I also knew that I would always believe; whatever happened from then on, for the better or the worse, it would never change that.

Many things have happened. But this I have always had to hold on to . . . my belief. This, again and again, and nothing but this. This has given me my philosophy of looking for the good rather than spending any time regretting the bad—in the past or in the future, the bad which has come or the bad which might come. This has made me say about my fate, "If it is right for you, you will get it; and if you don't get it, it wasn't right for you." This I have told others (to a little actress just the other day when she revealed how worried she was about getting a good part) and have seen it give them comfort.

When I started to work in the studios I was so scared, so self-conscious that I simply could not speak or move normally. I would keep wondering what people on the set were thinking of me—the other actors, the grips, the technicians. One day I went back to my dressing room and directed a simple prayer: "Oh, Lord, let me be myself and do my job."

When I was called back for the next scene, I didn't wonder whether my prayers would be answered. I knew there would be some results if it was meant that I should continue to be an actor. As I neared the set I noticed how busy everyone was; each man had a job to do and was concerned with it.

"They're not thinking of me!" I told myself. "How could I have been so self-engrossed as to think that? Why, they would laugh if they knew it."

That was it. How prayers work out sometimes is not always easy to comprehend, but if your faith is real and your heart deserving . . . they work out. This I know.

Many things have happened but always my belief has held me up. As a boy struck by fever or as a soldier struck by enemy mortar fire, this was the big difference. As a young man trying to make a place for himself or as a young father worried about his wife and child in a first birth, this was the big lift. I would not be without it; I would not want anyone else to be without it. I don't know how it comes to them. I don't believe any one religion or church is right and all the others are therefore wrong. I feel the channels to goodness are many and that with belief they all lead to God. I do not have to question whether this is true or not. When you believe, you are past the question. And because I have been past it for a long time I have been happy for a long time.

When General Patton dashed across France and southern Germany and Czechoslovakia after the invasion of Europe, I was a soldier in his famous Third Army. One day he issued an order which frightened the pants off a lot of his men including this Oklahoma boy who was at that moment trying to look the part of a second lieutenant in the 322nd Combat Engineers. The order read: "Hereafter engineers will not stop to remove mine fields during the advance but run through them and suffer the casualties."

Eddie Cantor tells his favorite Jolson yarn: After the first preview of *Jolson Story*, Al hung around the lobby to listen to the comments. A fan sidled up to him and queried, "Aren't you Al Jolson?" Jolie said, "Yes, I am." The fan said, "Gee, I thought you were dead." Jolie replied, "I was but I'm all right now."

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

Man . . . it sounded awful! If there was such a thing as soldiers voting for or against their general, our general would have been impeached right then. You could hear the grousing on every side. Why? Did he just want to kill us off quicker? Why *not* remove the mines? Why run through them and get blown to confetti? Why? Why? Why? How this military directive was going to bother me particularly developed the next day in the form of a suspicious-looking road. An advance group in which I was the ranking officer came up to it and stopped cold. I drove to the head of the line in my jeep, saw that they were all looking at me. I knew instantly what they were thinking. The road was probably mined. What about the new order? Would I follow it and order them on through . . . or would I respect their fears and send a detail out to search and remove mines?

I wasn't thinking. I was praying. And I was awfully glad that I could pray with confidence. I knew what I had to do. In the army you are not supposed to ask for volunteers for any job that you wouldn't do yourself. This was that kind of job. While they watched I waved to them to take cover and then I drove ahead and down the road myself. The 23rd Psalm flashed into my head and as I sped along I kept repeating it, or rather two lines from it: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. . . ."

To this day I don't know what follows after these lines, but these two were enough to do the job. I got to the end of the road where it broke into a clear area and then turned around and returned to the men. They knew now the road wasn't mined and started streaming ahead happily without waiting for a word from me. My heart was filled with a wonderful feeling that I had gotten from my prayers, for hadn't they lifted a load from the hearts of my men as well?

I prayed during the war and I was with men who prayed . . . loud and clear. I had a jeep driver, Donald Granlund, who made no bones about it. One afternoon we were making a reconnaissance along a river and had started back when we ran into trouble. The road ran through a clearing in some woods and the Germans had let our jeep through without firing, in the hope, probably, that other Americans were behind us whom they could also trap. But when we stuck our nose into the clearing on our way back, the devil's own racket broke loose. Donald threw the jeep into reverse and we just pulled back into the safety of the woods in time.

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

The situation was a simple—and hasty—one. We could wait until dark and make a dash for it, provided the Germans didn't come after us . . . which they certainly would. Or we could take a chance and try to crash through right then. I explained this to Donald.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Because they're sure to come hunting us anyway, I think we're better off to try and make it now," I told him. "But I won't order it if you would rather not."

"Let's go," he said.

I had him back the jeep up until we would have a sufficient run to insure top speed by the time we got to the clearing. Then we rested a few minutes to get our breaths—our last ones maybe—and during this respite I told Donald how the 23rd Psalm had helped me before.

"It's good enough for me," he said.

"Okay . . . let her fly," I ordered.

HE did. He shifted through the gears fast and we hit the open patch and came out into it like a loose bullet—even ricocheting like one as we bounced and sliced along the ruts in the road. If you've ever seen newsreel shots of jeeps being tested hurtling along like horses over the jumps you'll know how we looked. Only it wasn't funny. Death was screaming in sharp whines all around us. I saw three tracer bullets flash by between my eyes and the windshield. The jeep had a wire catcher in front to cut wires or ropes the Germans sometimes stretched across highways just throat high. One second I saw the wire catcher . . . the next it had pinged off. But above all the noise of the bullets and the roaring motor and the car's jouncing I heard something else—a man yelling at the top of his voice. And then I realized it was Donald screaming out the 23rd Psalm and making sure he was heard. He was. Or I was . . . for my prayers were just as fervent.

As long as I live I can never forget the simple, abiding faith with which the people of those war-torn countries faced their tragedies. They succored their wounded, buried their dead and went their way quietly. They didn't need your shoulder to cry on and pretty soon you found out it was because they had Someone else's. It had an effect on us. We felt we were all one people. In a bombed-out French village we found a two-and-a-half-year-old French girl whose whole family had been killed. There were 163 men in our outfit, and without a word of discussion we immediately all became 163 uncles of little Anna Marie David.

It would seem we did a lot for her when we adopted Anna Marie and kept her with us for nearly three weeks. But it was the other way around. Actually, this little moppet brought a glow of warmth to our hearts. It was as if every man yearned to counterbalance the killing he had to do by helping to preserve a life. The bright spot of the day was when you saw Anna Marie (*Continued on page 66*)

Lux Lovely Gene Tierney's own



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smiling over some present or playing about headquarters contentedly. It made us remember that we were men of families, born of love and with those who loved us waiting at home—and this was something we wanted to remember.

Everyone has heard that old saying that there are no atheists in the foxholes. I don't know. In my outfit most of the boys were Italian, devout Catholics. There were a few men who never attended services of any kind and it was assumed by some that they were atheists. I still can't speak for them. But if devotion is holy, then there were no atheists . . . because there wasn't a single man among us who wasn't devoted to Anna Marie and whose heart wasn't wrenched when we finally had to leave her with a Belgium family.

Before I finish, let me get back, in all fairness to his memory, to that order of General Patton's about advancing right through mine fields. Within a week after the order was posted it began to be apparent to us in the engineer corps that the general made sense. It was true that when we ran through a mine field without clearing it we lost men. But when we took count we found we lost fewer men this way than we had before! The reason was that as many men were killed by enemy sharpshooters and mobile artillery as they squatted around removing the mines, as by the mines themselves. By rushing ahead and either taking the German positions, or diverting their full attention to defending themselves, the whole area was made secure and the mines could then be attended to in comparative safety.

"Why didn't the big brass explain all this?" a GI asked one day when we had all come to realize this.

"The ways of women and generals are inscrutable," a buddy of his answered.

"Yeah, I know," grumbled the first GI. "But you can't make love to a general—and that's another thing I've got against them!"

My main reaction to the way things worked out with General Patton's order has to do with prayer. As I have said, the men were sore when it first was issued, and, I happen to know, a lot of them prayed that it wouldn't result in their death. What impressed me was that these prayers had already been answered. The general had known what he was doing in the first place. I feel that he, too, must have prayed that he would be right. And he was. END

you're on, kids!

(*Continued from page 42*) don't . . . you can sink everything."

"I don't care," she cried. "At least I won't have to be ordered to sing such and such a song or do this or that picture. I've been in show business all my life and I am full of ideas and feelings on what I want to do. When I want to do them now, I am told to forget about them."

"It's up to you," he replied. "But make sure."

Betty went to Charlie. What she wanted to do was form separate companies for the presentation of their own pictures, stage shows and television productions. "We're a perfect husband and wife team," she pointed out. "You could produce and direct the show. Would you be willing to gamble?"

It was a gamble for Charlie because he had six years of his contract left. Besides, since he was not an actor and did not have to work in front of the camera, advancing age would not lessen his value to the studio to any appreciable extent. He could look forward to a good salary as a director as long as his knowledge of showmanship stayed with him. But his answer was, "It's all right with me."

WHEN Betty made her Honolulu trip to rest up from her New York showing, and her USO trek to Korea which preceded it, she worried about her decision to leave the studio and go on her own. Then she got a wire from Charlie: "Dear Maw, you're on," and knew that it was too late to turn back. The wire meant Charlie had booked her to appear with her own company at the Palladium Theatre in London in September. It would be the start of the new venture. There remained before them only the task of settling their contracts with the studio and they were off.

On her return from Korea, and with Charlie free of picture obligations, they decided to take their long-delayed honeymoon at Lake Tahoe.

The first two weeks there, they were alone in a small mountain cottage. Betty insisted on doing her own cooking and cleaning. It was a wonderful honeymoon, but also one which found them doing some serious thinking at times, because they had chosen to take it when their whole future was up in the air.

Some days they felt they were getting too concerned for their own good so they'd decide to forget about it, relax and have fun. They got to know their vacationing neighbors, Tom and Betty Dwyer, a San Francisco couple, and accepted their dare to take up water-skiing. When they got down to the lake's edge, Charlie felt the icy water and announced that he wouldn't even put his foot into it, let alone try to water-ski over it. Yet after only a few attempts they were both flying across the water like professionals. "You know, I'm awfully glad we learned, instead of quitting," Betty said to Charlie once. "It gives me confidence for what's ahead of us."

Nights when Betty felt like playing the lady, they would dress up and dine at the Cal-Neva Lodge, ordering everything plus the trimmings. The next night she would be back in the cabin trying to do something to a stew to make it taste as good as the steaks of the evening before. Occasionally, Charlie would assure her she had succeeded.

One night Betty achieved new fame—as a card dealer. They were out with some new friends and chanced to find themselves in a gambling room on the Nevada side of the state line. Betty was invited to deal the blackjack game. For the next ten minutes, not a player lost. She handled the deck so that the hole-card was always visible, plus most of the other cards as well. One player needed an eight to win a big bet. Betty fanned the deck to find him one while the gambling manager tore his hair and made frantic signs at her over the heads of the players that such solicitude was not required of a dealer.

One actress catted to another about a third: "No wonder she's so beautiful—she sleeps 15 hours a day!" Sniped the other: "With *that* conscience?"
Mike Connolly

THEY had their fun. They also had their scares. Betty's cook brought her two little daughters, Lindsay and Candy, along with her and one afternoon when Charlie was chasing Candy he suddenly tripped and went down.

Betty ran up and the expression on his face was so tense that she thought he had broken his leg. He shook his head and said he thought it was just a sprained ankle. "But," he added, in a worried tone, "the last time I had a sprained ankle I was on crutches for three months."

Suddenly she knew what he meant. The rehearsals for the Palladium . . . their first show as independents! These all depended on Charlie . . . on a Charlie who could move about and demonstrate exactly what he wanted.

They called a doctor and, after he had examined the ankle, he diagnosed it as a sprain but not a serious one. Charlie would be as nimble as ever in a week or so. They both heaved a sigh of relief, and they realized they were beginning to learn what it means to be completely on your own.

Then Betty's throat began to bother her again. It was a recurrence of an old complaint. A year before she had been operated on for removal of what the doctors termed "singer's nodules" on her vocal cords. There was a chance now that some minute growths had been overlooked. When they got back to town, this was confirmed, and Betty decided to go through another operation.

Betty came out of the ether a little too soon for her own peace of mind. Her doctors were still in the room, unaware that she had regained consciousness, and she heard the anesthetist congratulate the surgeon. "Frankly, I didn't think you would be able to get those tiny cores of the nodules," he was saying. "It was such delicate going." She closed her eyes. "Oh, murder!" she thought, realizing that only a small fraction of time ago all the remaining song and music within her could have been permanently dammed up by the slightest deviation of the scalpel in the surgeon's hand.

BY the time she was out of the hospital her plans had become known and she and Charlie began to get reactions. Some people feared for her. But the two opinions she valued the most came, respectively, from her hairdresser and from Alan Ladd.

"Now you won't have to live like a Prussian general," said the hairdresser. "Getting up, eating, working, rushing, all on a schedule for the benefit of others." And Alan sent word, "There is nothing else a Betty Hutton could have done."

As this is being read, Betty should be finishing her English tour. When she gets back to Hollywood she is going to star in *Some Of These Days,* a picture based on the life of Sophie Tucker. Six years ago, when Sophie wrote her autobiography with this same title, she came to Betty and insisted that she was the only one to play her on the screen.

Betty had demurred. "You're too vital," she had told Sophie. "What right do I have to impersonate you?"

"You're crazy!" was the blunt Sophie's reply. "It's you or nobody else."

It will be Betty. And it will be Betty in a lot of other presentations she and Charlie are cooking up. They work together always. They work together so much that often their business talk gets mixed up with their more personal conversations. For instance, one night before they sailed for England, Charlie looked into Betty's brown eyes and asked, "Are you glad you married me?"

She flung a pair of arms around him with the gusto that is typically Betty Hutton's. "If you hadn't married me, I would have had to hire you!" she told him. END

(Betty Hutton can be seen in Paramount's Somebody Loves Me.)

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it had to happen

(*Continued from page 28*) out, entered a cab with a friend of his, Nate Edwards, and drove off. Seymour's mother strode over to the desk clerk.

"*Puede Vd. decirme,*" she began, "*si este hombre* is John Wayne?"

The clerk smiled and replied in English. "Yes, madame. That's John Wayne, the North American actor."

Seymour's mother still couldn't believe it. "What in heaven's name?" she said, talking more to herself than anyone else, "is he doing in Peru?"

The official answer to that question, the answer Duke gave everyone who asked it, was that he was scouting locations for several motion pictures he plans to make next year, films like *Pagoda, Alamo,* and a few others.

The unofficial reason for the South American trek is that Duke is still trying to forget his Chata—the pug-nosed Mexican beauty he married in 1946 who is about to divorce him, if she hasn't already.

Chata—the word means pug-nose—is Duke's nickname for Esperanza Bauer Wayne. Esperanza itself means "hope" in Spanish, but, according to Duke and his quick silver wife, there is no longer any hope for a reconciliation. Their marriage is finished.

Before he left for South America, Duke phoned his attorney and said, "Frank, I want you to clean this up. Chata and I are finished. I'm not going to let her keep me dangling any longer. I can't go on like this, waiting for her to make up her mind whether or not she wants me. I've got to keep my self-respect, too. You get together with Giesler and work out some sort of property settlement."

Chata's lawyer is attorney, Jerry Giesler. Like all good lawyers, Giesler prefers reconciliation to divorces, but he himself says, "It doesn't seem as if there's much chance of these two getting together. They've been married six years, you know, and under the law Mrs. Wayne is entitled to 50% of the community property. Mr. Wayne's business affairs, however, are supervised by one of those business management concerns. It's very complicated, and the settlement will take some time to work out. I thought Mr. Wayne would fly to New York for the opening of *The Quiet Man,* but he evidently decided to stay a while longer in South America.

"I don't know, of course, but my guess is that he'll be back in Hollywood by October at which time, unless circumstances change, Mrs. Wayne will probably file for divorce."

DURING his six-year marriage to Chata, Duke has earned a million dollars and invested a sizeable share in prudent and diversified businesses. A few of his holdings, for example, consist of a hotel in Culver City, oil wells in Jack County, Texas, partnership in a northern California duck club, real estate in Los Angeles, a frozen food establishment called the Polar Pantry, and a four-acre estate in the San Fernando Valley, valued at $140,000.

Since Chata by law is entitled to one half in some of these investments, you can see that Duke's second divorce is going to cost him a pretty penny. In his first marital mishap, his wife was awarded custody of his four children, two girls and two boys, and Duke has been paying for their support since their birth.

In Duke's philosophy of life, money has never been the primary consideration. To Wayne love and loyalty are infinitely more valuable—the love of a good woman and the loyalty of good friends. These are the mainstays of his existence. Pull down one of these pillars and Wayne is lost and miserable, two adjectives which best describe the state of his feelings during the South American junket.

To forget about Chata, Duke wanted to go into another picture immediately. They offered him *Vaquero* over at MGM, but he wasn't particularly enthusiastic about the script and turned it down. Warner's then came up with *Alma Mater,* the story of Slip Madigan, the football coach at St. Mary's College. Duke agreed to do that one but first asked Jimmy Grant, one of his writer-pals, to make some script changes. When he was told that the picture wouldn't be ready to go until October, Duke was taken aback. He needed something to take his mind off Chata. He didn't want to hang around the house, because the house reminded him of his wife; and she might show up any minute, and he knew that he'd succumb to her charms, and once more they'd be off on that strange marital merry-go-round.

Duke packed his bags and sub-let Helen Mack's house. Into his own house moved Webb Overlander's relatives. Webb is a friend of Duke's. At the same time, Wayne agreed to rent his house to some socialites from the East for $1500 a month. "Webb's gang'll move out," he told them, "whenever you want to move in."

No sooner had Duke pulled out than Chata returned from Mexico. When she arrived at her house and found strangers there, the fiery Esperanza told them in no uncertain terms to scram. She fired the servants, got in touch with Wayne's lawyer and told him that she had no intention of renting her house. The lawyer explained that she had been notified of Duke's intention and offered her half the rent. Chata, in her characteristically Latin manner, told him it was no soap. She was determined to live in the house, and, as for Mr. Wayne, well, she hoped he was having a fine time in South America.

An aging producer and a young starlet are having a going romance. She's going on nineteen and he's going on benzedrine.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

THE tragic part about the breakup of Duke Wayne's marriage is that he and Chata are still very much in love with each other. They have never fallen out of love; yet they can't live together without fighting—not for any appreciable length of time. And they've come to the conclusion that their heartache outweighs the physical and mental attraction each holds for the other.

Grant Withers and his Cuban girl friend Estrellita, who know Duke and Chata as well as any two people in Hollywood, say, "It's a terrible shame. Here are two wonderful characters who just can't make a go of it. They've tried everything in the book. Maybe it's personality differences, maybe something else. Frankly, we don't know and it's none of our business, but it's a shame, because when those two were happy—well, you couldn't meet a grander couple."

How long were they happy? From all reports, Chata was most happy when she could talk Duke into spending some time with her in Mexico. She's never been particularly ecstatic about life in Hollywood. She has virtually no close friends in the movie colony. Allegedly, whenever Duke went on location, Chata would wing back to Mexico City or Acapulco.

Friends have said from time to time that the crux of the marital difficulty could be traced to Duke's killing work-schedule, that for many years he's had small time for play or social life, that whatever weekend time he did manage, he spent with his four children who range in age from ten to nineteen. Others say it was mother-in-law trouble and Chata's inability to give birth to a child of her own.

Undoubtedly, each of these factors was a contributory cause to the breakup. In all fairness to Duke, however, it must be said that he did everything humanly possible to make Chata happy, except change his own personality. He even went so far as to offer her the leading lady role in *Pagoda.* Chata starred in three or four Mexican pictures before Duke married her, and he thought for a while that she might be yearning for a career.

Neither that offer nor their second honeymoon in Honolulu this past spring seemed to do the trick.

A few weeks ago Duke finally concluded that he couldn't take any more of Chata's unpredictable behavior and that insofar as he was concerned, the sooner the marriage was dissolved the better.

NOW that he's without a woman he seems lost. In South America he got so lonely that he phoned some of his old pals and asked them to fly into Lima.

Gossips say that Duke has already picked out his third wife, beautiful Maureen O'Hara with whom he starred in *The Quiet Man.* This picture was shot in Ireland last Summer, at which time Chata flew over with some of Wayne's children by his previous marriage. So there is no truth to the rumor that Duke and Maureen fell in love while making the film. Maureen has since obtained a divorce, but she and Duke haven't seen each other for months.

There is no doubt but what Wayne will get married again. More than 90% of the men who have been married twice try it a third time, and Duke is not going to be an exception. He doesn't mind working hard—in fact, he loves making movies more than anything else on earth. But when he finishes a hard day's work, he likes to go home to a woman, an easy chair and a drink.

At 45 a man becomes a slave more or less to his habits, and these are Duke's. Without them he's unfulfilled. Not that you'll ever hear him complain. He's too stoic for that.

One of his pals who made the South America trek with him and has since returned, says, "Years ago, it was different. I remember when Josephine divorced Duke (his first wife was Josephine Saenz), it hurt him, of course, because underneath everything he's a sensitive guy, but he took it in stride. Back then he'd call up some of the old gang, they'd go camping and carousing for a couple of weeks. Now Duke can't do that. To begin with, he hasn't got the urge and he's got too many picture committments. A very funny thing about this guy—the better his career, the worse his married life.

"Right now he's got three pictures out, *Jim McLain, The Quiet Man,* and *Jet Pilot,* but look what's happened to his marriage? Maybe it's because he has a yen for Latin-American girls, and they're not his type. He'll probably marry the same kind again—but somehow I'd like to see him try an American girl. He's the most American guy I know, and I think he should marry some corn-fed babe from Iowa."

Duke's only answer to his marital breakup is to schedule as many pictures and as much work for himself as possible. Work, he believes is the only anodyne for heartache. END



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what really happened between rita and aly?

(*Continued from page 35*) comprehend how he could be such a god for them, and such a fun loving playboy in France. She accused him of hypocrisy. The surprised Prince advised her to return to France to await his return in Cannes.

"Aly was the most amazed man in the world when Rita took off for America," a close friend of Aly's told me. "They were quite friendly when he saw her off from Africa. And he called her every day in France and not a word did she say about coming to America. He had to read that in the newspapers. He had no advance information then about the Nevada divorce, which Rita didn't conclude. Can you wonder why Rita baffles him?"

Baffling or not, he loves Rita in his fashion, which isn't the American way. But he made a point of seeing *Affair In Trinidad* the day he landed in New York. Then he immediately called her in Beverly Hills to tell her how beautiful she looked in the film, "even though I think it's an imitation of *Gilda.*" Rita agreed, but said, "It's making money." "Anything you're in would make money," replied the Prince charmingly. It's easy to see why she loves him!

Once Rita had decided she wanted Aly again, she just couldn't wait for him to arrive in Hollywood. Called him on the boat every day, then telephoned him in New York to invite him to stay with her. But the Prince, who is more worldly than Rita, decided that until she was 100% sure she wanted the reconcilation, his staying at her house would compromise her and nullify the abortive divorce proceedings. And it was Aly who cautioned Rita on this, which gives you an idea of the reversed situation. Rita is only cautious when she is not in love.

Poor Princess Rita. She would have liked Aly to have spent 20 out of 24 hours a day in the house on Alpine Drive. But even on that brief jaunt to Hollywood, Aly had to go to the races at Del Mar.

THE Charles Vidors, witnesses at their wedding and close friends of both, wanted to throw a big party for Aly in Hollywood. But Rita wouldn't hear of it. She explained to them and other friends of the Prince that he was here to see the children and her, and she didn't think big parties were in order. But because of her friendship with Doris Vidor and Charles, Rita finally consented to a small gathering. And another small soirée at Cole Porter's house. But up to the last minute no one could be sure she would come to either.

In fact, no one can be sure about anything with Rita—except her love for her children. And for a playboy with a roving eye, it's surprising how much Aly loves the children, too. If Rita had any defenses up, they were down when Aly walked in the house here with the chauffeur staggering behind him under the weight of 15 pounds of toys. And when Yasmin accidentally swallowed sleeping pills, her father was so distraught he even forgot to comb his hair for the reporters, dashing with Rita to the nearest hospital stomach pump. His concern cemented Rita's determination to give the marriage another try—if Aly so willed it.

The mystery to me is why Rita ever left the guy in the first place. She knew he was a Moslem, she knew he was a playboy. She knew her life would have to be different. And *quelle difference*, as the French say. We should all live like this.

Aly actually owns eleven houses—five in Ireland where he breeds horses, a beautiful home in London's swankiest section, plus a country place in Paris and a three hundred acre stock farm elsewhere in France. And his estate in Cannes is *the* showplace on the Riviera. When it was owned previously by Maxine Elliott, Prime Minister Churchill and all the crowned and uncrowned kings of Europe were constant guests.

There's another chateau in Deauville. All the homes are fully staffed with servants. In the Paris house alone, there's a chauffeur, butler, maid, cook, kitchen maid, nurse for the children, supplemented by Aly's valet and Rita's own personal maid. There are no problems of housekeeping. Aly has a very efficient French secretary who speaks perfect English.

There was a story that Aly was broke and dependent for support on his father, the fantastically wealthy Aga Khan. But this isn't quite the truth. Aly is perennially hard up because he lives in such majestic style, but there's enough to pay for everything, including his gambling debts which are always high. He recently settled a little debt of $100,000 with the Big Casino in Monte Carlo.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Several years ago at the stage door entrance of the Majestic Theater in New York a group of teenagers were waiting to see various members of the cast. One group in particular had come to snap the picture of the handsome understudy for the male lead in Carousel.

Those fans who were wise enough to save their photos of the unknown now possess a candid of that sensational Howard Keel.

Clarissa Hedges
Margate, New Jersey

But it isn't true that he used Rita's money to pay more pressing bills. Most of Rita's spare cash went to square Orson Welles' income tax with Uncle Sam. I haven't peeked at Aly's bank book, but I'm sure he'll never have to live off his wife.

IT's too bad Rita doesn't care over-much for clothes. She can charge it to Aly at Jacques Fath, Balenciaga, and all the top notch Parisienne couturiers. But all those times she was dressed to the teeth at the opera, the race tracks at Longchamps and Ascot, she'd have given the gowns away to be comfortable in a bandana, sweater and blue jeans, which is how she greeted Aly when he arrived for the reconciliation.

Most girls would have worn their best bib and tucker—but not Rita. She didn't have any makeup on either. She never cared for jewels, but Aly has given her some beautiful diamonds. And in her maddest moments of flight, she didn't leave them behind. She isn't a horse racing fan. But Aly put some of his finest horse flesh in her name, and to the best of my knowledge, has never taken them back.

In the matter of horses and women Aly is a chip off the old Aga. He's a partner with his father, with the four footed fillies —fifty-fifty of everything. And he listens to his advice re the women in his life. The Aga is strongly in favor of his son staying married. He would have preferred another son for Aly and Allah, but the old man adores Yasmin. Rita has more of a problem with the Aga's wife, who started life in as poor circumstances as Rita. I believe she was a waitress. But the Begum mistook Rita's shyness for stand-offishness, and the weather between them has always been cool.

But none of the power, the pomp and the money has meant a nickel in terms of happiness for Rita. When she asked a million dollar settlement for Yasmin, it seemed as though she were money mad. She never has been. She was just trying to make darn sure that Aly's only daughter had as big a settlement as his two sons. With Moslem thinking, this could never be.

Some sourpusses spread the tale that Rita wanted the reconcilation merely to get a hunk of the Aga's money for her daughter. But Rita doesn't need anyone else's dollars. She can make as much as Aly can spend. Her Beckwith Company is in partnership with Columbia. She earned quite a bit on *Carmen.* And while *Trinidad* was no great shakes as entertainment, as Rita told Aly, it's making money. lots of it. So she didn't have to pretend to Aly that she loved him, prompted by any financial insecurity. I think she just had to get away from him to realize that if she loves him she'll have to accept him on his terms, or not at all.

RITA learned the hard way that Aly can't be stampeded into any situation, although the wisenheimers insist he was stampeded into marriage and subsequent parenthood with Rita. I don't believe it. If that were true, why should he have wanted to resume the marriage.

And he *does* want it to last. And this bothers him more than it does Rita. That's why he begs her to continue her career. A busy girl doesn't have the time or the inclination to mope while her husband is dashing all over the world. Why doesn't Rita go with him? Come closer kiddies and I'll tell you a little secret. When Aly was courting Rita, she simply *loved* to fly. When they were married, she confessed she is terrified in planes. And Aly rarely travels any other way. The only reason he came by boat this last time was because he wanted to relax on board deck and look real rested when he saw Rita. But he flew back. She likes to travel but leisurely, by car, or train, or boat. And she hates to leave the children. So she'll have to do a lot of deciding. And a heck of a lot of compromising.

I hope she is as sure of her feelings as she tells Aly. Because a month before he arrived in Hollywood she was having a mad whirl with Kirk Douglas and after two dates was sure she wanted to marry him. But something went wrong on the third date, and Rita was out when he called for a fourth.

Three days before Prince Aly appeared she dated Richard Greene, even appeared at a party with him. And she hates parties. Before Dick or Kirk there was a little fling with Cy Howard, who replaced his bedroom photo of Lana Turner with one of Rita.

SO who knows what the end of this idyll will be. One thing, Rita, don't let yourself get fat again. She is so beautiful when slender and with red hair. Aly prefers it naturally black and long. Orson made her dye it blonde and cut it short. Her studio prefers auburn and medium length. You can tell by her hair the direction of Rita's heart.

But this is for sure. The book of Rita's romances isn't yet finished. The final chapter has yet to be written. I sincerely hope she'll be able to write, ". . . happily ever after." **END**



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Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

quiz kid

(*Continued from page 43*) called him and sometimes they'd quiz him back. "What you collecting all this studio dope for, R. J.? Going to be a movie star when you grow up?" But they'd scan appraisingly the sculptured features, handsome eyes and flashing smile of the curious kid even as they razzed him.

"I don't know about that," Bob would state seriously. "But I'm sure gonna be in the picture business someday."

By now Bob Wagner has done just what he said he'd do. He's in the picture business, and in solid. Not as a star, yet, although he's zooming that way with the speed of an F-86. Already he has six pictures to his account, and such varied roles as the touching shell-shocked paratrooper in *With a Song in My Heart* and the comic Willie in *Stars and Stripes Forever*. Bob has earned the rave praises of everyone who's worked with him, including his boss at Twentieth Century-Fox, Darryl Zanuck, who calls his big boyish actor, "the freshest and most promising young personality we have on the lot."

All this is no surprise to the locker room at the Bel-Air CC where Bob still hangs around every spare moment and where by now his status is considerably changed. The skinny caddy who was just "Dude Wagner's inquisitive kid" has sprouted to six foot-plus, his cornsilk mop has deepened to brown, he strips down to lean, hard muscles and has to shave his long jaw every day. He's twenty-two and a man. The aging idols he used to caddy for are often his golf partners today and he gives them a hard time on the course with his sizzling game.

But when he breaks it up by taking off in his maroon convertible, grinning, saying, "So-long. Have to run. Got a date," he gets the same affectionate razzing he used to. They call him "Lover Boy" then and "the Beau of Bel-Air" and sometimes his dad's favorite tag, "Dynamite."

In another respect Bob Wagner hasn't changed. They still call him "the Quiz Kid," because he's still eternally asking questions, not only around the club but wherever he goes. In fact, as he departed just the other day, a member cautioned "Better be nice to R. J., boys. He'll be hiring you some day. I never saw a kid so movie crazy. He used to be, he is now and believe me, he always will be!"

But in less informed circles, until recently at least, Bob Wagner has been sold short. Because he's so young, so glib, sociable and easy going, because of his social and well-to-do family and his private school and country club boyhood, and because he does like the ladies, notably Debbie Reynolds, the portrait of young Robert Wagner around Hollywood has too often been drawn as a butterfly playboy dabbling in pictures for the glamorous heck of it. Nothing could be more cockeyed.

It's true enough that Bob's a hometown boy and that he had plenty of top echelon Hollywood connections who could and did help him get a break. But there have been more hollow headed pretty boys with pull than you could dig out of Hollywood oblivion with a bagful of niblicks, and actually the hometown ones have always found it rougher than the rest to hole out their opportunities at a studio. Bob Wagner has made his shots stick at the flag, and he's driving straight down the fairway today only because he knew what he wanted and went after it aggressively, sensibly and for real. Being blessed with the native curiosity of a litter of kittens hasn't hurt him, either.

Since he arrived there three years ago, Bob has been prowling around the Twentieth Century-Fox lot like a tourist, poking into the cutting rooms, prop sheds, wardrobe racks, recording and dubbing stages, portrait galleries, even the paint shop, pestering people with "how come" on details about how movies are made. On all of his six jobs he's arrived with time clock precision throughout the picture, to watch and learn, even though sometimes he worked only a couple of days. He hauled home both a tuba and a sax making *Stars And Stripes Forever* and kept his Bel-Air neighbors awake nights until he could look like one of Petrillo's boys in the Sousa band. Though his part was brief, he cornered Jane Froman herself, out to record "With A Song In My Heart" and pumped her with questions once for four straight hours until that game gal gasped, "Well, Bob, now that you've got *my* life story, how about telling me *yours?*"

Already Bob has snatched two chances to cover the country and meet the people. On his tour of 80 cities after *Let's Make It Legal*, Bob got a call from a girl in the lobby of his New York hotel. She said she'd like his autograph. He told her to come right up, and, when he opened the door, 45 filly fans of his pranced in. He lost a gold pin, two shirts, three neckties and a cherished trench coat in the melee, but he was very happy about the whole thing. "I found out more about them than they did about me," he gloated. Returning by train from another COMPO tour recently, Bob struck up a gabfest with a stranger, naturally on the subject of Hollywood and the movies. Through a couple of states, Bob held forth enthusiastically on the glories of the picture business until his club car companion finally asked him, "Say, what's your racket out there, Bud? Press agent?"



Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wagner, Sr., encourage young Bob in his movie career. Bob gets helpful business advice from his father, a steel executive.

So the locker room man was right. Bob Wagner is movie crazy. But, I submit, crazy like a fox. At Helena Sorrell's drama coaching department, for instance, Bob Wagner is such a standard fixture that she calls him "My Boy." Bob has haunted her so thirstily for instruction that he's made 56 tests with young hopefuls on his own time and by now can build up his scenes like a Barrymore. In fact, that's just what he did not long ago with very constructive results.

They had an option test coming up for a girl starlet, whose contract was on the shaky side, so Helena, Bob and Jeffrey Hunter got their heads together to make a miniature movie which could keep her stock soaring with the big bosses. Jeff played a suave older smoothie and Bob a bumbling, boyish lover with the girl in the middle of the contrasting suitors. Well, once Wagner got started on the funny business of bashful love the test grew and grew, because about every day Bob would comeup with "Look, I got an idea," which was so funny they just had to keep it in. But when they finally screened it for Darryl Zanuck, the outcome was gratifying, indeed. Not only did the girl get her contract renewed but Zanuck, impressed by Bob's comedy, scratched Rory Calhoun's name from the *Stars And Stripes* cast sheet and pencilled Bob Wagner in for *Willie*, his biggest part yet. So spreading yourself can pay off when you least suspect it, and that's what Bob Wagner has been doing just naturally ever since he was addressed and delivered to Hollywood at the tender age of seven.

The above is no idle figure of speech, because Bob actually did travel to Hollywood with a tag tied to his coat button reading, "Deliver this boy to Mrs. Pierce, Hollywood Military Academy, Hollywood, California." After printing those instructions, his dad boosted him up the pullman car steps, and slipped ten bucks to the porter to see Junior safe to his destination, all by himself via the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fe. Young Bob made the trip without even one mishap!

The reason for this hurry-up juvenile solo was to get Bob under the wire for the California fall school term. His older sister, Mary Lou, was already in school there at Marymount and the whole family was due to follow as soon as R. J. Senior, who had been successful in the paint business, could retire and enjoy life in sunny Southern California. But first there were business and household matters to wind up in Detroit, where Robert John Wagner Junior was born February 10, 1930.

Even at seven both Bob's athletic body and passion for sports had already got off to a pretty strong start. The first home he remembers was on Fairway Drive, just a mashie shot away from the second hole of the Detroit Golf Club links, and he played around with a putter and golf balls before he could walk.

Bob started his long list of schools at Brookside, a Detroit private academy for refined little gents, but summers he shook himself loose at the log cabin Wagner summer home on Northport Point by the lake. Exploring the wonders of the world there, he survived kicks from the family pony, canoe duckings, tumbles down sand dunes and one wild swing with an axe which almost chopped off his foot instead of the tree he'd aimed at. But finally he learned to swim, ride and fish and eventually hauled in the biggest catch yet pulled out of the bay, although his dad had to hold him in the boat to keep it from being vice versa.

Bob remembers a boyhood full of adventure that was marred by few restrictions on his personal freedom. He's always been pals with his father and mother and they're still his best friends. There's an easy going, relaxed, joking but affectionate relationship between Bob and his folks today that testifies to their sound, understanding job of raising a boy. "We just guided R. J.," his father admits, "we never reined him in. But, to tell the truth, he never needed it." That doesn't infer by any stretch that Bob was ever a pantywaist or a sis. On the contrary, from the start Junior Wagner got mixed up in all the rugged outdoor sports that California offers its sons. (*Continued on next page*)

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Headquarters was the house his dad built by the Bel-Air golf course and later switched to the old Bel-Air stables, now the swank Bel-Air Hotel, where another kid who craved excitement named "Dare" Harris, now known as John Derek, kept a horse and a BB gun. Bob acquired the same equipment.

"We declared war immediately," he reminisces fondly, "and had point-blank battles all around the stalls." When that palled, they carried the skirmishes up and down the Bel-Air hills, hoss-opera style, until Bob got shot in the mouth and his mother took away his artillery.

The surrender channeled him into a more safe and sane athletic program, which, with the Club so handy, was easy. In no time Bob was pretty slick at golf, tennis, and swimming, and you can spot this training right away when you see him today, in the graceful way he moves and his long, streamlined build. When his dad acquired a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and stocked it with horses, Bob devoted himself to collecting all the cups and trophies for equestrian skill around Los Angeles County. Today he's got enough scattered around his room to start a small hardware store. And then there were all the campus sports—basketball, baseball, diving, football. Bob was on so many teams he can't remember them, but, for that matter, he went to so many schools it's hard to recall all those, too. In fact, Bobby Wagner piled up what must be an all-time, all-California record for campus trotting until he finally graduated from Saint Monica's at eighteen. "I made them all," he admits, "all except reform school. I can't understand how I missed that."

Bob blossomed most, though, at Cal-Prep, where the system was to treat boys like men. Students were on their own there. They could smoke in their rooms, buddy with the profs, manage their own study time, ride their own horses. Up in the Ojai Valley, Bob settled down, became an activity man and a member of the student body council. He wound up being senior class president at Saint Monica's, where homesickness for his folks and Hollywood brought him back for his last year.

ALL this private education may smell like money, and it's true that Bob Wagner's family has never been on relief and probably never will be. But the picture of a pampered rich boy doesn't fit R.J., and it burns him to a crackling today when that's how he's painted. Bob's dad isn't and never was a rich man, but a successful business man who made a good living and still does. Although he arrived in California to take it easy after piling up some security, sitting around in the sun soon drove him wild, so he got back in the paint business again, switched to steel and now represents several Eastern companies on the Coast. Self-made himself, he has always plugged that idea with his son.

"We had a deal," Bob says. "Whatever I earned, Dad would match it. But I had to earn something first or it was no dough." From his caddy days on, Bob never missed wangling a summer job.

Frankly, Bob Wagner likes the girls and the girls like him and it's a pretty old and mutual habit. As far back as his Harvard Military School days he was going steady with pretty Sue Moir, just as he is today with sweet-faced Debbie Reynolds. In between Bob has enthusiastically lived up to the courtly nicknames they still toss his way. With his charm and looks it would be a shame if he hadn't. Like everyone else, a lot of his dates told him, "You ought to be in pictures," and a lot of them knew what they talked about. Among

his first girl friends were daughters of first line Hollywood families—like Gloria Lloyd, who's Harold's daughter; Melinda Markey, who's Joan Bennett's, and Michele Farmer, who calls Gloria Swanson "Mom."

His own family, too, had scads of Hollywood friends stemming from the days when R. J. Senior sold paint for movie sets and traveled around the studios. The Wagners' long standing as Bel-Air Club members too, where Bob's dad is on the board, had established them in a social set that takes in an important part of the movie colony. Wherever Bob turned he could find someone, young or old, with a studio connection—like one of his best friends, Jack Anderson, who married Joan Bennett's other daughter, Diana. And they all were eager to say, as Jack did one day to Solly Baiano, the Warner casting chief, "I know a kid named Bob Wagner who'd be great in pictures."

"Send him out," said Solly.

Now that happens all the time to good-looking young men in Hollywood who have the right entree. So there's no point in saying that Bob Wagner's chance came hard. But making the chance pay off is strictly another thing. Bob went out to Warners, for instance, and nothing came of that. He traveled around the studios a lot on introductions but, after all, what did he know? Facing up to it, Bob came right back to the bleak fact that as far as dramatic experience was concerned, all he could point to was a military school playlet, *The Life Of John Alden,* in which he played—hold everything—*Priscilla!*

That's why it was easy for his dad, who had a business career for Bob in mind, to argue logically that he should take a crack at the steel game when he graduated from Saint Monica's. That Easter vacation R. J. Senior took Bob on a tour back East, to all the steel mill towns, to show him what it was about. That summer he hired him on as a junior salesman and for a while Bob did his best. But then one day he had to let his dad have it:

"It's just no good," he told him. "I've got this picture business in my system and I've got to either get it or get it out. How about it? Will you stake me for a year while I try?"

R. J. Wagner had been a sportsman all his life. "I'm your dad, aren't I?" he grinned. "Tell you what. Bill Wellman's starting a picture. I'll ask him what he can do."

Wild Bill called from MGM two hours later, "Get on out here, R. J.," he ordered. "We'll make you an actor." But of course it wasn't as easy as that.

WHAT Bob did was a tiny bit in *The Happy Years,* a baseball catcher to be exact, with a grilled mask over his face. He said, "Come on, pitch it down here!" and probably he didn't say it very well. But that didn't matter. Bob Wagner was up in the clouds. He was in the picture business, officially at least.

Of course, that brief exposure really meant nothing at all. Bill Wellman doesn't make pictures all the time, for one thing, and Bob Wagner wasn't out after one-line parrot bits anyway. He knew he was gourd-green, but he wanted to set about this thing right. A lot of people gave him good advice—John Hodiak, whom he'd caddied for; Alan Ladd, whose daughter Carol Lee he'd dated; dozens more. Their counsel was sound: Get an agent, get experience, get into some little theatre shows. Go on, just do it. But easier said than done. Bob was still asking questions but not getting the right answers, and the months were slipping by when suddenly the lightning struck. A piano-playing friend of his, Lou Spence, was trying out some ma- (*Continued on next page*)

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WESTMORE *Hollywood* **COSMETICS**

terial at the Gourmet restaurant in Beverly Hills, and Bob and his folks went there for dinner. Bob likes to sing, has a good voice, too. So between courses he leaned over the piano with Lou and joined in on "Tea For Two." That's when the waiter brought the note: "If you'd be interested in picture work, come see me at the office—and better bring your parents." Bob looked that young, and he was, just nineteen. The talent spotter was Henry Willson, who's an old hand at such things. He's helped a dozen stars get started—Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, John Derek, to name a few. After Bob called around, with his dad to the Famous Artists office the next day, things started rolling fast.

Before he knew it, he was up for a test at Fox, doing a love scene with pretty Pat Knox and perspiring so profusely he had to take a shower afterwards. "They still call me 'the sweater' out there," Bob grins. But getting all hot and bothered paid off. He won a four month option. In other words a "You look good, we'll see, hang around." But Bob was too steamed up for that passive role. Henry Willson routed him right away to MGM where a free-for-all elimination contest was going on—the prize, a lead in *Teresa*. Fred Zinneman was screening a hundred-odd young actors, some pulled clear out from Broadway, for the part of a young psychoneurotic. "For me," Bob allows, "that was easy. I was so nervous I *was* a psychoneurotic!"

Anyway, he emerged from the contest definitely the red hot favorite, and word like that gets around. Fox didn't let his option dangle any longer. They put him right on the team and four weeks later he was playing the beardless Marine in *Halls Of Montezuma* which came easy too, because Bob had just seen a stretch of service with the USMC Reserve.

SINCE then, in *The Frogmen, Let's Make It Legal, With A Song In My Heart, What Price Glory* and *Stars And Stripes Forever*, Robert Wagner has pretty well proved it was no crazy kid idea that propelled him toward the picture business back in his caddy days. While none of his jobs yet is anything to cop an Academy nomination, they've earned him the tag, "a young Montgomery Clift," and a bundle of bouquets from far and wide.

But, if there have been some swift and important changes made in Bob Wagner's Hollywood prospects, there are very few alterations evident in R. J. himself. He's still pretty much the friendly, grinning, inquisitive guy, with his eyes roaming around looking for fun and excitement. Being an eager beaver hasn't made Bob a dull boy. It's safe to say that R. J. Wagner has more friends and less enemies than any unattached young male in town, of all ages and stages of Hollywood eminence.

He's a familiar fixture at the homes of John Hodiak and Anne Baxter, Richard Sale and Mary Loos, the writers, the Walter Langs, the MacDonald Careys, the Dick Widmarks, Clifton Webb—all older than Bob—and a particular pal of "Dooley" Dan Dailey's. The young married set, like Dale and Jackie Robertson, Jeff and Barbara Hunter and Rory and Lita Calhoun keep him just as busy, and the young *un*married set (female) even busier. Or perhaps it's the other way around.

Besides his best girl, Debbie Reynolds, Bob occasionally spreads his favors among Barbara Darrow, Melinda Markey, Pat Knox, June Haver, Anita Eckberg, and Susan Zanuck—to list a few. When Dan Dailey became a bachelor-about-town a while back he immediately buttonholed Bob. "You really can't use all of that talent yourself, Lover Boy," he ribbed him.

"Come on, give us a look at the little black book!"

Bob takes the gag goodnaturedly, but actually the wolf skin doesn't fit. In fact, Bob thinks it's some kind of a crazy joke to call him a Casanova on the $35 his dad doles him out weekly from his studio paycheck. If there is any serious heart interest for Bob, of course, it's Debbie Reynolds who first met Bob right on his own studio lot and immediately tabbed him "a real crazy cat." By now Debbie knows different. In fact, she's the biggest booster Wagner has. "A serious, sensitive actor, this boy," she'll tell you today, and Debbie ought to know.

They've been chasing to movies (still Bob's favorite form of entertainment) practically every date of the world, and so far the most furious battles they've had have been who was good and who was lousy in the show and why. Actually, Debbie Reynolds and Robert Wagner are pretty much in the same Hollywood boat. Both are homegrown, both tackled Hollywood as green as grass and both have come through—Debbie further than Bob and a little faster, but as she says, "Just stick around." You get essentially the same answer when you ask either one about such things as engagement or marriage. "Just not on the docket for either of us, that's all," Bob says frankly, "although there's no one like Debbie. She's great—just great."

While Bob's attractions for the girls are obvious—he's a snap dancer, tailor's dream and keeps them laughing with a running patter of very funny talk—feminine attractions for Bob fit only part of his program. He's still a great family boy, goes fishing with his dad, and squires his mother to dinner and shows just like any younger date. The athletic kick he's owned since infancy still gallops strong in his blood, and he could no more get along without his golf, tennis and swimming than he could without the bushels of food which make his mother despair, "I can feed R. J., but I can't fill him."

Bob will have to take on that problem himself in short order. Because the Wagners are leaving Bel-Air soon and moving south to LaJolla where R. J. Senior can take things easier as he'd planned to 15 years ago. Since coming back from Camp Cooke and his Army Reserve service last summer, Bob has started hunting for an apartment for himself and his cat, "Rudy," but nobody around the Wagner household is worrying about Bob's being lonely or starving to death.

The only qualms that Mr. and Mrs. Wagner nurse about casting R. J. adrift are the accidents that seem to threaten his life and limbs whenever he leaves home. Up at Lake Arrowhead last year Bob was water skiing double with his pal, Jim Aubrey, behind Dan Dailey in a speedboat at 30 m.p.h. when he spilled, and Jim, on the long rope, cracked into his head, knocking him out cold and sending him plummeting to the bottom like a rock. Jim pulled him out in time, but Bob reaped a brain concussion, also a split ear drum, and he's had migraine headaches ever since.

Then, travelling out of Chicago on the train, the engine smacked an automobile at a grade crossing and the wreckage almost flew in the window of Bob's roomette. And there was that car crash Easter Sunday on the Coast Highway riding with Susan Zanuck when a Model-A hot rod smacked Bob's car broadside for no good reason at all. Luckily, the door flew open and Susie popped out like a cork with no damage, but Bob suffered a severe cut on his eye from the flying glass.

But if Bob Wagner can only keep himself all in one piece, it doesn't look as if the world around Hollywood will be very cruel to Junior. He knows what he wants and by now it's pretty certain he has what it takes to get it. And by now too, his old man, who at one time wasn't too certain about the latter, is pretty confident and proud of his namesake.

When the steel mills closed down in the Big Strike a few weeks ago R. J. Senior had time at long last to see Bob in action. He strolled on the set of *Stars And Stripes Forever*, watched fascinated as his son emoted, and then strolled off arm-in-arm with Bob. "Well, R. J.," he grinned at the stage door, "I'm glad somebody in the family's working steady!"

From all the evidence it looks as if Bob Wagner will be working steady around Hollywood for a good long time to come. That is, if he keeps on asking questions and getting the right answers. Already he's collected the ones that count. END

house in the clouds

(*Continued from page 51*) In contrast to Bob, who made only one demand ("All I want is a den"), Jane knew exactly what she wanted. At times she was the despair of the architect, Kemper Nomland, Jr., but after four years of observing the Waterfields in their house, Kemper agrees it's ideally suited to them.

In 1948 when the Waterfields decided that they could afford a house and pool, Jane took over, going about the job in her characteristically direct manner. Firstoff, she asked every real estate broker along Ventura Boulevard to show her any lot he had in the hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley.

There are only about 2,000 such lots, and Jane swears she visited about 90% of them. After weeks of endless tramping, her patience was rewarded. She found "exactly what I wanted." The Waterfield property consists of four lots at the end of a near-vertical climb. Wild hills surround three sides of the land while from the fourth, the breathtakingly beautiful valley stretches out below. Actually, the property was once a hill. A previous owner merely leveled off the top as a house site, then changed his mind and decided not to build.

Jane envisioned this leveled area as the ideal spot for a pool. Her house, she felt, would hug the hills on two levels with a portion of the living room cantilevering over the garden. This, in essence, is the plan that Kemper Nomland drew up.

"I chose Kemper as our architect," Jane explains, "because I've known him all my life. His father built homes for mother and my grandparents, and I knew he was honest. He also combined a knowledge of solid old-fashioned construction and an education in modern design. That's the exact combination Bob and I wanted in our house, something built of stone and wood like a 17th century English manor house and something with all the glass and openness of contemporary homes."

To hear Jane tell it, she and Robert (she always refers to her husband as Robert) were a pair of dillies as clients.

"We questioned Kemp and we argued with him about construction and design, and in the end, he always compromised because, after all, we were the people who were going to live in the house."

One main bone of contention concerned the beams of the living room ceiling. Jane wanted heavy beams to give the 45-foot room the warmth you get from natural woods, at least the impression of warmth. The architect argued that structurally beams were unnecessary. "I don't care whether we need them to hold up the roof or not," Jane said. "I want beams."

Hear about the guy who went snow-blind seeing so many French pix? His medic blamed it on all those white pillow cases.

Mike Connolly

Another argument in which Jane emerged the winner dealt with the front entrance. Jane explained that she wanted to be able to step into every room in the house from the front door. The sorely-tried architect said jokingly, "Look, Jane, I don't know how I can do that unless we built a front hall up through the middle of the house like an elevator shaft."

"Exactly what I want," Jane said. "You tunnel up through the center of the house. Then I'll be able to carry groceries from the carport to the kitchen without having to tramp around to a service entrance. It'll be good for Robert too. He'll be able to sneak right into his den without going through the living room."

The "tunnel" Jane insisted upon turned out to be her home's exceedingly fascinating front entrance. Lighted from above by a translucent skylight, a polished redwood stairway curves up one flight from the carport to the house proper. In the curve of the stairs are tropical plants and a stone Buddha that was once part of the Clover Club bar. When the Clover Club burned down, Jane bought the Buddha from a salvage company.

In furnishing her highly individualistic house, Jane worked with three interior decorators. She needed three to get the particular fabrics and furniture pieces she wanted. It is basically her taste, however, which the house reflects. Russell isn't the type who puts anything in her home because someone else thinks it belongs there.

Her enormous living-dining room has been so carefully furnished to scale that you overlook its tremendous size until the room is filled with people. It can hold more than a hundred without appearing at all crowded. Its bigness is minimized because it's divided into several areas on different levels.

The dining area is one step up from the rest of the room. It has one long simple Chinese table and eight chairs set out in front of a solid window wall.

The "fire pit" is two steps below the main floor level. Two over-sized couches are set at right angles in front of a large flagstone fireplace. Someday Jane wants a leopard or zebra skin rug in front of the fireplace, but at the moment, two Navajo rugs cover the floor and harmonize surprisingly well with two Chinese red lamps.

Another section of the room is known as the "music corner." This one consists of a baby grand piano and an antique Chinese record cabinet which stands in front of the glass doors leading to a small patio.

Downstairs by the pool there's a lanai room which has a complete kitchen setup of refrigerator (*Continued on next page*)

"You'll be prettier... if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie



clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday...stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten* does!



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you'll look your loveliest

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALI BABA", a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

sink, garbage disposal, coffee maker, and tableware is hidden behind the Hawaiian bar. In another section of the room there's redwood furniture whose cushions Jane has covered with a turquoise plastic. There are also two dressing rooms for the swimmers in which Jane herself painted the murals. She's not half-bad as an artist. During the warm months most of the Waterfield entertaining centers in the lanai and around the pool.

The master bedroom is the only room in the house which is inaccessible from the front door. Jane wanted privacy in this room, also a built-in music system since she owns many rare recordings, collectors' items, and wanted to be the only one who would handle them.

The bed the Waterfields occupy is the same bed Bob slept on as a boy. When they were first married, Jane and Bob lived with his folks, and Jane got so used to the bed that her mother-in-law made her a gift of it. The bed is now equipped with a fancy headboard and a large grey-velvet spread.

IN ANY home that costs upward of $100,000, and Jane's is easily worth that, you can rest assured that the kitchen will boast the latest in equipment. Jane's kitchen is really more than that. It consists of pantry, kitchen, and hobby room. The three-part unit is done in blue and white, but since Jane can't stand the average kitchen wall paper, she covered the walls with a stylized Chinese pattern. She and Bob, when they're home, eat breakfast and lunch in the pantry.

Jane had a wonderful idea for the kitchen proper. Rather than have her architect build the usual half dozen cabinets for food stuffs and the like, she had him build one large cabinet that holds everything—cooking utensils, provisions, ingredients, etc. Having one closet saves time and extra motion. Instead of opening one cabinet door after another, then closing them all during meal preparations, Jane opens the double closet doors until her cooking is finished.

Beyond the kitchen lies the most functional room in the house. Its the laundry-sewing-studio-tool and general storage room. Here Jane has collected all the hobby and work-room equipment that is ordinarily scattered over a house from basement to attic. She has a file for her easels and canvasses, a home laundry, a portable sewing machine, an upright Amana freezer in which she stocks the game Bob brings home from hunting trips, and a tool bench for him, too.

Despite the fact that she had the help of three decorators in doing her house, Jane herself had so many fine decorating ideas that several of the decorators decided to adopt them. No greater tribute hath any home-owner.

Jane, for example, took a piece of ordinary driftwood, set it on a base, and sprayed it blue. She uses the driftwood as a jewelry tree, draping her costume pieces over it. She also thought up the idea of ceramic tissue boxes. Her best decorating trick, however, she reserved for her draperies. Jane has two sets of draperies, a winter red and a summer turquoise, that hang from different tracks. When one set is out of season, Jane merely pulls a cord, and it slides back into a drapery well.

Tom Land, a professional decorator who's copied some of these stunts, asked Jane a few weeks ago why she didn't go into the decorating business herself.

"Don't kid yourself," Jane told him. "When I finish my next picture, I am."

END

(Jane's latest picture is Paramount's Son Of Paleface.)



Negligee by John Norman

Dream girdle of the season—Perma-Lift's revolutionary "Diamonet".
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CHRISTMAS FASHION TIPS ON FOLLOWING PAGES→

Dear Santa ...

Anne Baxter appearing in 20th's *My Wife's Best Friend.*

MORE→

←

. . . hints to John and precious Katrina for my Merry Christmas: A mink coat. A diamond bracelet. And, for sure, a Bur-Mil Cameo nylon hosiery wardrobe. Sheer, sheer Nylomist for gala dress-up or Ballet Toe Transpara for sandal striplings; Nyle-de-chine for daytime wear; Merry Minx (the dainty outline heel)—perfect complement for important black suits; Burmilace (the new 60 gauge non-run long wearing mesh)—for casual wear. Anne's chiffon nitie and ostrich stole by John Norman—her Butterfly mules by Delman. Bur-Mil Cameo Hosiery available at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

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Beautiful lingerie—always a must on every Christmas list! Vanessa Brown, appearing in the United Artist production *The Fighter* and also in MGM's *The Bad And The Beautiful,* poses in an exquisite lace and satin nitie—the bodice, with sweetheart neckline, is of nylon Alencon lace with nylon net ruffle trim; the midriff and bias skirt of Satron, a rayon satin and nylon fabric. Ivory, pink or blue. Sizes 32 to 40. About $8. By Seamprufe. Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago, Arnold Constable, New York, May Company, Los Angeles—or, for store nearest you write Fashion Department. Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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1

2

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with an assist from his wife,
MARGE, tells you...

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The new creamy indelible that stays on and on . . . In slim or regular case

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every girl needs sex appeal

(*Continued from page 57*) "I've been presented," Anne sadly admits, "as a terribly nice person, a good actress, a kind wife, a thoughtful mother. If I were running for office, if I wanted to become the mayor of Beverly Hills, that description would be wonderful. But let's face it. I'm an actress. I'm supposed to sound stimulating, look exciting.

"In the past my sex appeal has been kept in shackles. My fan mail, for example, has always consisted of letters congratulating me on my acting ability, my interpretation of various roles. I appreciate those letters. I really do. But why haven't I gotten any mail asking for pinup photos? The answer is simple: men, because of my films and reputation, have regarded me as brainy, dull, motherly, practical, anything but sexy.

"In all honesty I must admit that I'm no holier-than-thou. I'm not Gree-ah Garson. I'm a young actress who resents being presented as dull and inhibited."

In addition to re-doing herself physically, Anne, a few weeks ago, joined the growing line of top-flight screen stars—Tyrone Power, Cary Grant, Betty Hutton, Alan Ladd, Kathryn Grayson—who prefer free-lancing to studio contracts.

After 11 years at 20th Century-Fox, Anne walked into Darryl Zanuck's office one morning and asked for her release.

Her contract, at $3500 a week, ran until the spring of 1953.

When I asked Anne why she was giving up the security of a contract long before it expired, she said, "With me it's just a matter of professional growing pains. I've been under contract all my working life, and now I want to do some experimenting on my own. I am indebted to the studio for all the great breaks and guidance it gave me. But there are some exciting things going on in the show world and I want in on them. For example, Paul Gregory, theatrically speaking, has found a new world in America and we have been talking. I want to be free to hit the road for him in some vibrant, exciting work such as his stage productions of *Don Juan In Hell* and *John Brown's Body*. I also want to be free to travel, to make a picture in Europe or South Africa and naturally here in Hollywood. I think the world is too exciting right now to stay put in any one place."

ANNE's great handicap, at least she currently regards it as a handicap, is that she talks like the literate, sensitive, perceptive, aggressive, knowing actress she is.

Her personality seems to accentuate her intelligence rather than the body beautiful. A friend who knows her well explains her desire to appear sexy in these words. "It took Anne 11 years to achieve fame and stardom in Hollywood. All of a sudden a girl named Marilyn Monroe comes along. Let's face it. All Monroe has is sex. It oozes out of her the way toothpaste oozes out of a tube.

"Monroe's been at the studio only a few years. She's played mostly bits. But today she gets more fan mail, more publicity than any other actress in town. You don't have to be an intellectual giant to realize that sex pays off. Baxter has come to that conclusion. Having a brain is very important but nobody buys tickets at the box office to see it. Maybe it sounds crass, but the average male movie-goer today is more interested in the bust than in the brain. Anne realizes that love is what makes the world go 'round."

In fact, Anne Baxter says very frankly that it's time to bring back longer-lasting, and more passionate kisses to the screen.

"The motion picture industry was partly built on great, uninhibited love scenes," she told me. "Today stars give each other gentle pecks and let it go at that, or the camera cuts away from them just as they really get into the spirit of the thing. The emotional excitement that meant so much to people back in the silent days of pictures is gone.

"Why do you think a picture like *A Place In The Sun* brought so many women storming to the movie houses? Word got around that the clinches between Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor were realistic. And the closeups too."

Baxter also has a theory about why so many females attend the French and Italian movies, and it has nothing to do with learning a foreign language.

ACCORDING to Anne, "Foreign stars kiss as if they enjoy it. They go in for historical kissing, too. We haven't had that in Hollywood since Garbo and Gilbert."

In Hollywood, Anne points out, a man with a stopwatch stands on the sidelines when an actor and actress go into a clinch. If the kiss lasts more than twenty or thirty seconds, the scene is re-taken, and the players are told to speed it up.

"While making *My Wife's Best Friend* with MacDonald Carey," Anne says, "we held a kiss a couple of seconds too long. We had to shoot the scene over again. It doesn't make sense, doing things like that. That scene, as Mac and I felt it—well, it could drag a lot of people who have lost the movie habit back to theatres. There are so many unloved people in the world who need a little warmth from movies. Why short-change them?"

To people who don't know Anne or who merely know her by her staid, country-club type of reputation, the preceding quotations may seem out of character, but the simple truth is that ever since she fell in love with John Hodiak, Anne has been an out-spoken, down-to-earth, lusty female.

The studio has played her up as the grand-daughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the great founder and practitioner of modern architecture, either forgetting or not knowing that when Wright was a young man, he was involved in some of the most tempestuous love affairs of the century. If Anne's love life, as a matter of fact, were to follow in the footsteps of her illustrious grandfather's, she herself would be involved in some of the choicest scandals of all time, because Wright always was and still is, despite his advanced age, a rugged individualist who will brook no interference with his plans and ideas. He had several wives, was in trouble with many of them, and for many years his marital difficulties made intriguing headlines.

Anne herself says. "My grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, wore only a red sash on his wedding night. That's glamor."

Anne also attributes her current change in appearance and outlook to her grandfather. "He always says," she explains, "that a habit of any kind is absolute death. 'Never let a habit become a habit' is a favorite maxim of his."

When she was 11 years old, young hazel-eyed Anne Baxter was sure she had been born to be a wall-flower. "I hated that," she recalls, "but I must have been a precocious brat because I did something about it. I decided that wall-flowers were people other people didn't look at, and I wanted to be looked at—in a nice way. So I thought that if I were on the stage, people would have to look at me."

Anne's parents sympathized with her ambition and enrolled her in the Theodore Irving School of Dramatics. When she was all of 12 she made her stage debut. A few years later she was playing in

summer stock at Dennis, Mass. Anne also starred on Broadway with Gladys Cooper and Eva Le Gallienne, two veteran performers, who taught her plenty. Several years of study with Maria Ouspenskaya, and Anne was called to Hollywood to test for the lead in *Rebecca*. She made eight tests for the part, then David Selznick decided to postpone production. Back to New York went Anne, puzzled and disappointed, but not for long. Darryl Zanuck asked her to test for *Stage Door*, and when he saw the result, signed her immediately.

ANNE came to Hollywood with her mother. She was 16 at the time, and mother watched her like a hawk. Anne's first picture was with John Barrymore in *The Great Profile*. Her second was with Jack Benny in *Charley's Aunt*.

She was rather plump, very serious, very talented but not too sexy. She had dates and boy friends but no one very serious until John Hodiak walked into her life. Hodiak was a former radio announcer from Chicago, the son of immigrant parents, and he'd come up the hard way.

It was whispered around town when Anne and John started going together that Mrs. Baxter didn't think this was a suitable combination. But Hodiak wasn't particularly interested in rumors, founded or unfounded, concerning his future mother-in-law's opinion of him.

It made no difference to John that Mrs. Baxter was Frank Lloyd Wright's daughter. This was pure accident. Mrs. Baxter had nothing whatever to do with choosing her parents. Hodiak wasn't impressed either with the fact that Anne's father, Kenneth Baxter, was sales manager for the Frankfort Distilleries. He was in love with Anne and he would have proposed if her father had played third base for the San Quentin Eagles and her mother had been graduated from a school for delinquents. This boy was really taken with everything about Anne, her poise, her erudition, her savoir-faire and her sex appeal.

When Mrs. Baxter realized that marriage was inevitable, she graciously gave her consent and the ceremony was held at the Baxter home in Burlingame, California. That was in 1946. Last year the Hodiaks had their first child, a daughter, Katrina.

Hodiak may not be as talented as Anne's grandfather, but he certainly is an infinitely better husband. Thus far, for example, he's said nothing about Anne's platinum blonde hair, the poodle cut, the false eyelashes, her new insistence upon glamour and sex appeal. To him, Anne has always been loaded with these attributes.

As regards the public, Anne now feels she must be a little more obvious with what physical charms nature has endowed her. "Every girl," she says, "needs sex appeal."

Apparently that even holds when a girl is a successful actress, is earning $3,500 a week, has captured a handsome husband, earned a magnificent career and given birth to an utterly delightful baby. **END**

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7—Beerman, Parry; 12-14—Beerman, Parry; 23—Beerman, Parry; 33—MGM; 34—Beerman, Parry; 35—INS; 38-39—Beerman, Parry; 40-42—Paramount; 43—20th Century-Fox; 44—Freelance Photographers Guild; 45—Keith Bernard; 46-47—Beerman, Parry; 48-51—Beerman, Parry; 52-53—Beerman, Parry; 57—John Engstead; 63—20th Century-Fox.



Fall Beauty Hints

—*by Ruth Pearse*



Top News—
Fashion's newest fanciness is the beautiful outside bra, to be worn as a dress-up blouse a-top an evening skirt or hostess slacks. Made of glamorous flowers or fabrics, these revealing pretties call for underarms soft and smooth as your neck and shoulders. That calls for YODORA, the beauty-cream deodorant. Used daily, YODORA protects against perspiration odor, helps beautify your skin at the same time.



Lady at Home—
Would you believe, some women feel they don't need a deodorant when they're "just staying home"? They feel they're saving their underarm skin from the irritation caused by constant use of too-harsh deodorants. (One out of two women reported such irritation in a nation-wide study among readers of a leading woman's magazine.)

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McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

I like to rumba, tint my hair, drive past bakeries, says Lana Turner. Here's the seventh in MODERN SCREEN's new series of informal comments on life, love and the pursuit of happiness written by Hollywood's top stars.

Take my word for it

by LANA TURNER; star columnist for November



I'd rather rumba than read.



You can be lonely in a crowded room.



Best makeup trick I know: falling in love.



A woman needs children to be happy.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I SAID: I'd rather rumba than read . . . I'd be terrified to do a play . . . I can count my women friends on the fingers of one hand, and none of them are movie stars . . . I feel lonely in a crowded room . . . I don't like to read poetry . . . I can't get past seven times seven in the multiplication tables . . .

Today I love to read fiction, but love biographies, too. I like anything that teaches me something new . . . If there were a play in which I could lose myself completely, I might try it, but I doubt it . . . I have discovered that if you have one real friend, you are very lucky, so being able to count friends on the fingers of one hand isn't as deplorable as it sounds . . . I have also learned that loneliness is a condition within yourself, so being alone or in a crowd doesn't make any difference . . . I can now get past the sevens in the multiplication table, but I won't say how far past.

PERSISTENT HABITS: I still dress in the standard way, from the bottom up. Stockings, shoes, lingerie, face, hair (if putting on the dress won't disturb it), then the gown. I like to change my hairdress to fit the occasion—down in the daytime, upsweep at night. I usually do it myself. I still like to change the color once in a while (I am about to become a brownie with lighter wings at the temples).

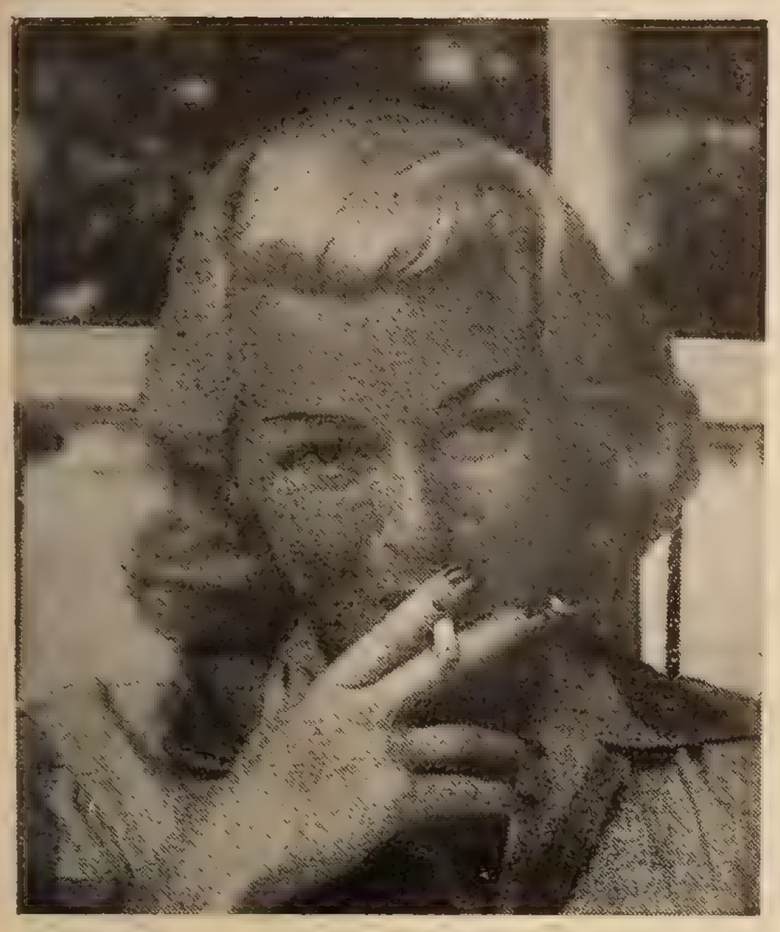
Philosophy: The best makeup for any woman is to be in love.

Culinary: I learned to eat snails in Paris. This is a habit easy to forget. I still like to drive by a bakery.

Suntan Department: Getting a good even tan is a hobby of mine. After years of experimenting I have reduced it to what I believe is the simplest method. You'll find nothing new in it, just use common sense. Watch yourself the first few days in the sun. That's all.

RESEARCH: In *The Merry Widow* I thought it was fun wearing a corset until I started dancing with Fernando Lamas, when I had to keep whispering, "hold me tighter," because I felt I was slipping away. After a few days of not being able to take a deep breath or sit with any degree of comfort, I began to feel very sorry for the women who had to wear them. In fact I don't know how they ever ate a square meal.

More Research: American women have the taste but not the leisure of European women. Consequently, we usually consider the latter overdressed, with their feathers, veils, hats and heirloom jewelry, etc. American women, most of whom work, haven't the time to fuss with all these fripperies. Sometimes



I think European women have the right idea in letting men take care of everything while they just take care of themselves . . . but, on the other hand, an American woman's life is broader and gives her many more contacts with the world. I don't think, in the long run, an American woman would be satisfied with the confined ways of a European woman's existence; and I believe a European woman would be fascinated with the freedom and opportunities for self-expression her American sister has.

EDITORIAL BLAST: Let's start a campaign against being careless about introductions. This is a bad habit. Don't slough off an introduction, or the names involved. Don't assume everyone knows everyone else. (I have seen so many people standing around at parties *not* knowing anyone that I've sometimes felt I was in a theater lobby between acts rather than in someone's home!)

Many times I have entered a room where others were gathered and heard the hostess say, "You know everyone, don't you, darling? Of course you do!" I can't call her a liar, so away she goes leaving me in a social sahara. Oh, I know she has things on her mind—the dinner, some special seating arrangement, a guest of honor not yet arrived. But her first duty is to make sure her guests form a harmonious group.

When a guest arrives at a party, he should immediately be introduced to everyone. And no guests already present should hesitate to stop their conversation and pay strict and courteous attention to the newcomer. Give of yourself that moment, because it is what makes the social wheels go around; don't be mechanical about it, don't slough it off.

It's infuriating to be at a party and have to ask some friend who the person is who's coming toward you and have them answer, "Haven't you met him yet? You must have." You say, "No." They say, "Oh." And they let it go at that!

A few weeks ago I was invited to a cocktail party, and Fernando Lamas was my escort. When we arrived I introduced Fernando to the hostess. So far so good. She then took me by the arm, and with Fernando on my other side, we went around meeting the rest of the guests. Each time the hostess introduced just *me*, leaving it up to me, then, to introduce Fer-



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continued

nando. This is quite a trick, like passing the baton, or whatever it is that runners hand to each other in a relay race.

Sometimes introductions are so casual that you don't really feel you have met the person at all. I know of cases where people who were introduced to each other in this way at a party didn't even nod when they happened to meet again the next day. They weren't being impolite. Their introductions had been so indifferent that each felt he or she would be presuming if they accepted this as a basis for knowing each other. The truth was that they had both been slighted by their host. An introduction should be the cement that can bind a new friendship together, not a mere brushing of two people together.

I've talked about European women, so I must say one thing about European men. When you meet one and he bends over and kisses your hand, you sit up and take notice; you feel you've been really *introduced!* It's so much more courteous than an offhand "Hi!"

EVER SINCE MY DAUGHTER CHERYL CHRISTINA has been old enough to understand, I have taught her to introduce her little friends to me whenever I happened to enter a room where they were playing. Now it is second nature with her, and it gives her a sense of responsibility that I know she enjoys, as well as a measure of poise that will always benefit her. I'm very proud that, at nine, she is already a gracious hostess.

While I am on the subject of Cheryl, I'd like to mention one other thing that I feel very strongly about. I hate to hear children call adults by their first name, as you so often do. If friends are frequent visitors to the house and calling them "Mr." or "Mrs." seems too formal for the kids, they can call them Aunt Nellie or Uncle John. I am sure it is an old American custom for everyone to call a venerable old man in the community "grandfather" whether or not there is an actual family relationship. Then take "Grandma Moses." She is grandma to the whole world now. Similarly an old friend of the family could be called aunt or uncle as the case may be. Anything but the person's first name which, coming out of a child's mouth, always jars you with a feeling of disrespect, even though it isn't meant that way. Children brought up to respect their elders and to be courteous at all times will have a wonderful foundation for life, because courtesy never goes out of style.

Finally I'd like to say a little about makeup, fashions and perfumes. The only trick I know about makeup has been told before—apply it with discretion. For the street I use eyebrow pencil, mascara and lipstick, rarely powder and never rouge. For evening I add a mauve eye shadow and sometimes, if I am to be photographed, I will use a light foundation. The most important rule for makeup is never to think and fuss about it once it is on and you are out for the evening. If someone tells you, "Your makeup looks beautiful today," something is wrong. It shouldn't be noticed as makeup, and if it is, it's too obvious!

I SEEM TO WEAR JEWELRY IN SPURTS — some weeks a lot, some weeks little or none. In the daytime I like gold or pearls. For evenings I love diamonds. I like smart costume jewelry too, but it must be *smart*. Not wooden beads or plastic gadgets. I've always hated gadgets. There is beautiful costume jewelry to be had quite reasonably today, so if you have one good genuine piece of jewelry, perhaps a ring or earrings, you can do a wonderful job building around it with good costume pieces.

Personally, I prefer colognes to perfume and have used the same scent for 11 years. I have it made up just for me. This is my own secret, but anyone can find one that suits them . . . and do find it. It's fun to experiment and finally get something you think is like you and will be your individual trademark. Actually my cologne is a blend of two colognes, both of which are available in any store. The point is to get hold of some perfume or cologne that becomes *you* and only you. Part of the strategy of femininity is to be *remembered*. An aroma distinctively yours helps do that job.

IN CLOTHES I conform pretty much to regulation, except that I do love slacks for around the house or at the studio. I buy my slacks ready made and prefer the fly fronts instead of the side zippers. No matter how neatly they're sewn on, side zippers do bulge a little where the material is lapped over. And, of course, I have always liked sweaters. Nothing is softer for informal wear, or more complimentary. They come in the most beautiful colors and can be worn with slacks, skirts or even shorts.

For my skin I always use soap and water, then rub a little cream in to counteract the dryness . . . but I never leave it on overnight Someone was telling me the other day that mixing cold cream with a tablespoon of ordinary table salt was wonderful for cleaning your pores. Maybe I'll try it some day. If I do, I'll let you know how it works.

As for hair, it should always be kept clean and lustrous. Such hair worn simply is far more attractive than an elaborate hairdo that needs constant washing.

BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING of all is happiness. To find that is quite a trick. No woman is really happy unless she knows she is loved, has children and has learned a way of expressing herself. Not only must there be a relationship with life in which others have a part, but you must have some outlet other than your family. Fortunately I get a great deal of satisfaction from my career. Even though I get greater pleasure out of being with my daughter, both help me to feel that I am being a worthwhile human being.

Working toward this and, improving one's beauty, is not an unimportant step. Beauty is as old as people and the best remembered thing about them. Cleopatra, Salome, Madam Pompadour, Mata Hari were all guilty of specific deeds that few people can recall—but everyone remembers they were beautiful.

Lana Turner

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Lana Turner personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

confessions of a ten-percenter

(*Continued from page 46*) is the sweetest most popular actor in the business. None better. Honestly!

Right now, just for the record, I'd like to say that I know Jeff as well as any person living with the possible exception of his wife, Marge. She, of course, thinks he's a dream. She only lives with him. I have to work with the lug.

This guy will play a benefit in Peoria if you ask him. On the level. He is constitutionally incapable of saying no.

Let me give you a few examples. A number of weeks ago a lady called and asked me if Jeff would be good enough to travel out to a section of Los Angeles called Westchester. The Jewish organization, Hadassah, had elected a girl to be crowned Queen Esther of Westchester; and they wanted Jeff to preside at the ceremonies. When I asked Jeff about it, he said, "Sure, why not?"

A day later Father Patrick Peyton, who runs the Family Theatre, a radio program over the Mutual Network, phoned. "I wonder if Jeff'd do another show for us," the Catholic cleric asked me. "He's done so many already I'm almost ashamed to impose upon him."

When the Man Mountain ambled in that afternoon, I relayed the request. "Be glad to," he said, "Why not?"

When Jeff was shooting *Because Of You* in which he co-stars with Loretta Young, the company used the Sawtelle Veterans Hospital as a location. Between set-ups, Jeff sat around, cracked jokes, bulled with the men, listened to their old stories, their plans for the future.

Early next morning a soldier came up to my office. "I was talkin' to Jeff Chandler out at the Hospital," he explained. "Told him I wanted to get into show business. He said you'd be glad to help me."

That's one of the troubles with Chandler. He tries to foist his missionary spirit on his friends. Thinks everyone should help everyone else.

Know that crazy baseball team that Martin & Lewis have, the Aristocrats? A look at the lineup shows Chandler playing right field. Know where most of the Aristocrats' games are played? At Sawtelle for the benefit of war veterans. Ever hear of the City of Hope, that wonderful outfit near Duarte, California, which provides free medical help for tuberculosis and cancer patients? I've lost count how many times Jeff has appeared for that charity.

HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Cupid Dep't—Vivien Leigh thinks Laurence Olivier is the nicest man in town . . . Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero have discovered each other . . . Joan Fontaine has a Pasadena beau, but Conrad Nagle still escorts her places . . . Errol Flynn and Lily Damita are planning a second honeymoon.—*April, 1939—Modern Screen.*

MAYBE it's because he's always been tall and tall people have a way of feeling self-conscious, as if they didn't quite belong. Maybe it's because of that, or maybe it's just because he's humanitarian, but Jeff is always going to bat for the underdog.

That's Jeff's outstanding trait, I think. He's unbelievable. Just look at the guy. Does he look like an actor? Does he walk like an actor? Does he even talk like an actor?

Behind that granite face would you think there lurks a first-rate intelligence? Would you think this lug is as soft-hearted as Florence Nightingale? Would you, even in your most fanciful dreams, consider him a sensitive artist or a fine singer?

Listen to the truth, friends. This guy started out in Brooklyn as a commercial artist, and a darn good one, too. He also sings. Peggy Lee had him on her radio show as a guest, and he was so surprisingly good as a canary that she insisted he make a repeat appearance.

As for his soft-heartedness and his intelligence, maybe you won't believe this but Jeff is one of the few Hollywood stars who tries to answer personally each and every fan letter. Not with a form reply, either. He has a blonde secretary, Arleen Franz, and he dictates to her every day.

"If people are nice enough to write me," he says, "who am I not to answer?"

If this is not a refreshing attitude in Hollywood I will eat it. Here's one of the busiest guys in town who's never too busy to answer his own fan mail. Few other stars can make this claim. Not that Jeff ever makes any claim. Ask the reporters about him. All of them say, "The trouble with Chandler is that he won't talk about himself. The subject embarrasses him."

I first saw Jeff 12 years ago when he was Ira Grossel from Brooklyn. He was enrolled at the Feagin School of Dramatic Arts in New York. At the time I was a talent scout for 20th Century-Fox. It was part of my job to make the rounds of dramatic schools, searching out new talent.

To me Jeff was a big, gawdy kid. He didn't seem to coordinate too well, a common failing of tall guys. But there was an arresting quality about the boy, a kind of deep sincerity. I watched him for a few minutes, then walked out.

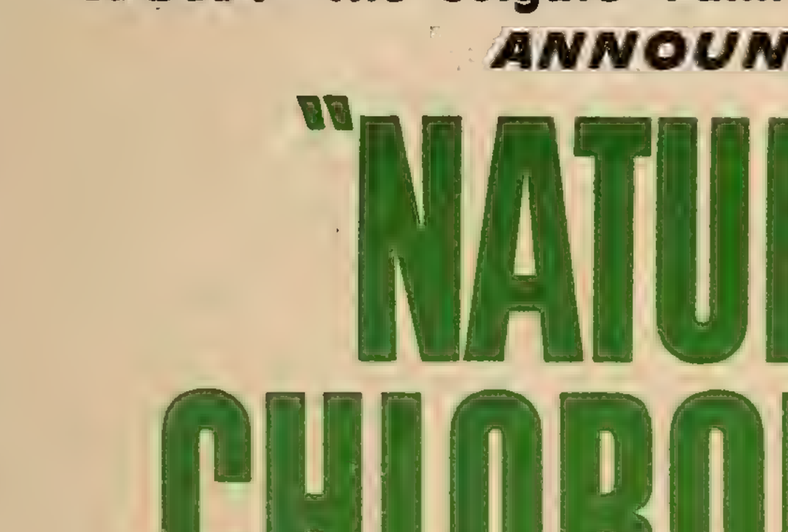
Later I was at (*Continued on next page*)

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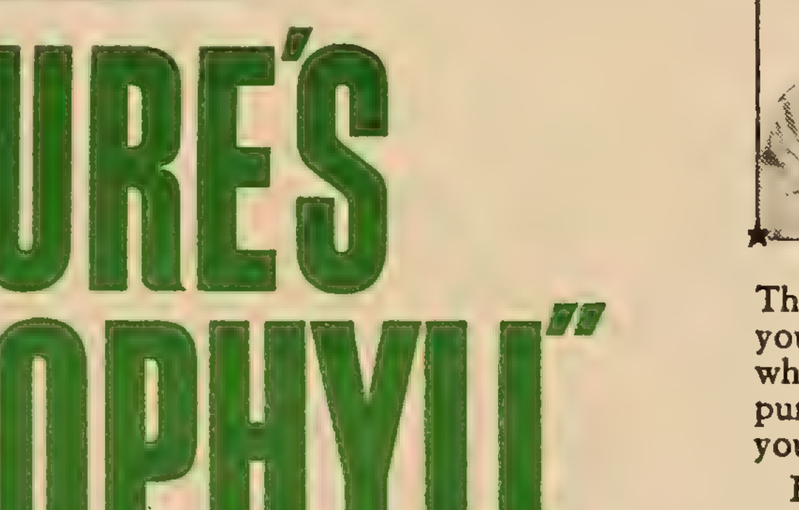
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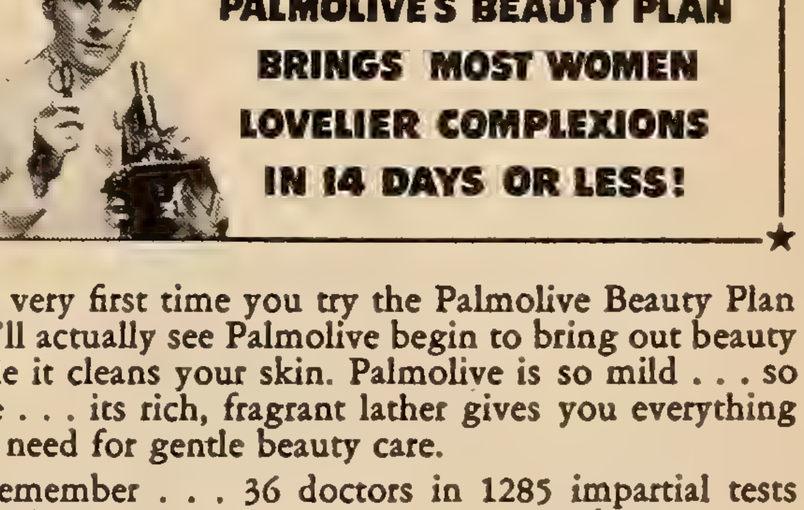
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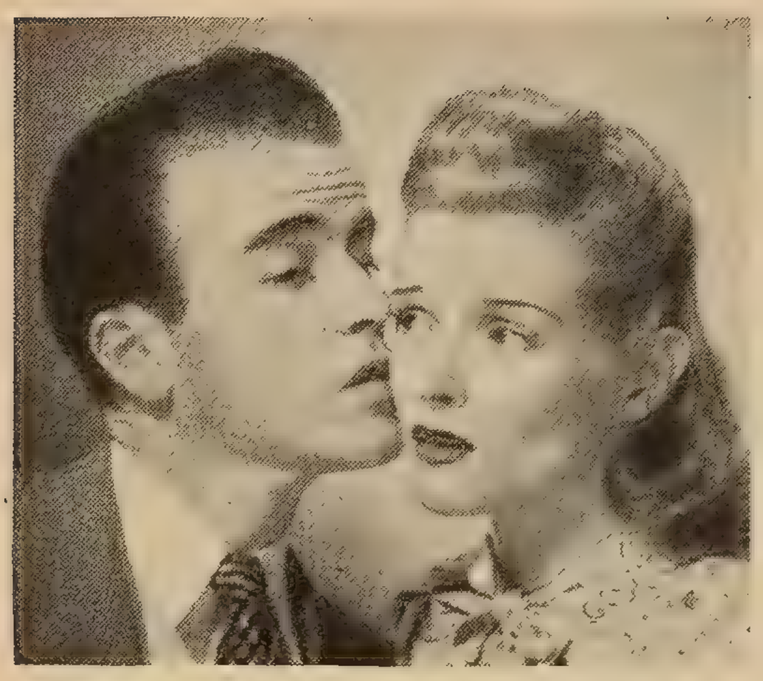
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the Mill Pond Playhouse on Long Island when who should turn up again? Right. Only this time he was a spear-carrier or something in a costume drama entitled *The Trojan Horse*. His face had more character and his acting showed indications of great potential, but I still didn't think enough of the boy to recommend a screen test. I felt he was at least two or three years away. Then the war broke out and I lost track of Jeff.

When I next ran into him we were both in Hollywood, he as a radio actor and I as the general manager of Huntington Hartford's talent agency. We met at a Lux Radio Theatre broadcast, and when the show was over I knew at once that Ira Grossel had arrived. He had not only developed his acting, but his sex appeal, his personal magnetism, that strong-but-silent he-man attitude seemed to overwhelm the audience. I was surprised after the broadcast to observe that more fans asked for his autograph than for the signatures of the established movie stars who headed the cast.

Although I'd seen him, Jeff and I had never met. A mutual friend introduced us. The first thing I said, looking up at the Man Mountain was, "I saw you in stock under a different name." He furrowed his brow. "Yep," I continued, "It was at the Mill Pond Playhouse in Long Island. You were in a play called *The Trojan Horse.*"

Jeff couldn't believe it. "But that's impossible," he said. "That was more than eight years ago."

We set up a date for the next day and Jeff came into the office to discuss representation. We talked for a while and he said, "Suppose I sign with you, what sort of parts do you think I'm suited for?"

"Maybe I'm crazy," I said, "but I see you as a leading man."

Jeff grinned. "Thanks," he said. "Everybody else sees me as a character."

Well, it wasn't easy getting Jeff Chandler a job in pictures, I'll tell you that. But I never lost my confidence in the guy. I remember the night I met him. I went home to my wife and I said, "Edna, I've run into an actor today and I've got a very strong feeling he's going to become a big star."

A funny thing. Jeff later told me that on that very same night he went home to his wife and said, "Marge, at last I've found the guy who's right for me. This guy's gonna do it."

For three months I went from studio to studio trying to sell the lug. At one studio they said, "Look, we've got all the truck drivers we need." At another, the casting director said, "He's too tall. He's a giant. If we make a sequel to *King Kong,*

easy money!

What's your favorite color? If it's that soft, restful shade of green that comes on paper money, here's a quick way to latch on to some. All you have to do is read all the stories in this November issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Lana Turner
- ☐ It Had To Happen (John Wayne)
- ☐ Lanza Fights Again
- ☐ What Really Happened Between Rita and Aly
- ☐ The Gold Dust Twins (Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift)
- ☐ State Of The Union (Van Johnson)
- ☐ You're On, Kids! (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Quiz Kid (Robert Wagner)
- ☐ I Want To Be Loved (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Confessions Of A Ten-Percenter (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ House In The Clouds (Jane Russell)
- ☐ We're Off! (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ Once In Love With Janie (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Every Girl Needs Sex Appeal (Anne Baxter)
- ☐ Dixie And Bing: Their Tragic Love
- ☐ Why I Pray (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

_____

_____

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we'll call you." A third studio sent word that he wasn't handsome enough. A fourth told me that possibly he could be used as a mug in gangster films.

It was disheartening and discouraging for both of us. It's sort of embarrassing to ask for work, which is why actors have agents. But I think it's especially embarrassing for a big hunk of man like Jeff to be told, "Sorry, I can't use you." All the time he knows what the casting director is thinking, which is, "How come a big healthy Joe like you isn't driving a truck or digging a ditch?"

Jeff didn't give up and neither did I. He continued to work in radio, and I kept pounding studio doors. Universal was the first studio really to let us in. They tested Jeff for a part in *Sword In The Desert.*

He was sensational. The studio called me and had the test run. "Aren't you surprised?" one executive asked me. "No," I said honestly. "I expected him to be good. What do you think I've been talking about all these months?" While *Sword In The Desert* was being made, the studio signed Jeff to a contract.

Other than for the outside pictures he's made at 20th Century—*Broken Arrow* was the best of these—he's been at Universal ever since. A few weeks ago we signed a new contract. It makes Jeff one of the highest paid actors on the lot.

When I tell people that despite his success Jeff hasn't changed, they refuse to believe me. "You're his agent," they say. "Whoever heard of an agent telling the truth about his client? How come he separated from his wife when he earned a little success? Why don't you tell us the truth about that?"

The truth is very simple. All married couples quarrel in Hollywood and out of Hollywood. Sometimes personalities rub each other the wrong way, No marriage is perfect. It has to be worked at. Jeff's wife is a beautiful, intelligent extrovert. Jeff is essentially introspective. Lots of times he'll sit for long periods, just thinking. Marge will say, "What's wrong?" Jeff will say, "Nothing. I'm just trying to think something through." The separation stemmed from a difference of viewpoint. There was no third party involved. Jeff and Marge were apart for seven months, and my own personal opinion is that because of that separation their marriage is more solid today.

THE Chandlers with their two daughters live in a middle-class house in a middle class neighborhood, drive a middle-class car, a Pontiac, wear middle-class clothes, and live a quiet, circumspect life.

Jeff has a wry sense of humor which is open to misinterpretation because on occasion his kidding is taken seriously. It hurts him to hurt anyone even momentarily. If he feels he has, he's quick with an apology.

He also has a pretty good idea of where he stands as an actor. "I've done some good parts," he says, "and then there have been others. I have a set of values for myself, and I know I've got a lot to learn."

As an agent and talent scout I've seen an awful lot of actors in Hollywood. The behavior pattern is very simple. They start out grateful and hard-working. In a few years success turns them a little heady. The agent who once helped them is now a necessary evil, a sycophant. They tolerate you because they feel that one day they may need your services again.

This is not true of Jeff Chandler. He called me Meyer when he didn't have a dime, and he still calls me Meyer today. The important thing to me is that the tone he uses is still the same. **END**

(Jeff Chandler can be seen in Universal-International's Yankee Buccaneer.)



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Evening: 3. "Cream-wash" again with *greaseless* Noxzema. See how completely it washes away make-up and dirt. **4.** Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help keep your skin looking soft, smooth, and lovely. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! And it's *greaseless*, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

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the gold dust twins

(*Continued from page 37*) and Montgomery Clift have Hollywood in a turmoil because these two stars are taking away from the film capital some of the glamor that made it famous. There is no illusion on the screen when the theatre-goer knows very well that the man he is looking at in the fancy costume is, at home, a chap with manners and attire that might keep him from being invited into the average living room. And, apparently, there is nothing that can be done about it.

Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift, to give Hollywood its just due, are not Hollywood people. Neither one of them have starved on Hollywood Boulevard to get where they are. They never had to face hunger or the other trials that the usual aspirant in Hollywood does. They came sailing into the movies on the winds of Broadway success. And they came, and come, to Hollywood for only one reason, *gold.* They come a-mining for the dust whenever they need it and then skadoo. And both have stated publicly that they wouldn't give two cents for the whole town. Both of them at the time of this writing have informed their studio bosses that they will not give interviews for fan magazines, nor will they take off their old clothes and pose, like movie stars, for the picture pages of these periodicals. It looks as though Hollywood and Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift are at a stalemate.

It has been charged time and again that Marlon and Monty are nothing more than free-thinking young men who refuse for basic reasons, known only to themselves, to conform to any movie star tradition but picking up the fat pay check. Their supporters claim that they are singular artists, too concerned with their mauling of the Muses to bother their heads about rational matters. And too steeped in the traditions of the theatre to care if anybody puts down a dollar out front to get a peek at their genius. This is nonsense.

One old-timer, a man who holds the deep respect of actors, and who in his prime lived the true life of a movie star, snorts when their names are mentioned and cries that in his day neither one of them could get work as an extra. This is terribly harsh, according to other old-timers who think Monty and Marlon certainly could have been extras but might never have got to the top of the heap in a time when competition for stardom was keener.

A CAREFUL check of the situation reveals that although Monty and Marlon have had rather celebrated careers both on the Main Stem in New York and in a few artistic-type pictures, neither one of them has distinguished himself at a box office to be worthy of the fabulous fees they exact for their movie efforts. True, Monty made *Red River,* a big money-maker, and *A Place In The Sun,* which made a nice buck, but the rest of his films have not been gold mines. Marlon made Warner Brothers happy with *A Streetcar Named Desire,* but none of his other films had bank tellers working overtime counting profits. And yet both boys demand salaries in excess of actors who have been making smash pictures for 20 years and more. A logical conclusion would be that the lads have found a strawberry patch they're picking clean.

A wise movie man once said that the way to sell movies was to have the star put the print on his back and travel the land peddling it as he trudged. Marlon and Monty refuse to do this. They feel perfectly free to wind up shooting and take off for New York or Europe, leaving the Hollywood folk to sell the effort as best they can. The fact that some of these pictures have been what is known in the trade as "bombs" is an indication of faithlessness. It is not good enough that Marlon mumble into a moustache for a couple of months for a fortune, then dash off to study tinsmithing or something until he feels the urge for more *gold;* or that Monty sag through a movie between cat naps and then walk through a brick wall into nowhere until the uncertain producers raise his fee again.

The private lives of Marlon Brando and Monty Clift, are, to be sure, not average and are certainly not like a fan's idea of a movie star. An astute observer once said that Marlon Brando has blue-jean skin, for that is all he ever seems to wear—at least in public appearances, and that the torn T shirt he wore in *A Streetcar Named Desire* is swank compared to some of the things that hang in his clothes closet. The only time he has been seen in a suit, he confessed that it was his agent's (his agent is a good 50 pounds lighter than our hero). Marlon's idea of good all-weather headgear is a knitted seaman's watch cap which, it is said, he showers in. One bitter winter long ago he lost his overcoat and has never bought another.

hedda hopper
scotches those rumors
about **betty grable**
in **december's**
modern screen.
watch for
marilyn monroe
on the cover,
on sale
november 7

And this is the lad who is at present playing the romantic role of Mark Antony in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar.*

In the wardrobe department Monty Clift fares a little better. He wears a pair of pants and a jacket, but, his friends opine, it is only because his frame, undraped, is not a beautiful thing to behold. Monty never clipped the coupon that tells you how to have bulging muscles for a dollar a week. And, being a shy lad, he has no wish to display his physique. A member of the press who once got a peek into Monty's closet found it bare of clothing. He asked if the actor was moving and was informed that Monty had his wardrobe on his back.

HAVING a date with an old-time movie star was something to watch. Something a movie fan, lucky enough to observe, would never forget. Flowers would arrive in the afternoon. And at the appointed hour the star would appear in a glittering car, driven by a handsome, aloof servant. The star would alight and, after being properly announced, kiss his date's hand, lead her to his chariot and take

her off to an evening of dancing, champagne and caviar.

This writer happens to have observed one of Marlon Brando's dates. He arrived in mid-town Manhattan during the busy theatre hour aboard a dirty old motorcycle. His blue jeans and leather jacket were glistening this night, for it was raining, almost a cloudburst. He stood three floors below his date's window and howled, like a wolf after its mate, for the young lady to come down. When she did, he piled her onto the back seat of the motor bike and whirled her off to a sodden tour of Central Park. And they dined beside the reservoir on sandwiches he had made himself. The next night she went to a movie with a nice polite bus driver and had the time of her life. She is now one of the many who stay away from Marlon's pictures. She is one of the disenchanted.

Monty's dates are different only in that he is not the type to ride a motorcycle. A young lady he dated in New York stated that they went to a nice cozy saloon on Third Avenue. They sat in a back booth near the kitchen and ate a spiritless hash while Monty dozed between courses. After it was all over, she bracketed Monty Clift as a glamor boy somewhere between Butch Jenkins and the night clerk of a Bowery flop house.

An interview with a movie star in the good old days was quite an event. The star generally received in a lush palace filled with rich evidences of extravagance and an artistic soul. The star was dressed to the teeth in a cashmere suit. silk shirt and flowing fifty-dollar tie. Coffee in antique silver service was on the coffee table and spirits of rare supply were in cut glass bottles on the bar. The star never stepped out of character, so that when the interviewer left he walked away with the impression that he had just shared a moment or two with Sir Launcelot.

This writer once had an interview with Marlon Brando. The actor appeared at his gate wearing a pair of shorts that looked as though they had been salvaged from a long forgotten YMCA and a terrifying multi-colored cap that must have at one time been owned by a lady bird watcher. He entered and, for the first two hours, said nothing more than "Can I take a shower?"—something he did and continued to do for the rest of the afternoon. Then he mentioned that he didn't like Hollywood, was hungry and wished he were dead. It was about as inspiring an occasion as a visit to a juvenile detention home.

Monty Clift doesn't get as many interviews as Marlon, only because he is harder to find. A reporter who once set out to find him to ask him if he planned to marry Elizabeth Taylor, stopped at the end of the third day because he began to feel like the detective in a Mickey Spillane novel. Even if you have a date with Monty Clift, one of his pursuers claims, you have to shadow him to the place of rendezvous.

It would be totally unfair to say that Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift give *nothing* to Hollywood. To the best of this writer's knowledge they are not related to anyone in the moving picture business and must merit, in some manner, the money they pick up here. But it is an indictment against Hollywood that it has not discovered its own talent, which will assist in carrying on the grand illusions that sell movies and are so dear to the hearts of the young people who find in the magic of the cinema a few hours of enchantment each week.

It is very disconcerting to see a boy dressed in tat- (*Continued on next page*)

LITTLE LULU— by Marge



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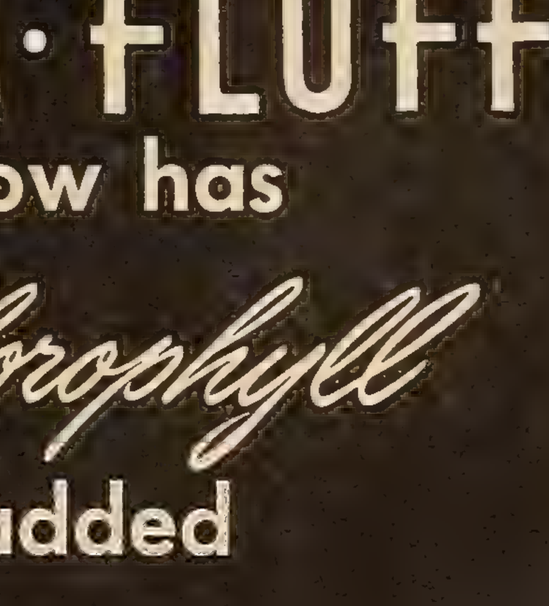
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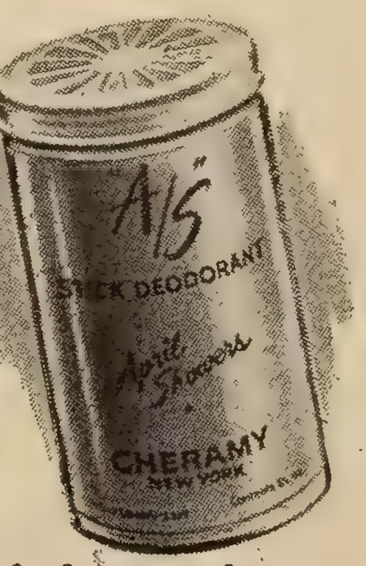
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by CHERAMY

PERFUMER

ters standing before a group of highpriced showmen and telling them flatly he will take their money for acting but will not assist in selling the finished product to the public. It is unfair because the public is interested almost as much in the glamorous off-screen life of the stars *it maintains* as it is in their screen appearances. And the picture of Monty Clift lying in semi-slumber on a cot in a darkened room and informing his bosses, through an intermediary, that he will not be available for gab, except before a camera, is no less disheartening.

What is the solution? Apparently there is none. It appears that the die is cast. Monty Clift will remain Monty Clift and will not change, for it is the fancy of this younger generation of stars that they owe nothing more (for their riches) than their spell-binding performances. It is the fancy of Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando that they can live their lives as they wish as long as they are casually brilliant in their work before the cameras. They can hide in condemned tenements or snooze in caves, unwashed and unglamorous, as long as they display a talent on film.

Both Marlon Brando and Monty Clift have a beef with Hollywood and these beefs should be aired. Marlon's is that pictures are sterile, made by sterile men, and that they do not allow him the actors' thrill of getting an immediate, direct reaction from his audience. This has undoubtedly been responsible for his sullen behavior. But he has apparently not given a thought to the fact that the applause for a movie star comes after the lights have been turned off for the last time and the cameras have been stored in their lockers. The old timers could tell him, if he'd listen, that the cheers when they face their audiences on personal appearance tours and trips to far cities is as thrilling as anything that ever came across the footlights. It's delayed, but it's as great.

Monty Clift's beef is almost the same, except that he feels Hollywood wishes to change him from a relaxed kid to a man with a zest for a medium he dislikes. His background does not entitle him to this, for before he came to the movies he was no earth-shaker in the theatre. It was likely that the talent of the man who made *Red River* put art into his screen acting. Monty, like Marlon, refuses to face the fact that no actor in the world is so magnificent that he can do in eight hours the *work* that warrants the huge sum of money paid him. While the salary of Monty is as much a secret as the wage paid Marlon, it would not be too far out of line to say that they have been paid $5,000 for an eight-hour day. And for that sum, they should be expected to peddle the film that winds up in the cans.

ALTHOUGH they are suspected geniuses, both Monty and Marlon could learn a lesson in ethics from some of the young, home-grown movie stars who made it the hard way. Tony Curtis is one. Bill Holden is another. Marilyn Monroe is another—and so is Dale Robertson. These are actors who are movie stars as well. They came here hungry, all of them, and what they have attained they have come by by the sweat of their brows and the hunger in their bellies. Their movies make money. And one of the reasons is that they work at being movie stars 24 hours a day. And when they are not making movies, you will generally find them out in the sticks, or in the neighborhoods of the big cities, selling the product, meeting the people who pay them face-to-face and never ducking down alleys to hide from the fans that hold their destinies in their hands with the coins in their pockets.

Yes, Monty Clift and Marlon Brando can be fairly dubbed The Gold Dust Twins. They came to Hollywood like confidence men, looking like stevedores and acting like collectors from a finance company who want their money without a lot of nonsense. They come to take their tokens of gold, and then they amble off to their little Fort Knox's, sighing with relief and looking for all the world like a couple of urchins who have just successfully raided an apple orchard. **END**

once in love with janie

(*Continued from page 55*) before and had overcome the hurdles they had expected to encounter.

"It's been wonderful," said Jane, "not just because we've been happy, because we expected that, but wonderful that we've done so much together and know each other better and have faced so many pitfalls together and still love each other so much."

In any other town but Hollywood a young wife shouldn't get a medal for being able to make that statement, but here she should. In Hollywood a marriage or a career can tumble as easily as a kid on his first pair of roller skates. The daily papers prove that. And even though it's only been three years, several of the marriages of Joan's and Geary's friends have long been dissolved and new alliances made. Jane and Geary Steffan may not be able to take bows because they've been married three years, but they can take them because they bet on a slow horse that's holding his own in the backstretch. That's the way Hollywood looked at their marriage. Being sensible, they faced up to it before the wedding day, and they can begin being a little cocky about what they've done.

The odds against Jane and Geary were pretty great, if you take a good look at the circumstances. Geary was a young fellow not long out of the army with the whole wide world full of roads before him and no sign posts. By profession, actually, he was an ice-skater, and a good one, making a lot of money. Sonja Henie doesn't pick dubs for partners and Geary, they say, was the best she ever had. The army had taught him to be two things, a soldier and a ski expert. And with a war over, there wasn't even a 2nd Lieutenant's salary in that. He was a boy without even a hobby he could get rich at, and he was in love with a girl making a lot of money, who couldn't, because of her station in public life, be taken to live in a one-room apartment.

But Geary had two things—guts and pride. You can, however, tell that to the man in the corner grocery all day and he won't let you take home a pound of bacon. The guts and pride had to be put to work before you could marry the girl, and they had to be put to work fast, because the girl was beautiful and the world, it seemed, full of suitors with a head start.

The romance between Jane and Geary began at their first meeting. Geary was not of the picture crowd, although an entertainer who had skated in a couple of pictures, but he did have a few pals who had turned to acting and associated with movie people. One of them was Marshall Thompson, a young fellow who was working at MGM. It was through Marshall that Geary met Jane. And their friends like to say they knew it was mutual en-

chantment at first sight. It was lucky for Geary that none of this younger set had a lot of money to spend. Contrary to popular opinion, young actors and actresses do not become millionaires upon the signing of the contract. So Geary was in his proper element and a suitable date for the pretty, young singer. Even if it wasn't love at the first gander, it was something, because they went steady after that.

The first hurdle came a few months after they found out they really liked each other. Geary began to think things over and he knew he had to subtract the time he was in the service from his life and get a move on if he wanted to make something of himself. He had opportunities to be an actor, but he didn't want that. He tried real estate and thought of a few other lines that might make a career. Finally, he decided on the insurance business. He knew that each year a man worked in insurance he built up a bit of an estate, because the big companies cut salesmen in on the continuing premiums. That was what Geary wanted. He was much more interested in the future than a fast dollar today. The best job he could find was in Chicago, so Geary moved there and said goodbye to his girl and his home town for he didn't know how long.

A fellow makes mistakes, and Geary found out six months later that he had made one. His business was fine, but his life was pretty dull. Then fate, as it will, intervened. Jane Powell went to Chicago to make a personal appearance. Well, if Geary didn't meet the plane, he got in touch with her right after. And for the three weeks Jane was there he never left her side. When she left town, it was a sad farewell. And when Geary was alone that night a terrible thought came to his mind. He wasn't ready to marry Jane right now. He knew that. But suddenly he realized that if he stayed in Chicago, somebody else might. No man ever quit a job, packed a bag and headed for California faster.

As we said, just about now is also the tenth anniversary of Jane Powell's start in Hollywood. She was just 14 years old and fresh from Portland, Oregon, where her life had been pretty full, for she is gregarious, makes friends easily and people are important to her. She was a beautiful child and a magnificent little singer. She was put under contract to MGM, but she made her first picture for Charles R. Rogers, an independent producer, a film that is now being seen on television called *The Song Of The Open Road.*

After the picture was finished, Jane went back to MGM and became lost in the huge plant. She wasn't terribly important and she didn't know many people, so she spent miserable hours sitting at home wishing she were out of it all and back in Portland with her true friends, having the fun she used to have. But when school started, she perked up a bit, because she met a few kids who are still her closest friends, among them Elizabeth Taylor.

Like two kids from any ordinary school, Liz and Jane had an affinity that enveloped them completely. They'd get out in back of the school house and sit on the ground eating peanut butter sandwiches and talking about life, grown-up liberty and the pursuit of adult happiness. They'd talk about the men they'd marry and the crushes they had and the idiots who didn't think they were gorgeous, dangerous women when they wore forbidden lipstick. The talks were so memorable to them that when Jane got married—and one of the dreams was fulfilled—Liz sneaked a peanut butter sandwich into her suitcase which said, in a beautiful and subtle way: "Well, it all came true."

Jane grew up and became a star. She got more famous as each year went by. But she was a sensible girl and retained a close contact with the kids of her own age. There came a time when the MGM wardrobe department had to ask for instructions from the front office. Jane, it seemed, was supposed to be playing the tiny, elfish girl she'd always been in films, but the costumers were having a devil of a time keeping her from looking like a miniature can-can dancer. She was a woman now, for sure.

These were the things that Jane was accomplishing professionally—the things that belonged to the tenth anniversary. In her private life, though, we deal with three years, maybe four. She was 19 when she knew she was in love with Geary and wanted to marry him. Geary had joined an insurance firm in Los Angeles and, although he was progressing nicely, he knew darn well he was in no position to marry a girl who was making a fortune a week, even though he was madly in love with her. And she'd have married him if he wanted to take her to live in a tent. However, prodded no doubt by Jane, he bought an engagement ring and one night when he was driving her home he pulled the car over to the side of the road and put it on her finger. And they sat for a long while and had a sensible talk and tried to figure a way to tell her folks.

That was something they needn't have worried about. They quietly let themselves into Jane's house and tip-toed to her parents' bedroom to see if they were awake. They were, and in a moment Jane was sitting on the edge of the bed and Geary was standing beside her as nervous as a burglar.

"Mother," Jane said, determined to win her over, "we (*Continued on next page*)

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have something important to tell you."

"Is that so," said her mother. "Well, let me see the ring."

The wedding of Jane Powell and Geary Steffan was a pretty fancy affair. It was a church wedding, celebrated the way a girl who knows she'll only do it once would like to remember it. Liz Taylor was one of the bridesmaids and all of their close, long time friends turned out in fancy finery to make it a real gala occasion. And then they went to live in the apartment they'd picked out together and began a marriage that would be a model for any town. There were, of course, skeptics—as there still are—who said it couldn't work. Mainly, they opined, because of the difference in careers and income. But Jane and Geary were determined it would.

A magazine article appeared in MODERN SCREEN a year after they took their vows telling why it would—and some of the things Jane and Geary said in that article make pretty sound sense. They pointed out that their marriage had not been consummated in an "adolescent romantic haze" and they outlined their plans for what they considered a suitable financial arrangement. They would split their expenses right down the middle—considering they both worked for a living—and Jane would be able to afford no more than Geary or vice-versa. They would, they said, attend only the night clubs that Geary could patronize sensibly and they stuck to it. As a matter of fact, Jane, who had a pretty penny in the bank, used to visit friends who lived in nice houses and almost cry because Geary wouldn't let her buy one. They waited until he was able, and then bought a sensible, small home without most of the frills you generally find in a movie star's home.

This doesn't mean that Jane is a helpless little doll, unable to cope with most situations. As a matter of fact, generally when they have a business deal on of some kind—like the time they rented their apartment—Jane tells Geary to wait in the car and she goes in and drives a hard bargain. She got them to lower the rent on their first flat.

Now that they look back on the last three years, Jane and Geary have a good deal to be proud of. Geary Steffan is known in insurance circles as a real whiz. He's the top salesman in the country with his company. Sure he sells insurance to people he meets in the movie business, but he's like the fellow who joins a country club in any other town to meet prospects. That's his line of work—and he's proud to handle the accounts. The Steffans live better than most folks because they make more money than most, but Geary holds up his end and better.

The house they bought three years ago is now getting too small. They have a son, Geary Steffan III, and Jane is expecting another. They want, according to their own statement, four or five, and they definitely will not let Jane's career interfere with their counting. Her career is important to her because she is an artist who should and must find expression—and it's important to Geary, because, being a big part of Jane's life, it makes her happy. Right now, with number two coming along, they are looking for a larger home, and Geary's friends say that he looks at strangers in the street wondering if they'd be interested in a little insurance. Babies are just as expensive to raise in Hollywood as any place else.

It's an astonishing thing, but even in what is obviously an ideal marriage, dissension arises from time to time and things have to be ironed out. Jane and Geary have a system for that, too. They sit down, when the need becomes evident, and tell one another their faults. Jane, for instance, found herself getting sick of sitting still while Geary explained something to her, with long pauses, without letting her get a word in.

"That's a fine thing for an insurance salesman to do," she said. "Maybe I have to wait until you make sure what you want to say and then find the words. But you're going to bore prospects that way."

Geary looked amazed for a minute, then grinned. "Hey, you're right," he said. "I've got to stop that."

And if Jane picks up a habit that annoys Geary (like the time he watched her straighten up the living room and fluff up the pillows for the hundredth time, just as they were going to bed), he tells her about it.

She didn't take it too well that time. She snapped back at him. Then he sat her down firmly in a chair.

"Look," he said, "this is a very small thing, but it annoys me. And when I tell you, you get angry. Now it's not a question of fluffing up pillows in the middle of the night, but of my being able to criticize you. If you get this sore over something small, what will you do if it's over something big some day?"

Jane sat silent for a moment and then apologized. She hasn't fluffed a pillow since, but more important, there has never been anything they can't talk about since.

Yes, Jane Powell and her husband are happy, there's no argument about that. But, like all Hollywood marriages, there have been rumors of friction. These things just happen here. Geary is still in the army reserves and likes to keep active in things military. That involves going away to camp each summer and spending a few evenings a month training at a local army establishment. And his business requires that he make calls on prospects quite a lot. People have said that they are apart too much. Columnists have reported them on the verge of separation.

THEY both accept these things pretty much as a matter of course because they don't fool themselves about anything, especially Hollywood.

Recently Jane and Geary and Liz Taylor and her husband Michael Wilding went up to Las Vegas for a few days. Geary is always courteous, especially to the press, because Jane is in the public eye. But he won't take a shoving around. The four got off the plane and a group of newspapermen were waiting. They chatted for a few minutes and a photographer showed up and wanted to take a picture.

"Ordinarily I wouldn't mind," Geary told him, "but it happens that both of these ladies are expectant mothers—and at that time no woman cares too much about having her picture taken, so if you'll forgive us this once, we'll be grateful."

The photographer, a surly rascal, got huffy, and for a moment it looked like trouble. But Geary held his temper and escorted his wife to a car. Somebody should have told the photog that Geary's dad was once the lightweight champion of the world and had taught his boy a thing or two about fist fighting, and that during the war Geary ski'd down an Italian mountainside at the head of 26 men to attack a German position and that he was one of only three that came back. At any rate, he didn't get the picture and he's fortunate he didn't press his luck.

Geary Steffan loves his life now and he loves his Jane. He'll work hard for his happiness. He and Jane figure they've got a good deal to be grateful for. It's their anniversary just about now. Wish them well and help celebrate it with them. **END**

(Jane Powell can be seen next in MGM's Small Town Girl.)

dixie and bing

(*Continued from page 62*) she was in possible danger, he sat by her bed while she slept and held her small hand and comforted her. And when she awoke, there was her man, the crooner from the Cocoanut Grove, seated at her side with a grin and a wry joke to cheer her.

DIXIE CROSBY always was a strong woman. She came out of the first severe suffering of her illness with a smile and the will to keep things going. The summer was here and the boys had to be taken to their summer cottage at Hayden Lake near Spokane, Washington. They *had* to be taken, because it was something they looked forward to all year. Her illness was not going to change that.

Bing kissed Dixie on the forehead and ambled out of the hospital room to do as he was told. If Mom was sick, the old man would have to carry on with the kids alone. So he piled the youngsters into a car and drove to Washington and the cabin. But they all kept in touch with Dixie by telephone several times a day.

People who have known Bing Crosby intimately for years didn't know him at all at the time of Dixie's illness. Always a preoccupied man, he became more and more preoccupied and appeared never to think about anything else but his wife. He had to do a little work, mainly on his radio tapes for the next year and in preparation for another movie to be made this winter, but he never seemed to care much about what he was doing. All he seemed to care about was finishing up so he could get out to the hospital. And whenever a phone rang, a look of expectancy came over his face, as much as to say: "Any news of Dixie?"

MAYBE, in the final analysis, the marriage between Bing Crosby, the crooner, and Dixie Lee, the actress, will go down as one of the true love matches of the age in which we live. Certainly it was successful in the respect that it bore bright fruit, and that four young men can testify to the worth of the match by their conduct in society. Maybe it was a good marriage, because, at the time it began, the odds were against it, and the parties to the union overcame the obstacles and managed to end up loving one another more than they had at the start. It was certainly a marriage bedeviled by obstacles. It's tough to be as famous as Bing Crosby and stay with the same woman to the end. And it's tougher, maybe, to be Dixie Crosby, wife of a man more famous than anyone ever was, and to be in the background for all the days of her life. At any rate, it will be remembered as a beautiful romance that flowered and stood the test of time and strain.

When the man walked down the hospital corridor alone that day a few weeks ago, maybe he thought of these things. The old days when he didn't care about much; and the girl who said she'd never call him as long as she lived and never did; and the lives they had lived side by side somehow, even though apart a lot; and of the sons and the homes they'd built; and the happiness and occasional sorrow they had given each other.

He was the most famous man in the world, but what did it matter now. There were just two of them now, alone together in a small hospital room. All that mattered was that Dixie was very ill—and the sky would fall if she didn't get well. Take a look at the casual man. He's weeping.

END

(*Bing's latest Paramount movie is* Just For You.)



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state of the union

(*Continued from page 39*) were talking about the separation of a prominent star and his wife. "I don't believe it's true," said one columnist. "Oh, no," said the other. "Then if it's not true, why is he denying it?" I must admit that this makes no sense whatsoever, but you must agree with me that it happens every day.

When I first spoke to you about these rumors and asked if I could make a report to MODERN SCREEN, you gave me the first sensible answer I've heard in a matter of this kind. You said that you didn't want to deny it because you didn't want to be placed in the position of denying something that didn't exist. And you felt that if you lent any dignity at all to such a preposterous situation, you would be abetting the acts of the item-hungry dolts who instigated it.

I THOUGHT then—and I still do—that you were perfectly right in using the only measure suitable—silence.

After reading back the above few paragraphs, being aware that this letter will appear in print, it might seem that I am performing the very act I condemn and, in a sense, I am. But I know one thing for sure. The only other alternative you do have to attempt to squelch these outrageous rumors is to put it *all* down on paper, go beyond the matter of separation and tell the truth about your present home situation and your future plans.

Let's go back to the beginning, when you and Evie were married. At that time you were the rage of the younger generation of movie fans. I'm sure I don't have to recall the buttons that were snatched off your coats and the mad mobs of admirers wherever you showed up and the time that the New York Police Department asked you not to come to their city because they were afraid they wouldn't be able to cope with the crowd. You were the symbol of the male, unmarried movie star, the Prince that almost every one of your young lady admirers knew would some day come and take them away from their drab lives. And when you got married, they gave up and actually few of them wished you bliss.

It's an odd thing, Van, that almost the same thing happened to the grownup columnists. You were the star they dangled over the heads of their readers, you were the dream they peddled almost daily to their young followers. And when you married they, too, resented it, more than likely, unknowingly. This, in an odd sense, is a tribute to your stature.

I think you are aware of these things. And I think because you are, you have gone out of your way to let the world know of the happiness that has lived in your house. You knew, I suspect, that a false move would bring the "ah hah's" and "I told you so's" that were printed recently.

First, let's tell them how the rumors came about. I think the first one was printed shortly after you left a party early and Evie stayed on. The explanation of this is so simple that you may not be able to sell it, but I think I can. You had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to report for work at MGM, and Evie didn't. You were with close friends, having a good time, and would have considered it ridiculous for Evie to have left at such an early hour when she was enjoying herself. So you did what any man who loved his wife would have done. You insisted that she remain.

Naturally, a day or so later one of those tricky items appeared in a gossip column: "What's this with the Van Johnsons. He *walked out* on her at a party the other night." From your standpoint this was an impossible fantasy to challenge. You had left her there. You had apparently "walked" to your car, which was outside. The only alternative you had was to call the columnist and insist that you weren't sore at your wife. You realized, of course, that she probably would have run another item stating that the Van Johnsons had kissed and made up, so you decided to keep your mouth shut.

Almost the same thing happened a short time later at a night club. You and Evie were again with very close friends, and, in order to be able to crawl out of bed for work in the morning, you left before the floor show, insisting that Evie remain and see it. That, I think, was the occasion of the second item which read something like: "If there is no friction in the Van Johnson home as his friends insist, why did he stalk out of a night club on her in a towering rage the other night." Your big mistake here, Van, was in not grinning like a discharged G.I. at the doorman as he brought you your car. He no doubt commented that you were in a filthy mood and it wound up in the papers as quoted above.

Harry Brand, super-publicist of 20th Century-Fox, ran smack into an open door one day and acquired a black eye. Completely undismayed, he had his picture taken and mailed it to a glamor girl who had recently had a row with the studio and walked out, signing with a rival outfit.

Across the bottom of the picture he wrote, "Nobody can call you dirty names while I'm around."

Bennett Cerf in This Week

THE Hollywood bandwagon makes the bandwagons the politicians leap on at political conventions look like go-carts. True news is scarce enough in Hollywood, so that a columnist reading a rumor in a rival's pillar must immediately steal it for his own. This, then, means that other incidents aren't particularly necessary. The gossipers resort to the time-honored custom of back-tracking. A typical example of back-tracking is this: "This sudden exposure of a rift between the Van Johnsons is no news to us. You may recall we itemed here six months ago as follows: 'Evie Johnson attended Barbara Stanwyck's party alone. Van was out of town on location.' We could have told you the real reason at the time but we were sworn to secrecy."

I'm sure you and Evie must have discussed some dignified manner of handling the situation. You couldn't hire a publicity man, because then you'd read that the Van Johnsons have hired a press agent to handle the details of their divorce in a nice manner. You don't dare call up one columnist and lay all the facts as presented here on the line, because all of his rivals would immediately denounce him as a fake.

I would like to quote you in MODERN SCREEN, Van, as saying, simply, "I love my wife, I love my children. I have never been happier in my life, and I look forward to many years of happiness for all of us together."

This may not do the trick, but I think it is the least a man can say.

We can, however, talk about the future, as you and I did at lunch. You are at a point in your career when you might make some changes. You have one more year to go on your MGM contract and you are thinking of what might happen if you didn't sign another long-term contract.

While it involves important business decisions, it is also a fun time. And I personally know that whatever you do, Evie and the kids will play a most important part in the decision you make. If you sign the contracts being offered you, you will have absolute financial security for the rest of your life, because you're the kind of actor who will be able to work until you're older than Spencer Tracy. And MGM is willing to back this with money. But it will also mean that you must spend the greater part of your time—and the kids' formative years—in Hollywood.

I remember the expression on your face when you told me that you wanted them to see the seasons change as you did when you were a boy. That they will never see in Southern California. You told me you'd like to live for a while in a different place, maybe Connecticut, maybe New York or Nantucket. You said you'd like to take your family to Europe and get a big car and take your time and drive through all the countries you and Evie and the kids now read about. And you didn't want any pressures, no sudden wires from a company that was paying you a big salary, to check out of a Swiss inn and be on a set in makeup on Friday morning.

You told me that maybe you'd like to go back to Broadway and do a play, possibly a musical, because that's where you came from and you've never gotten it out of your blood. You said you'd like to spend more time with your folks and Evie's folks and get to know them all again. None of these things will be possible if you sign a long-term exclusive deal, and so you think of them a lot. And when we spoke of them, I was impressed with one thing. Your complete selflessness. You expressed a humble gratitude to Hollywood for the good things it had given you and you never once said you might like to do something without first weighing its possible effect on the happiness of Evie and the children. It's just too doggone bad that everyone doesn't have the opportunity to hear you say these things as I did.

I know, Van, that at the moment you're rather troubled. But I can foresee nothing but the best for you. When a man feels the good things as strongly as you, he cannot fail to be rewarded. If it must be your decision to continue making pictures at the rate you've been making them—and I must inject here that your films are better with each succeeding one—you will find a way to adjust your family life to Hollywood's exacting formula. If you decide to make a change, you will also be able to fit your pattern for happiness into a new environment.

From the time the movies began, magazine writers have been advising actors. The advice is generally given in the form of a letter from the editor. Now I don't want to give the impression that many of these letters are not entirely constructive, but I do not want this to be like most of them, the chiding type. I can remember way back when editors, via open letters, were advising Pola Negri to stop making a fool of herself over that nothing-of-a-new-boy Valentino, and sternly warning the virile young male stars of the day to keep off polo ponies or wind up with pulpy collar bones. And advice was always freely given. Garbo was advised to speak up. Cooper was advised to run when he saw that spitfire Lupe Velez coming his way. Most of this counsel was administered with the best of intent, but I've always cringed when I read these notes because I knew the main reason for the gab was to sell magazines. I, therefore, hesitate to advise you for fear that I fall into the category of the fellow who says something for the effect it will have on a newsstand sale.

But here I go. (*Continued on next page*)

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I think, Van, that what you must do is separate your personal life entirely from your professional life. By that I do not mean that you must not pose for photographers or grant interviews to writers. I mean, specifically, that you must accept as part of your professional life a certain amount of publicity that at times will hurt. This you will find impossible to avoid. But you must learn that in Hollywood the pen is not a damaging instrument and that words tapped out on an Underwood cannot actually alter a situation.

There is in your home a sanctity that prevails in all good homes. And this you must preserve by keeping secret the important things that happen there. Among these important things are the quarrels that will, of course, take place between you and Evie and your kids. They are part of living together and must be secret because no man can be asked to share his family with the world. On the other hand, almost any move that you make of a public nature, such as a decision to take an extended trip, buy Evie a new Cadillac, sell your house, or capture a burglar, belongs to the public, because you are a celebrity and news.

It is a difficult thing sometimes to separate one's personal and professional life. But only by doing so can an actor protect his family from the ravages of the scandalmonger. You must achieve a state in which you expect to read painful gossip and ignore it, even laugh about it at your own fireside. Untruths must be treated as untruths and never given better recognition.

It is an old joke in Hollywood that a famous actor and his wife were just about to drop off to sleep with the radio turned on when a radio gossiper made the astonishing announcement that she was at that moment in Las Vegas applying for a divorce. The husband leaned over, turned off the set, and before dropping back on his pillow, kissed his wife and said: "Try not to get an expensive lawyer, honey, we're nearly broke. I spent a fortune today on your anniversary present."

There will always be gossip of this type in Hollywood, always be men and women who make mountains of type out of molehills of rumor. In the main they have no particular axes to grind, nor are they malicious in their intent. They just suffer from the disease we all carry in this business, the fear that our competitors will have the news first. And the classic symptom of the ailment is jumping the gun. Until this is understood and accepted, a star can go out of his mind trying to keep track of his own actions in the press.

Well, Van, this letter got longer than I thought it would. And it became a lot more pompous than I had hoped it would. But I just wanted to make clear what has been a jumbled mess of conflicting reports and rumors. I hope I have done so. You may not like what I have written because it repeats again the lies you hate, but I feel that only by telling what the lies are, showing how they originate and demonstrating the technique of exaggeration, can they be truly identified and made impotent.

I hope the next time we talk it will be on a better and happier subject. Maybe in Paris or Spain or Connecticut or New York, maybe backstage in a big theatre in your dressing room with you waiting impatiently for your music cue. Or maybe even in Culver City where you will be known as the oldest employee on the lot. But no matter where it is, I'll be looking forward to it. My love to your beautiful wife and your wonderful kids—and my wish for your continued happiness and harmony.

Jim Henaghan

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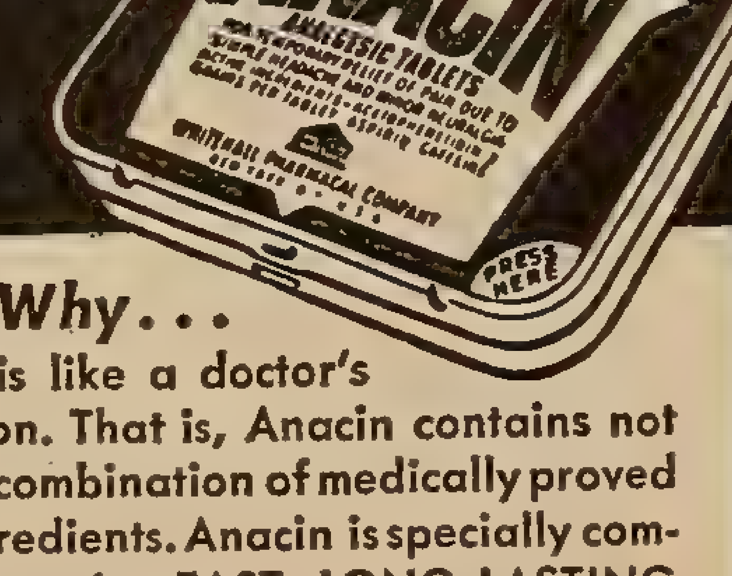
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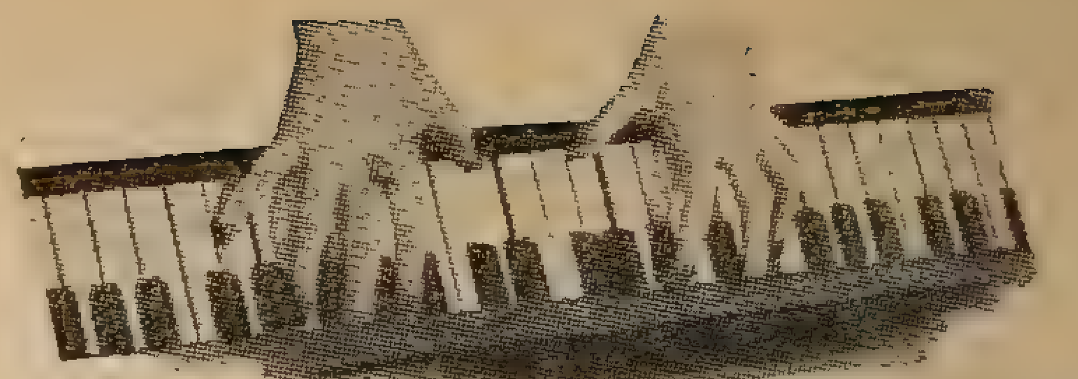
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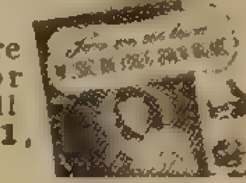
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I want to be loved

(*Continued from page 45*) thin-faced outfielder rose quickly to his feet. He was introduced and they both smiled, pleased with their fate. For a minute they looked into each other's eyes, saying nothing. Then the conversation began, easy, simple, exploratory. How did Joe like it out here? Just fine. How did *she* feel being a movie star? Well, she wasn't really. In fact she was just a very small movie star.

Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe are basically simple, honest, forthright people, and over the dinner table that night, there was no attempt by either of them to sound sophisticated or witty or worldly.

Joe explained that he'd retired from baseball and was working as a telecaster in New York. He had a 9-year-old son, Joe Jr., going to school on the West Coast. As part of a 1944 divorce decree, he shared custody of the child with his former wife, actress Dorothy Arnold. He himself came from San Francisco. Had Marilyn ever been to San Francisco?

Marilyn smiled. "About five years ago," she said. And then she told how one day early in her career she happened to run into Doc Shurr walking down a street in Beverly Hills. As Bob Hope's agent, Doc knows all the latest town gossip. Marilyn was looking for a job at the time and he sent her around to see Groucho Marx. Groucho was casting an atrocity, later to be entitled *Love Happy.*

When Marilyn called at the office, Groucho took one look at her. "Don't say a word," he insisted. "You've got the job."

"The job," Marilyn recalled, "consisted of Groucho chasing me across a room. It took only 60 seconds, but I got five weeks work out of it because they asked me to go on a personal appearance tour. That's when I played San Francisco."

As the dinner dwindled down to dessert, the friend who had brought Marilyn and Joe together made a diplomatic exit.

Joe was extremely grateful; so, too, was Marilyn. In the course of the evening a *rapport* had sprung up between the two of them. Now they wanted to be alone, so Joe thought of a way.

"How about riding around town a little?" he suggested.

Marilyn nodded. It was one of those bright, clear California nights when even the smallest stars are allowed out, so they drove along the Sunset Strip. Gentleman that he is, Joe asked the beautiful blonde if she'd like to drop in at the Mocambo or Ciro's or any other night spot. When she said no, he was secretly glad. That night Joe didn't want to share Marilyn with anyone.

They parked on the Doheny bluff overlooking Los Angeles, and oddly enough, it was Joe who pulled the switch. Usually it's the girl who brings out the autobiography in man. Not this time. Joe asked Marilyn to tell him all about herself and she gave him the straight dope, how she was born Norma Jean Baker and bred in Hollywood, how she was raised partly in orphanages and partly in the homes of adopted parents. "I was married when I was 16," she said quite candily, "divorced when I was 17, graduated from high school when I was eighteen."

Joe asked how she'd broken into movies.

Again Marilyn told the truth—not the souped-up baloney the publicity agents bandied about but how it had really happened.

In 1945 she was working as a parachute inspector in Reginald Denny's model plane factory. A photographer from the Army came around to shoot stills of the female aircraft workers, thought it might boost the morale of the boys fighting overseas. "A sergeant named David Conover shot a few stills of me," Marilyn explained, "and two weeks later local photographers began phoning, offering me $15 an hour to pose as a model. Since I was only averaging $22 a week at the aircraft plant, you can bet I switched jobs in a hurry.

In August of 1946 after her face and figure had appeared on the covers of five national magazines, 20th Century-Fox agreed to give Marilyn a screen test. It came out well, and she was signed. Six months later the studio dropped her, as one of the casting directors termed her "absolutely hopeless." Three years later this same executive had to admit he was wrong, and Marilyn was signed again.

Joe DiMaggio was smitten that night, not only by Marilyn's beautiful face and curvaceous figure but by her patent honesty, her lack of pose. Here was a girl after his own heart, the kind of simple, earthy, basic girl he once felt sure he could never find in Hollywood.

A few nights later, Joe, who always stays at the Hollywood Knickerbocker during his west coast visits, checked out of his hotel and flew back to New York and his television program. He was definitely *in love.*

When the New York Yankees hit the road and Joe had some free time, he winged back to the West Coast. Reporters who asked him what he was doing in town again were told that he'd come to visit his son. "He goes to school here, you know," Joe told them.

DiMaggio not only saw his son while he was in Hollywood but he also brought the boy out to the Bel-Air Hotel to meet Marilyn Monroe. That's what started the hullabaloo, the rumpus between Joe and his ex-wife and Marilyn.

WHEN Dorothy Arnold learned that Joe had taken Junior to meet his new love, she reportedly blew her top and asked her lawyer to seek a modification of the 1944 divorce decree, giving her complete custody of the boy.

"I certainly want little Joe to see his father," she said, "but I think it would be better for all concerned, particularly the boy, if the meetings were at my home."

What is wrong with a 9-year-old boy swimming in the same hotel pool as Marilyn Monroe?

Anyway, DiMaggio, very upset, flew back to New York. Marilyn, deeply hurt, checked into a hospital for the removal of an appendix.

I was in New York when Joe arrived. I reached him at the Yankee stadium before the start of his TV show. "What happened out in Hollywood?" I asked. "Why did Dorothy object so strenuously when you took the boy along on a date? Does meeting Marilyn Monroe constitute grounds for demanding full custody?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "I sure can't understand it," he said. "The boy and Marilyn met only for a couple of hours. There were at least a dozen other children swimming in the Bel-Air pool at the time. Everyone there was perfectly respectable. There was no drinking, and I certainly don't know what's wrong with spending an afternoon at a swimming pool.

"I picked the boy up last Friday and we went out to dinner. Then I took him to see a movie. We got home and he was in bed by ten. On Saturday we had breakfast together, and he said he wanted a beanshooter. I got him one and he shot a bunch of beans all over my room. We went for a drive together, had lunch at the Bel-Air pool and went swimming. I brought him back to his mother's and I

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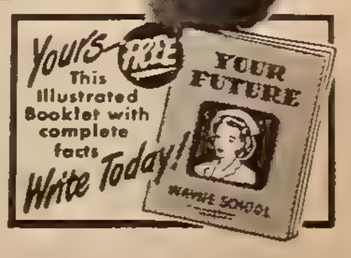
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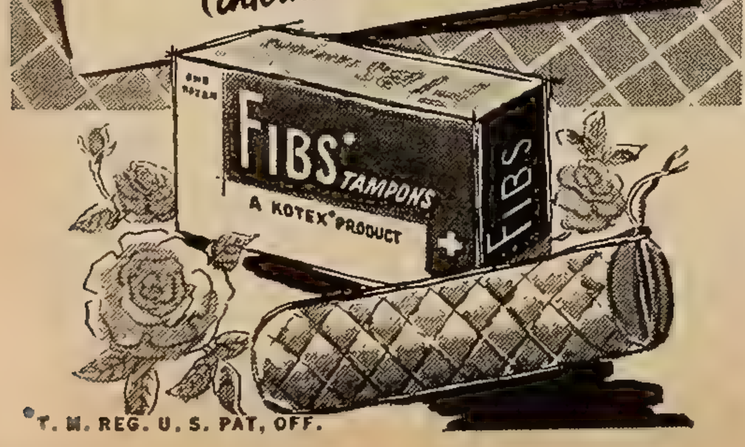


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came on to New York. He saw Miss Monroe for about two hours. Is that a crime?"

Following this incident and the resultant publicity, Joe and Marilyn decided to be very circumspect about being seen together. They also decided to say very little about their romance, in fact, to deny it, to refer to it as a casual friendship.

When I asked Joe, for example, when he intended to make Marilyn his wife, he said, "Gee! We're just good friends. We just happened to run into one another."

This was sheer hokum, of course. When Marilyn was sent to Niagara Falls in July for location shots (she plays the lead in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox film *Niagara*), who was on hand but Joe DiMaggio. He returned to New York over the weekend, but, when the film was finished, Marilyn raced to the big city to be near him. She checked in at the Hotel Drake, and that night the lovers dined at Le Pavillon, one of the city's plushiest restaurants. If they weren't in love, they certainly gave a great imitation of it.

Joe took Marilyn around and showed her New York just as she'd shown him Hollywood. To avoid reporters, however, he took her to small out-of-the-way restaurants, places where they wouldn't be seen, eateries in the suburbs located off the Bronx and the Hutchinson River Parkways. As Marilyn herself says, "I've been to New York before, but it was never so wonderful. I'll never forget those days with Joe."

WHEN the studio called and Marilyn had to wing westward, Joe found himself terribly lonesome in New York. As soon as the Yankees hit the road, Joe hit the airlines. He flew to Hollywood again, his fourth trip in six months. He didn't come to see the scenery, either. He just couldn't stay away from Marilyn. As soon as he arrived, he went out to see her. She tossed a few things in a bag and he carried her into his Cadillac. "I want you to meet my family," he told her.

They stopped in little towns en route to San Francisco and soon the word spread that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio were eloping.

They weren't. Joe's parents are dead, but the woods around the Bay Area are jammed with DiMaggio relations, and Joe introduced Marilyn to all of them. They enjoyed seven unforgettable days in "heaven," after which they drove down to Hollywood. Once more the rumor was circulated that they were heading for the preacher. But they arrived in Hollywood single.

Next day a columnist announced that Joe and Marilyn had originally intended to get married on that trip, only the studio had prevented it. The story still persists that studio executives do not want Marilyn Monroe to marry for fear she will lose her undeniably increasing box office appeal.

"There are millions of men," one executive told me, "who vicariously look upon this tomato as their own secret property. They go along with the illusion that she belongs to them. Suppose they read in the papers that she belongs body and soul to DiMaggio. The illusion is broken."

Admittedly, this is an outmoded theory but many studio executives still believe in it.

Marilyn herself says, "My career comes out of my life. My life doesn't come out of my career. When I want to get married, I'll get married."

Marilyn's contract with 20th Century-Fox has another five and a quarter years to run. If she wants to become Mrs. DiMaggio, the studio can do nothing about it. The contract contains no clause prohibiting marriage.

Why then don't Joe and Marilyn go ahead and tie the knot right now? Marilyn has moved out of the Bel-Air Hotel. She's rented a cute little house high in the Hollywood hills, a home in which she and Joe could be ecstatically happy.

THE answer is that Joe works in New York, and the love of his life labors in Hollywood. Joe has been identified with the New York Yankees for so many years now that he regards New York as his second home. He hates to sever all connection with the Yankees, and yet he will not ask Marilyn to abandon her career and move to N. Y.—not after the incredibly tough time she had in establishing herself as an actress.

Marilyn, who's had one unhappy marriage and one unhappy love affair (with her agent, who died) says, "More than anything else in life I want to love and be loved. A career is a very nice thing, only you can't kiss it on the lips at night."

And yet, despite giving tongue to such thoughts, Marilyn has no intention of sacrificing her career for marriage—not at this point, anyway. She feels she can have them both.

She is currently earning $750 a week. After giving money to her mother each week, paying her agent, putting money aside for taxes, the Screen Actors' Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund, her net is about $400 a week, forty weeks a year, or an approximate annual income of $16,000.

Out of this she has to pay rent, clothe herself, feed herself and pay car expenses.

"I'm not complaining, however," she says. "It's more money than I ever thought I'd see and I'd like to enjoy it."

Marilyn won't come right out and say it, but she is hoping strongly that after Joe finishes telecasting the current baseball season in New York, he will return to the West Coast and look for a similar job.

When and if Joe goes to work on the Pacific Coast, you can bet dollars to doughnuts that Marilyn Monroe will become the second Mrs. Joe DiMaggio. END

(*Marilyn's latest movie is 20th Century-Fox's* O. Henry's Full House.)

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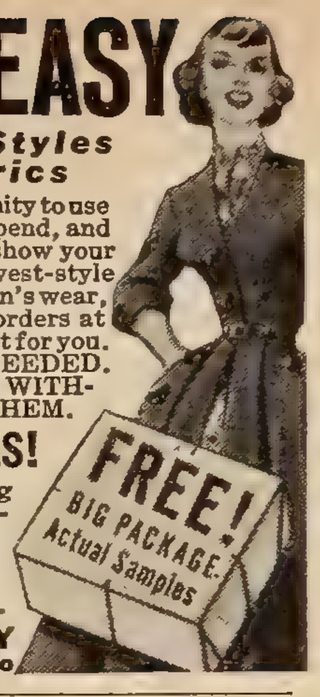
Roy looked past her and said, "Not now, honey, not now!" As Roy brushed by her, the little girl looked up at him in hurt amazement. She didn't know then, but her daddy probably told her the next day, that Dale Evans and Roy Rogers had been struck by a sudden, unexplainable tragedy.

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lanza fights again

(*Continued from page 33*) it was going to take.

Mario was put on suspension for failing to report for the start of *The Student Prince.*

This film was scheduled to get under way on Monday, August 18th. Mario had already recorded the musical numbers, and absolutely no trouble was expected.

Came Monday, however, and Mario refused to report to the studio. Someone suggested the possibility of the tenor being ill. Inquiry was made and Lanza's health was reported as excellent.

Came Tuesday and again Mario didn't show. The studio legal department sent telegrams, special delivery letters. Still no Lanza.

On Wednesday Mario was again conspicuous by his absence. This time the studio executives blew their collective top. Mario was suspended, taken off salary, and the studio announced that legal attempts would be made to force Lanza to pay for the damages his failure to appear had cost the studio. At the same time, however, reporters were given to understand that if Mario showed up for work Thursday morning, all would be forgiven.

Thursday morning Lanza did not set foot in Culver City and all hallelujah broke loose.

"Who the devil does he think he is?" shouted one executive, "God?"

"Insofar as I'm concerned," blurted another, "he's through, finished, washed up."

"I don't care if he's the greatest box office attraction in the world," said a third. "I think we should tear up his contract, give him his release and throw him out. He's not worth all the aggravation and heartache."

The reason for this condemnation is money. When a motion picture is scheduled to get underway, the studio must pay the salaries of all the people who report for work. It already has spent thousands of dollars in set construction, in costumes, in music arrangements and so forth.

When Mario did not report for *The Student Prince,* MGM had to pay everyone else who did, despite the fact that no one could do a lick of work without Lanza.

"Look," one production man explained, "we borrowed Ann Blyth from Universal for this picture. Jane Powell was originally set for it, but she got pregnant. The studio must be paying Universal at least $50,000 for Blyth. Then we have to pay the rest of the cast, Gig Young, Janice Rule, Edmund Gwenn, Walter Hampden, Florence Bates, Leo Carroll, and the whole crew. I don't know the exact figures, but I would say that Lanza's failure to show up this week has cost the studio anywhere from $75,000 to $100,000. Now the cost of preparing a film like *The Student Prince* is around $600,000—that's before an actor even steps on the sound stage. So that if Lanza doesn't make this picture, the studio can sue him for around three quarters of a million."

JOE PASTERNAK, the small, shrewd, sagacious MGM producer who knows Mario as well as any man in Hollywood, told me, "I understand Lanza, and I can tell you that we'll have this picture finished before your article even gets into print, and Lanza will be the star. This boy has problems, you know, like the big trouble with his business manager. This boy forgets he has responsibilities. A couple of days go by, then all of a sudden he remembers he has a picture to make. By the time he remembers, hell has broken loose. I'm sure that Mario Lanza will be the star of *The Student Prince.*" Mario undoubtedly will be, but the (*Continued on next page*)

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studio in the future is going to regard him with a jaundiced eye, because these are the days in Hollywood when, because of the inroads of television, stars must cooperate. The pampering days are over.

A few months ago, for example, June Allyson didn't want to make *Woman In White* with Arthur Kennedy. The studio said they would sue June for the preparation costs, almost $300,000. Little Junie changed her mind in a hurry.

This July, June also let it be known that at long last she and Dick Powell were going to vacation in Europe. The studio called June in and told her she had been scheduled for *Battle Circus* and *Remains To Be Seen*. June quickly cancelled her steamship reservations.

Similarly, Ava Gardner was notified by the studio this past summer that unless she began to cooperate she would be kept on suspension, off-salary until her contract expired next year. Seemingly overnight, Ava had a change of heart. She agreed to star in *Vaquero* and then go to Africa for *Mogambo* with Clark Gable.

One of the few stars who still insists upon the exercise of temperament is Mario Lanza. He just won't realize that time is money, or realizing it, he doesn't particularly care to put himself out.

Here, for example, is a recent item from a trade paper about Mario: "RCA was set back about $10,000 by Mario Lanza last week when, after some 80 musicians had assembled at 8 A.M. on a Republic sound stage for a day's recording of MGM's *Be My Love* score, word came from Signor Lanza in mid-afternoon that he wasn't feeling well and wouldn't show up that day at all."

MARIO's three motion pictures have grossed about $12,000,000 to date, admittedly a lot of money. Lanza, therefore, is in the strategically advantageous position of being one of MGM's top breadwinners, but by the same token it's the studio that has made Mario world-famous. The studio also controls his radio rights, and if Mario doesn't behave himself, he will have no radio show.

Why shouldn't Lanza behave himself? Why shouldn't he report for work on time? Why must he carry on like a big baby? These are the questions everyone in Hollywood wants answered. They know that basically Mario is a kind man with a deep and genuine love of people. His good deeds, his charities are legion. No need to repeat them here. Everyone knows about the little girl from New Jersey he flew to California and how he virtually gave her new life, new hope for living. Everyone knows about his contributions to orphanages, his loans to struggling musicians, his subsidization of composers, his championing of the underdog.

But why, in the face of all this, does he act like a spoiled, irresponsible prima donna?

Some people say it's because he is a genius, that he's different from ordinary folk, that to expect him to act as most of us do is to make no allowance for his extraordinary ability.

"Look at Caruso," a friend of Mario's points out. "Who could control *him*? He had a dozen illegitimate kids. He was always getting into hot water. One minute he was gay, the next minute sad. Opera managers accused him of being mad, intractable, irresponsible. They couldn't figure him out, just like Mario with this *Student Prince* episode. No one knows what's in his head. Only last week Mario went up to Eddie Mannix. He's the general manager of the studio. He apologized to Eddie for everything, swore that he'd turned over a new leaf. So what happens? A few days later they start a picture and he doesn't show up. Why? He likes the songs, he likes the script, he likes the cast, he likes the director. You can't figure a genius out. When a man is a genius, you've got to play along with him. His idiosyncrasies must be overlooked if you want to use his talent."

Lanza's genius as an excuse for his questionable behavior is open to doubt, since many music critics insist he is no genius at all, merely the possessor of a powerful set of vocal cords.

The more reasonable explanation for Mario's conduct lies in the undeniable fact that he's had many problems to face.

Number one is the problem of money. Up until a few months ago, Mario never worried about money. He had a business manager, Sam Weiler. Sam was the real estate operator who backed Mario financially when Lanza came out of the Army and decided to study in New York. Mario had no money at the time, and Sam subsidized him to the tune of $50,000, paying for his rent, clothes for him and his wife, food, shelter, etc.

MARIO signed a contract with Weiler giving him 20 per cent of his gross earnings. When Mario came to Hollywood, Weiler hired the Music Corporation of America to represent his protegé, paying them ten per cent of his twenty. Weiler, however, looked after Mario's taxes, expenses, bills, record royalties—everything that had to do with money.

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Dan Bennett

Mario was given $20 a week spending money and very rarely spent that. Anytime he and Betty wanted to buy something they bought it and signed a charge slip.

Lanza has earned close to $2,000,000 in the past three years. This spring he decided to see exactly how much he was worth. He had a new recording contract coming up with RCA, and he wanted to find out how his recordings had done in the past.

Mario took a look at the books. He couldn't believe the figures. It seemed almost impossible. He looked again. The truth was staggering. After taxes and expenses, he had very little actual cash to show for three years of constant work.

Mario and Sam Weiler had several conferences. The publicity was extremely guarded, but once these conferences were finished Sam Weiler took off for a vacation in the Poconos. Two weeks later, the news was out. Sam Weiler was no longer Mario Lanza's manager. Mario was looking after his own money—what little of it he had left. Surprisingly little!

Mario is the first to say how greatly he is indebted to Sam. He will tell you that Sam is a man of probity, sagacity, and unblemished reputation. But, even so, Mario was stunned when he learned how much of his earnings had gone to the Government in taxes, how much he'd spent in expenses.

The Lanzas have also had help trouble. For years they've boasted of a wonderful, efficient couple, Johnny and Thomas. A few weeks ago a relative died leaving

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the couple a prosperous business. Mario told them to take it over and run it, but they were reluctant to leave the Lanzas. "Go ahead," Mario insisted. "It's the chance of a lifetime." The couple moved out, grateful for Mario's advice.

Thus for weeks now, the Lanzas have been without help. When you have two little children in the house and a pregnant wife, that can be a strain, especially when for years you've been waited upon and even served breakfast in bed.

Things haven't been going too well for Mario Lanza of late.

Just remember that next time you read about his temper and his tantrums, his foibles and his fights.

Underneath it all, he's a very nice guy or, as his wife once confided to intimates, "a big, sweet baby who must be handled with kid gloves." **END**

(Mario Lanza can be seen currently in MGM's Because You're Mine.)

we're off!

(Continued from page 53) me, waiting to ask if he could include his rubber saw in his suitcase. I held my hand over the mouthpiece a couple of times, once to tell Lonnie to stop scratching her new smallpox vaccination, and once to ask Belle, our secretary, to find out if Laddie's gray suit had gone to the cleaners. Alan walked in in the middle of all this and stood there a while looking at me. When I finally hung up, he grinned. "You'll make it, Susie," he said. "You're the world's champion manager."

It's a good thing he had faith in me. When we finally boarded the Ile de France, I flopped into this deck chair and stayed here all day. And Alan was right alongside me (until he found out about the skeet shooting on the upper deck), because he, too, has been up to his ears. He finished work in *Desert Legion* just one week before we left California, and it wasn't until then that he had time to apply for his passport. Even then, it was sandwiched in between the last minute retakes and dubbing at the studio plus publicity photographs and interviews.

Anyway, the gang's all here, and the Ladds have all but sunk the Ile de France. Each of us has a small trunk, plus hand luggage, and whenever we move in a group, it looks like a meeting of the porters' union. The hand luggage is stowed in our cabins, we've just finished breakfast, Alan is reading a script, Carol Lee is playing ping-pong, Laddie is off looking at the ship's boiler room or something and Lonnie and David have found the gymnasium.

It all began last May, when Columbia asked Alan to make *Red Beret* for them in London. He liked the script and accepted, and then the realization began to come over us that this was our golden opportunity to see Europe. Alan and I had been over three years ago for a Command Performance, to England and Paris, but wonderful as it was, that was the limit of our travels. There was still so much more to see, but time wouldn't allow it, and we came home feeling there was a big empty space somewhere. This time we hope to cover a lot of ground. All of Europe will be within our reach, and we're hoping for time to see most of it. We haven't a dim idea as to how long we'll be gone—maybe four months, maybe a year. Alan at heart is a homebody, and he never shows too much enthusiasm for leaving the hearth until we actually arrive some place. Me, I've got more of the wanderlust, I guess. It's been *(Continued on next page)*



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years since I've really seen Europe, and right now, fast as we're slipping through the water, I wish we were going even faster.

There was no question but that we would take the children, all four of them. And there wasn't much doubt about their reaction. Our kids are ready to take off for any place at any time. They all felt that Honolulu last year was the best thing that had ever happened to them, so when we told them about the forthcoming trip to England, the tide of joy that swept through the house all but took the furniture with it.

One thing is certain—we'll stay in England until Alan's picture is finished, and while our breadwinner is working, the rest of the clan will take short jaunts around the country. When *Red Beret* is completed, we figure on tackling the continent. It's even possible that Alan will make one more film while we're there, in which case we'll be absent from Hollywood for a year. I've promised MODERN SCREEN to write frequently while we're gone, and to send pictures of us at the Tower of London, or gawking at Notre Dame, or spilling out of a gondola, or any of the wonderful, crazy things that might happen to us.

I EXPECT we'll appear a strange lot to the Europeans. We're sending the car over, and Alan says he hopes it will take the strain. There'll be six Ladds, plus luggage for each one, plus a tutor for the children. School presented a problem; until we know how long we'll be in any one country, it will be impossible to send the three youngest to any formal school, so in the interim they'll be individually tutored. It's going to be crowded, and every time we pile out of the car it will look like that midget act in the circus, but all of us will be too happy to care.

I still can't believe we're here, and trying to remember the chaos of getting such a big family off on such a big venture is difficult. Laddie just came to get Alan and show him the whale that's been spotted off the starboard side, so I don't have to be pinched to prove that I'm at sea. I'm calm enough by now to know that there aren't any whales floating around Hollywood, so we *must* be on our way.

First there were the passports. We went downtown in a body, except for Alan, and applied without any trouble. All our birth certificates were in order, and this time we didn't have to worry about Alan's records. It seems that court houses are always burning to the ground, but, at any rate, the courthouse in Hot Springs *did*, and when he and I went over in 1949 we had quite a time proving his citizenship. This time, however, we had his old passport and that was all that was necessary. The worry we did have was waiting for the passports. The children were like watchdogs every day, waiting for the mailman. It was Lonnie who finally came howling up the driveway, envelopes clutched in hand, to inform us that the documents were here.

The smallpox vaccination was another thing. Everybody had to be punctured all over again, and we looked like an infirmary, sitting around the house in our summer clothes, all of us flaunting band-aids on our arms.

I suppose the packing was the worst. And the shopping. Carol Lee is the only one who's stopped growing, and the other three were all stretching out of their clothes. We had to prepare for a year of all kinds of temperatures, and even leaving New York in early September wasn't easy because, while fashion decrees fall clothes at that time, it is usually very warm. (And it was.) It seemed we were shopping all the time, and with my usual caution I sometimes bought more than was needed. I'm always afraid the children won't have enough changes, and throw in an extra or two to make sure. If I weren't aware of this fault myself, I have enough people to remind me. Laddie looked at the socks lying on his bed and shrugged his shoulders. "But I won't need them," he said. David tried on his new navy blue coat and cap and looked as though he would be a great deal happier in his dungarees. Lonnie inspected the blue hat and the brown hat I'd bought for her and informed Alan, "I like the blue one, Daddy, but I won't wear that brown thing." She stuck out her chin defiantly. "I told mother so, too."

"I don't think that's very nice," said Alan. "Your mother's working very hard to get you all ready for the trip."

"Oh, I know," she said airily. "I told her very nicely, you see, but she knows what I mean."

Then one night I went into Carol Lee's room to check the progress of her trunk. "How many things can you get on one hanger?" she said, brushing a lock of hair out of her eyes.

"More than that," I said. 'You'll have to squeeze things a bit." And then I noticed the contents. It looked to me as though Carol Lee had packed nothing but shorts and evening dresses.

"How about some skirts?" I ventured. "There might be an opportunity to wear just a plain skirt once in a while, you know."

But I could see she didn't agree with me. For Carol Lee, it's to be all beaches and balls, and I'll just let her find out for herself that a tweed suit would come in handy.

WE had to get new luggage, of course. Families of this size rarely have enough luggage to take care of the entire membership for an extended trip. There were several new trunks, including our one splurge—a white rawhide trunk for Alan. He promptly turned around and gave it to me, and being feminine, I accepted it without a twist of the arm.

We all wanted to take the dogs, Fritzi and Jezebel, but there is a six months' quarantine on them in England. We'll miss them terribly, but we can't have everything. Lonnie put in a plea to take her lovebird along, but even stretching our understanding of children we couldn't see ourselves laboring up gangplanks and in and out of trains holding a birdcage in one hand. So she compromised by taking four assorted dolls.

David wasn't seen, that last month before leaving, without his cardboard box. It was filled with the things he loves most, and each day it grew more crowded. He was always toting it around, even to the breakfast table, and when we finally had to inform him that electric trains and fire engines and erector sets took up much too much room, he took it quite manfully, we thought, when he turned around and quietly left the room. In two minutes he was back, holding the empty box in his arms. "If I can't take all those toys," he announced, "then I will take my box with me."

Finally we got it all together, and Alan had to sit on a few suitcases before they could be closed. When the collection was eventually piled in the hall near the front door, he raised an eyebrow. "Where," he said, "do we keep all that stuff when it's *un*packed?"

The house was rented, and because it's the pride of our lives, we left it with not a little apprehension. Most worried of all was Lonnie, who didn't care so much about the house itself as she did her new



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playhouse. "You're sure it'll be all right when we get home," she pleaded.

So we took off, equipped with everything but the kitchen sink, dramamine included. I am trusting the Atlantic Ocean to be tranquil these few days, because I'm the only one who inclines toward seasickness. Of course, I can always depend on Carol Lee, who's a guardian angel with the younger ones. As a matter of fact, Alan and I left Hollywood together two days earlier than the children so that we could visit my aunt in Chicago, and Carol Lee herded the other three onto the train to meet us in New York. In New York we settled down for three days, until September 5th, while Alan gave interviews on *The Iron Mistress* for Warner Brothers and *Thunder In The East* for Paramount.

PEOPLE were wonderful, seeing us off. We'd already had a round of farewell parties in Hollywood—one for each of the children by their respective friends, and one for Alan and me and our friends.

We're assured now that Columbia Studio has rented a lovely place for us on the outskirts of London, a house that will be our home for many months. I wish I could describe it to you, but of course I haven't even seen it myself.

David has just asked me how soon lunch will be served, which constitutes the first time in his life he has appeared interested in food. Small wonder, the way they prepare food on this ship. Even Alan, who is strictly a meat-potatoes-and-pie man, has begun to take notice of the sauces and pastries. I doubt if the kids will miss hamburgers and hot dogs very much during the trip. Carol Lee and Laddie were a bit concerned when they learned that such American institutions were lacking in Europe, and one night they walked into the house, each holding two hot dogs. Alan put on his fatherly expression and asked if they didn't think they were overdoing it.

Well, all I have to do now is rest, except for putting those hundreds of little notes and addresses and phone numbers people have given us into a notebook for more systematic reference. The children are being good travelers as always, and now are giving each other language lessons. All of them are familiar with French except Laddie, who studied Spanish, so now he is putting them through the paces and they're learning to count in Spanish.

I suppose the only arguments we might have within the clan will be about our itinerary. They all have a different idea on how we should allocate our time. Lonnie wants to see France—all of it, not just Paris—and Carol Lee will have no peace of mind until she has seen Capri. Laddie, who is slightly crushed because he will be missing the American football season, wants to spend all his waking hours watching rugby games in England, and David—well, David is consumed by curiosity about London. He is convinced it will look like Honolulu, and we're afraid he has a shock coming. But then on the other hand we're sure that the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and the "Beefeaters" at the Tower will endear London to him in a very special way.

As for Alan and myself, we are mainly pleased because the children have such a wonderful opportunity to see the Old World, but there's also the unvarnished fact that we are tremendously excited about it for ourselves. We'll go wherever the children lead, and then throw in a few places of our own.

I'll be writing soon again from faraway places, but that's all for now. **END**

(Watch for Alan's latest Paramount release, Thunder In The East.)

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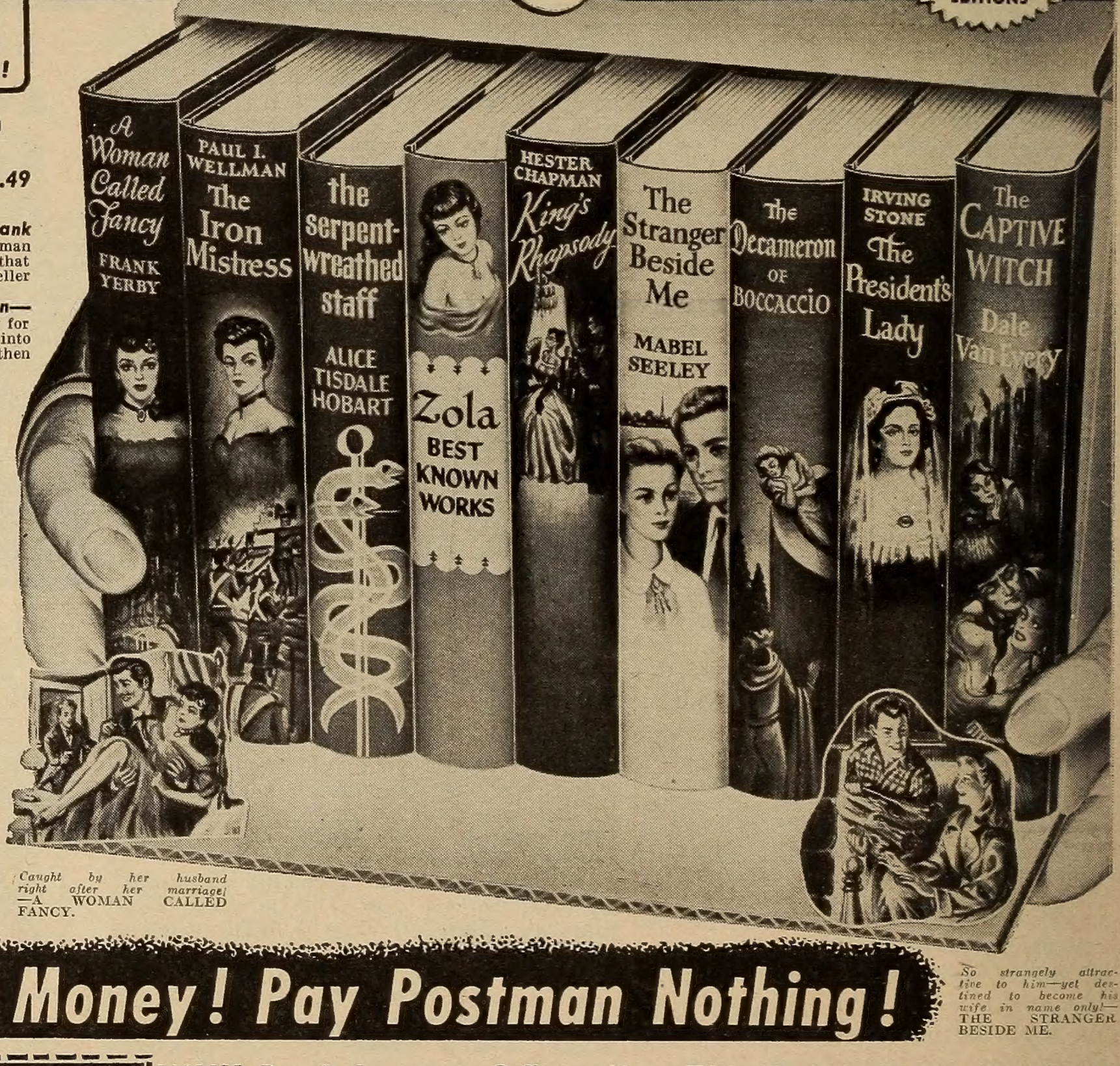
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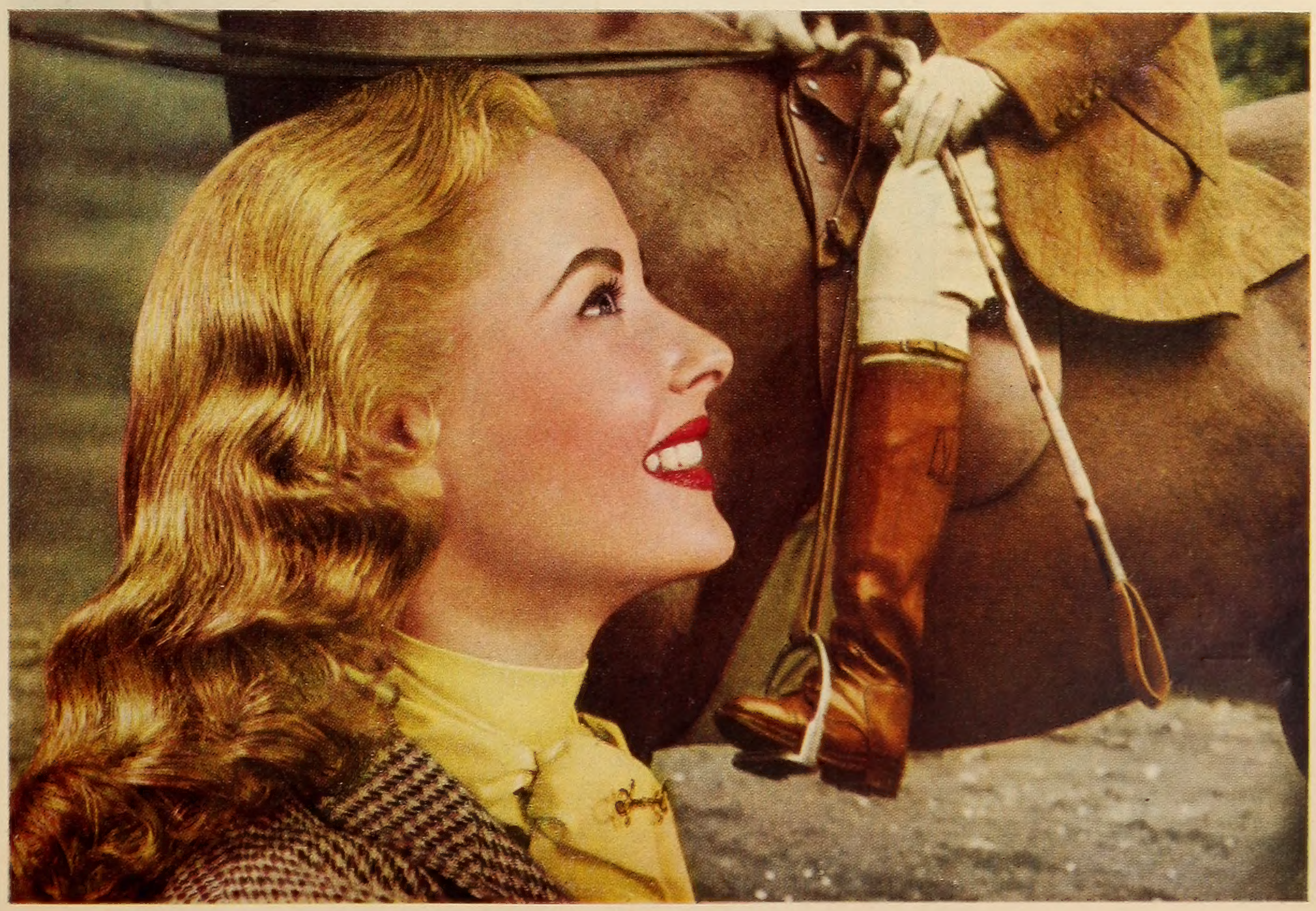
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